

## **The Mark of Cain, The first Curse. by Usiel21**

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**Summary:**

"But you have to know, with the Mark comes a great burden. Some would call it a great cost" But Mike didn't care about the cost only that it could power a blade that can kill anything in creation to protect El. Whilst Mike fights himself and the Mark's Murderous urges, Eleven faces a future where Mike has Black eyes and vows to save him, no matter the cost. Mileven. ST S2+ SPN10

# 1. The Devil Within

## Author's Note:

(A/N) I would like to warn everyone that Mike is going to be very dark in this story. Probably the darkest I have ever written him and I loved every damn minute of it.

The Story was heavily inspired by Season 10 of Supernatural and this will have minor spoilers for that season.

Eleven had no clue what to do as she bit her lip because across from her bound to a chair was Michael Wheeler who wore a smug grin, nothing like the Mike she had fallen in love with, no, she was staring at something who simply wore his meat suit.

This thing may have been Mike once but he was nothing but a shadow of his former self because all that his soul was now was a blackened charred husk of what Michael Wheeler used to be. This was not Mike Wheeler, no this was the Demon that he had turned into.

Along with his smug self-assured smile he wore faded blue jeans, with a red carhartt shirt with a black under-shirt, his ebony black hair was neatly combed as it was when he was Human, his mouth upturned in a smile that even sent chill's down El's spine as she and the Demon that was Mike stared each other down.

"How long do you think this will hold Eleven?" he asked his head tilted to the side slightly.

She looked down at the devils trap that she managed to find in an old book title "Daemonium" it was on one of the very first pages that she had read, showing how to bind a Demon and render it virtually powerless.

"Long enough" she said coldly. Trying to remind herself this was not Mike just the Demon that he had become.

The Devils trap was etched into the floor of the Wheeler basement and El hoped to high heavens that Karen did not end up walking down here but if she did she would take of it. Although thankfully it was once in a blue moon that Karen ever came into the basement and she was at work which was another bonus in itself.

They were both fifteen and had been dating from the day of the snowball, their feelings mutual and reciprocated and they simply could not be without the other. Five weeks and three days after the Snowball Mike said the first “I love you” to her and her heart had melted as she dove into his arms, her composure gone as she let herself bawl in his safe embrace.

And they were happy and together and safe.

Until this Happened.

And that Mike was now nothing but a distant memory.

Mike or Demon Mike huffed in amusement.

“Of Course... of course you would think that, poor naïve El” He chuckled darkly. “This won’t hold me forever”

She sent a glare his way before retreating up the stairs and letting the door close, she felt herself start to slide backwards down against the door as she cried silently as she could into her hands, the emotions overwhelming. So many times she had wanted to turn around to Mike and ask him what to do only to remember that he was that thing tied to the chair and bound to the devils trap.

She let shaky breaths as she tried to calm herself, she stood up and moved to the kitchen where the book lay, she looked at it with hesitation before allowing herself to open it’s ancient pages. Unknowingly touching pages made out of slices out of human skin.

She skimmed the words looking for anything that may help her situation. She had to save him, she just couldn’t face it, the smugness, Luckily his absence was explained by El who laced her words with suggestion making people like Karen more accepting of the excuses without complaint.

She saw the words that gave her hope as her heart leapt to her throat.

THE CURE.

WARNING MAY CAUSE DEATH OF THE SUBJECT.

She gulped as she read through the process it seemed like a risk worth taking, she re read the instructions and it all seemed simple enough, luckily for her they had a syringe on hand with one being spare in the first aid kit in the bathroom. She looked at the syringe In her hand, she now had the power to save him. There was just a few other things that needed to be taken care of.

Consecrated ground and the confession of sins.

She made sure to do each thing carefully otherwise the whole endeavour would be for nothing and she would be stuck at square one.

She slowly stabbed the syringe into her arm and started to withdraw her blood into it, the needle did not faze her considering how many times that she had blood taken during her time in the lab.

She slowly descended into the basement that at the moment may have been Hell itself considering what was bound to a chair.

Because Mike was singing out of tune “Every Breath You Take” as it mocked her with a wink, she carefully placed the syringe down onto the table near her and folded her arms.

“You finished?” She asked her blood running cold, the demon that he had become had mocked their song, the song they danced to, they song they kissed too, the song that brought them closer together after being apart for nearly a year.

“Not yet” He answered cheerily.

She simply starred back as she took the syringe from within her pocket and Demon!Mike looked at it smugly before realizing what the syringe was filled with.

“You really think that’ll work?” he asked, all his cockiness was now gone as he eyed the purified blood that sat within the syringe, a smirk started to upturn on her face as she realized the monster before her was actually feeling fear because they both knew what was about to happen.

She slowly made her way to him, syringe in hand.

He glanced up to her eyes.

“You really think this is going to fix me? Because there isn’t anything to fix” Mike asked scowling.

Eleven said nothing as she moved closer before jabbing the syringe straight into Mike’s arm, Mike growled as he tried to lunge at her with his teeth, his eyes had turned a solid black, El leapt back as Mike’s eyes returned to normal, his face scrunched up in pain as the first dose had started to take affect within him.

“Wait till I’m free... I will rip your throat out with my bare hands” Mike said glaring at her, she starred back at him before making her way to the stairs again, her foot touched the first step when she heard him speak from behind her.

“If you really Love me El, you’ll let me go...” Mike said quietly.

“It’s because I love you that I won’t Mike, your still in there somewhere and I will save you, it’s what I do” She replied just as quietly before making her up the stairs and shutting the door, leaving Mike in the cold emptiness of the basement.

Just before she allowed the door to slam against the frame she heard him speak one last time.

“There is nothing left to save, Eleven... accept it”

And the door slammed shut.

XxXxXxX

Fifty-eight minutes had passed and El had been painstakingly been checking her watch almost every minute, she withdrew more blood

from her own veins, her purified blood that was going to save him from what he had become.

She made her way to the basement where Mike remained still bound and powerless to the chair that she tied him too.

“Have you ever felt blood fall from your fingertips?” he asked examining his nails. “I expect you have since you have killed so many people El, what was it like? To have absolute power over whether they lived or died, you must have felt like God” Mike said

“I only killed them when I had too” she replied curtly.

He laughed hollowly “of course you did but that doesn’t mean you didn’t enjoy it, in fact I can’t wait to get started after I kill you or better yet I transfer this Mark on my arm to you and you become like me” Mike said gleefully. El looked down to the mark on his right arm that had caused all of this.

“Then the story that started between us never ends. Mike and Eleven by each other’s side, together for the rest of time leaving a trail of death and destruction in our wake and together we create our own heaven” Mike said in twisted happiness.

“You’re insane” she said her mouth agape.

Mike huffed in annoyance.

“that’s a shame because you being a demon?” He said before letting out a long whistle “damn that would be seriously hot” he said to her as he tilted his head as he checked El out.

“The virgins are always meant to be the best” He said checking out her behind.

El angrily jabbed the syringe into Mike’s arm again, Mike growled and fought against his restraints as his blood began to boil.

She yanked it out carelessly. She glared at the Demon whose eyes were closed, his cheeks were glowing orange inside the orange reddish glow travelled down his neck beneath his shirt presumably to his heart.

“This isn’t you talking Mike, it’s that thing on your arm, the Mike that I love is still in there somewhere” She said whether she was trying to convince him or herself she didn’t know simply because the lines were so blurred by this point. She turned away from him.

“Well between you and me, that Mike was weak and pathetic. He was practically comatose without you for those 353 days but now I am stronger than even you El, I feel it running through me and it ain’t just the demon juice” Mike said smugly.

“The Mark of Cain...” El said

“Yep and when I’m free. You will die and I will live” Mike said his eyes turning black. “And when you die you will become like me” Mike said as he nodded towards the Mark.

“The Mark can only be transferred to someone who is worthy, a killer... and you are a Killer El and I can set you free” Mike said looking at El in a way that the real Mike would and she nearly lost her composure. It was a look full of Compassion and love as twisted as that may be.

El said nothing as she made her way up the steps and the door slammed shut, leaving Mike in the darkness.

Mike looked down to the Mark of Cain that was upon his arm. El was playing straight into his arms, she would join him in murder, bearers of the Mark of Cain and becoming twisted lovers that dance in the blood of the innocent,

Murder would be their Sex.

And Torture would be their foreplay.

Oh what a tangled web we weave.

Of course Mike still loved her, being a Demon hadn’t changed that even if it was highly sadistic, insane and twisted. But all he could think about was Him and El slashing and tearing their way through history together, doing whatever they wished. Making love in a room full of dead bodies as nothing would exist apart from them as they would bathe in the afterglow of murder and sex. Nothing would ever

come between them ever again.

Cain may have been the Father of Murder.

But El and Mike would be something completely different. Lovers in Murder.

Mike straightened up and allowed himself to imagine and fantasise about that future.

Of Course Mike still loved her whether he was Eternally Damned or not. That's just who he was.

XxXxX

El let the door slam and she ran upstairs to the toilet where she vomited into the toilet basin. She could not deny, no matter how much she wish she could, she could not deny the fact she was tempted to accept Mike's offer.

She felt sickened with herself. Yes she was a killer she had accepted that fact a long time ago and even had made peace with that because it was what had to be done. To save the world. The Save Mike. She glared at the door that led into the corridor.

She was going to save him. Again.

Until the end of time if need be. Because she loved him, whether he was a Demon or Not, he was still Mike even underneath the black eyes. She leaned against the bath as she waited the long hour until it was time for the next dose of Purified blood.

She was ashamed of herself for even considering the offer, but her and Mike together forever was tempting no matter the nature of the offer itself or the fact it came from the demonized version of the boy she would love until the end of time.

XxXxXxX

Mike winked at her as she walked down the stairs. She was in a tank top and shorts. The summer was sweltering after all. But Mike found his eyes roving over her and Mike knew he had gotten under her skin



with the nature of his offer. He was pleased but still narrowed his eyes as he eyed the syringe that she was holding between her delicate fingers.

“You still love me, don’t you?” El Asked quietly.

“Of Course I still love you, I love you like a desperate man loves an equally desperate whore” Mike said trying to be cruel but El could see through it and realized that the cure of purified blood was beginning to work because she could see through the façade he was putting up know Mike like the back of her hand.

She leaned down to his eye level as he was still bound to the chair.

“But that’s not just it is it... Demon’s hate everything, Demon’s don’t love, they just want to destroy” El said as she looked into his eyes and reluctantly met her eyes with his own. Both shades of brown locked together... it was like Mike was back...

But Mike lunged forward his eyes turned Black once more... it was a moment of weakness, after-all it was meant to be a dose of blood every hour for ten hours to fully cure a Demonized human. Even one with the Mark of Cain.

She fell backwards on her bum, as Mike continued to struggle against the restraints. His eyes turned back to their normal colour.

“El have you even considered that I don’t want this... for all you know this cure could be killing me, could you really watch me die?” Mike said looking at her with his brow furrowed.

“You may not want this... but your’re not Mike, not really, just the Demon inside him using his meat suit” El said

“No I’m Mike, just not with his nerdy inhabitations or his Humanity” Mike countered.

“This is not a debate” El said before jabbing the syringe into his arm. She held him still with her powers as she kissed him on the forehead before leaving once more in the presence of his own company.

This continue for several hours until there was only one more dose

left. Of course the two argued back and forth with Mike trying to free himself more than one time.

El was sat in Mike's bedroom looking at everything that was Mike Wheeler, the posters, the figurines and everything else, she looked at it all fondly.

There was a knock at the door.

El stiffened and El glanced down at her watch, Mrs Wheeler was not due home for another two hours but it couldn't be...

The Door flew open. There in the doorway stood Mike Wheeler, Human turned Demon. Giving El a sarcastic little wave and El paled at seeing the demon was walking free, all he needed was one more dose and he would be cured, he would be Mike again.

"Oh yeah I bet your wondering how I'm free"

El just nodded numbly.

"Well as you shot me up with Human blood, the more Human I became the less that devil's trap worked, meaning I could undo the rope with my own Powers and simply walk out the devil's trap..." Mike said very uninterested.

His eyes turned black.

"But there is enough Demon in me still to turn you into what I am" Mike said before he charged towards El. Eleven stood frozen in place as Mike lunged, only reacting as Mike collided with her and they fell to the floor.

"Mike!" El shouted as they struggled on the floor. The Mark glowed red as his veins lit up, it travelled towards his finger that were grasping her shoulder, she realized what was about to happen and managed to find the strength to throw Mike off of her with her powers. Who hit the wall outside his room. Momentarily stunned. He stood back to his feet shakily.

"Don't you see I'm doing this for you! For us!" he shouted enraged and within a matter of seconds several things happened.

Mike charged for her.

Eleven withdrew the final dose of Human blood and pointed it at Mike.

Mike collided with her.

And the needle found itself being embedded into his body.

And she pushed the blood into his system. And Mike looked to her angrily before he allowed his hands to wrap themselves around her neck. And El struggled for breath as his hands became tighter as he attempted to squeeze the life from her.

“The first thing he will feel is your blood on his hands!” The Demon soon to be human growled at her. El was starting to see stars and those weren’t the freckles upon his face either.

Suddenly Mike threw himself off of her, his eyes returning to normal and for the first time in days Mike had returned to normal.

“You will not touch her!” Mike shouted at thin air.

El looked at him in confusion as his eyes turned black again.

“What you gonna do Mikey? I’m a part of you!” The Demon said amused.

His eyes returned to normal

“All I know is that I won’t let you touch her!” Mike shouted again

His eyes went Black

“Eventually you will Die! And this? And this is what you’re going to become!” The Demon Roared.

Mike fell onto his hands as he began to retch and gag before black slime began to pour out of his mouth as he vomited it all out, his eyes finally returning to their natural colour for good this time. El watched tentatively before taking a hesitant step forwards.

“Mike?” she asked quietly.

“El?” Mike said whispering her name hoarsely.

And at that moment El instantly knew the cure had worked and Mike Wheeler was human once more.

She didn't hold back as she flung herself into his arms, sobbing uncontrollably, Mike wept along with her and they held each other in the tightest of embraces. They simply held each other for what seemed like an eternity. Until El pulled herself far enough so that she could see his eyes, overjoyed and relieved to see the brown eyes of Mike Wheeler and not the Black eyes of the Demon.

“I didn't give up on you Mike” She whispered.

“I know... you saved me... you saved me” Mike uttered overcome with various emotions. He pressed kisses to the areas around her neck where finger marks were visible from her she had been strangled.

“I will never not save you Mike” She said.

And just for that moment, there was just the two of them and Mike wished the moment could last forever, for an eternity but like everything else they were still subject to the laws of time.

Mike sighed as he pulled away from her.

“I'm going to go clean up ok” Mike said

El nodded and watched Mike wander off towards the bathroom before he stopped in the doorway.

“El, I can't be that thing again, I would rather die than hurt you” Mike said his voice barely above a whisper. Before she could reply he had left and headed towards the bathroom, she looked at the black goo that was still on the floor, she waved her hand and the goo found itself being incinerated.

Mike stood in the bathroom rubbing a washcloth across his face as he stared at his reflection, he looked to his arm to see the Mark of Cain was still present and it was almost like it was staring at him but he

dismissed it as nonsense, he tossed the cloth into the basin and turned to leave.

But In the corner of his eye where he could see his reflection he noticed his eyes had turned Black once more, he whipped round to find his eyes were still his natural eye colour, he left the bathroom as the words from his demon self echoed within his head

“Eventually you will Die! And this? And this is what you’re going to become!”

He didn’t notice this time that his reflection hadn’t moved as it smirked at his back.

His eyes Black.

And the Mark of Cain was glowing red upon his arm.

## 2. Dream a Little Dream of Me

### Notes for the Chapter:

(A/N) Dream sequences are in italics

“El, I can’t be that thing again” Mike had said to her less than minute ago, Eleven had starred at his retreating back as he made his way to the bathroom to clean up. El was to say the very least still shaken from the whole ordeal, in no circumstances had she ever imagined that Mike’s hands would have been around her neck in an attempt to kill her in untameable anger.

She lifted her hand to her neck to feel where she could still feel his hands wrapped around her throat. She shuddered. In that moment she thought that Mike was going to kill her and she would have let him simply because she couldn’t bare the thought of Harming Mike regardless whether he was a Demon or not.

His offer had been even more tempting, to give in to her own Demons and commit bloodshed across the world with him even if it had only been for a fleeting moment, it had been a moment nonetheless and the very fact of that terrified her, knowing she had the potential to become what the Demonic version of her soul mate had wanted her to become.

A Murderer.

To become Lovers bound through Murder and the spent blood of countless slaughtered innocents. To make love through all that pain, destruction and misery that they would bring upon the world and upon those they used to love.

And she had wanted it for the briefest of moments. She nearly succumbed to the darkest of desires that festered In her heart.

Just because it would be easier and because she would be with him regardless of what they would be known for and what they would become in the eyes of the world.

That is if the world survived the wrath of Eleven and Mike.

“You have a wound Eleven, A terrible wound” The taunting words of Kali’s hallucination of Brenner echoed within her mind.

She found this moment of solace to cry to herself, wrapping her arms around herself as she shed the emotion from the trails and tribulation of the last ten hours. Having to find the strength within herself to save Mike. Because Mike was her strength, her own Power meant nothing without Mike. Only problem was the Demon hadn’t wanted to be saved. She knew that but she had forced the cure upon him anyway because she knew that the real Mike didn’t want to be that thing. To be the Killer that the Mark had wanted him to be. To wander the Earth for the rest of time, First Blade in hand with the death of thousands and thousands of innocents.

Of course she had Hidden the First Blade. The damn thing had only ever seemed to make things worse. She found herself being ripped apart as the realization of how close she had been to losing Mike, maybe forever. All because Mike had made the rash decision to take the Mark from Cain so that he could protect her.

It was ironic.

Mike came walking back in slowly although El’s eyes were squeezed shut tight as tears made their way down her delicate features, crying quietly. Mike stood transfixed for a moment before he slowly made his way to her and enveloped her in a tight embrace which she reciprocated, the tears started to fall harder and faster. All the while Mike was whispering in her ear he wept with her. “I’m so, so, so sorry, El” and they just held the other closely, the only sound was of sniffles and whimpers within the ever growing darkness of the bedroom in the fading evening Sun.

His fingers were now soft and gentle and she found herself being lulled away under the spell of Mike’s calming presence, the familiar scent of Mike’s apple shampoo hung heavy in the air. It was everything El had come to associate with safety, love and acceptance but was now tainted by the memory of the abomination that was no less than an hour ago a Demon. A Demon that was once Mike, twisted and mutilated into a creature that only wanted to kill and

wanted El to join him in his bloodbath.

Her head was tucked underneath his chin as the two began to doze off still fully clothed. The toll of the day was finally weighing upon their minds, emotions high and confusing. The presence of the other soothed them like an aura that would heal everything if it could.

And as the evening sun dipped below the horizon Mike and El found themselves falling into a restless, haunted sleep. Of things that were, things that are and things that were yet to come.

Neither Noticed as The Mark of Cain glowed red faintly upon the boy's arm as they slipped into the world of Dreams and the underworld of Nightmares.

XxXxXxXxX

*Mike found himself within a blackened void that stretched into the depths of infinite nothings but Empty. Mike furrowed his brow as looked around him in confusion, the hairs on the back of his head began to rise one by one as he felt himself being watched. He swallowed heavily and slowly turned around to face his Demons.*

*Quite Literally.*

*Mike had discarded what the Demon had been wearing in exchange for one of his pair's of jeans that were a darker shade and baby blue coloured shirt.*

*His Demonic self stood nought but three metres away from him wearing the same red attire as he did along with his eyes being purely black.*

*"I think this conversation is long overdue, wouldn't you say Mikey?" The Demon taunted with a smirk.*

*"You shouldn't be here, El cured me of you" Mike said immediately his weight shifting from one though from another.*

*Demon!Mike just laughed humourlessly.*

*"You See Mikey, I will never be truly gone, I will be always there lurking within in you. As long as you have this" He said gesturing towards the*



*Mark that was branded upon both of their arms “Then I will always be here lurking beneath the surface”*

*Mike closed his eyes tightly before letting them snap open.*

*“You think I want to be like you?” Mike asked disgusted.*

*“No but you know that this...” Demon!Mike said pointing towards himself “is simply a inevitable eventuality”*

*“No... I won’t let that happen again, I can’t let that happen ever again” Mike said with determination.*

*Demon!Mike just laughed again.*

*“Do you not listen? This will happen, no matter how hard you fight or how hard you try, I will be your eventual ending. You can’t escape me Mikey, one way or another this is what you will become” Demon!Mike said seriously all traces of humour and sadistic mocking gone.*

*“You lie” Mike said simply.*

*“I have no need to lie because the truth is that evermore painful”*

*Mike simply could not respond even though he did not want to believe his Demonic counterpart’s words he could sense the truth that was laced upon them, one day he will turn into that thing again and thousands would die by his hand. Perhaps millions.*

*“And hopefully I won’t be alone” Demon!Mike said with the trademark wink he had been using. It made Mike cringe and he knew exactly who he was referring to.*

*“She would never join you” Mike said defiantly.*

*“Us” The Demon corrected, the Demon was Mike and it would always be Mike. His soul twisted beyond recognition into a black smoke that would reek of Sulfur.*

*“You really believe that?”*

*Mike found himself unable to answer as the Demon laughed before vanishing in a puff of smoke.*



*The First blade was exactly what it's namesake claimed to be. The First Blade in existence, fashioned from the jawbone of a donkey and the very blade that Cain had used to kill his younger Brother Abel.*

*Mike suddenly twirled her into and pressed his lips hungrily and lustfully to hers. Her slicked back and Mike cupped the back of her head softly even though his fingers were caked in blood, some dry, some not. He bit the bottom of her lips softly eliciting something that was neither a whimper or a moan from the back of her throat. She held onto the front of his shirt, gripping fistfuls of it as they kissed hungrily, their eyes closed blissfully. As they pulled apart both of their eyes had become Demonic Black.*

*"I have a present for you" Mike said quietly stroking her cheek delicately with his fingers.*

*"Hmm I wonder what?" She replied with a smirk. His fingers traced her arm, tracing his fingertips on her delicate flesh. Trailing over the Mark and down to her own petite fingertips.*

*The Real watched the scene unfold before her with morbid interest, finding it odd that the Demonic versions of themselves still loved the other deeply from what she could see.*

*As he tore his arm away from hers "Wait here for me?" he asked, her evil counterpart nodded before Mike stalked off swinging the first blade round as he turned the corner. Both El's listened intently as there was a crashing sound of a door being kicked in and the sound of a scream and several gunshots ringing out in the slaughtered remnants of the lab*

*Mike came round the corner with a triumphant smile upon his lips as he dragged a man with aging silver-grey hair.*

*"Surprise!" he shouted cheerfully.*

*Dr Martin Brenner was upon his knee's at the feet of Mike, his nose bloody from what appeared to be a broken nose. His icy eyes starred up at Eleven. She looked back up to Mike.*

*"Mike..." she uttered quietly.*

*He held out the first blade to her which she gratefully took. The Mark instantly lit up a rage inducing red as did the veins beneath her skin as it*



The dream that she had haunted her. Seeing this possible future was terrifying as it was chilling and it was like it looming over them like a oppressive shadow. She looked back to Mike, the scatted pattern of freckles still lay upon him, she liked to count them whenever she could, she didn't even know why.

But as she sat and gazed at him she found herself coming to a resolution.

And that was her making a promise to herself. To Mike.

She wouldn't let him become that thing again.

She Promised.

El didn't know that there was an old saying as she drifted back off to sleep.

Promises are made to be broken.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) boom... lol well there we are guys I had a bit of writers block whilst writing this chapter but It's all good now and I can't wait to hear what you guys think! Next chapter will be about How Mike managed to obtain the Mark in the first place  
As always guys review! And until next time, peace!

### **3. The Father of Murder**

#### **Human Date**

#### **The Dawn of Man.**

A Man strode with purpose through the canopy of the trees that was situated around him, lost in the green foliage of untouched forest. His hair had begun to become grey, a sign of age that was the cost of eternal sin originally started by his mother and father. He continued to make his way undeterred through the forest with a single minded purpose.

His face hardened as he felt a presence near him, it was all encompassing, powerful and terrifying. He was close, he could feel it with every fibre of his being right down to the very core of his bones. There was a chill in the air as it turned to what felt ice shards that were nipping across his skin.

He took the blade that had been fashioned from the jawbone of a donkey and held it lofty at his side, as his head turned this way and that as he searched for what he knew was nearby. The ice chill in the air was easily a dead giveaway.

The Man watched intently as a giant snake slithered its way out of the tall grass. It's forked tongue flicked forth from it's mouth, it slithered between his legs quietly, its head raised to regard the man before it, he listened intently as faint whispers echoed around the clearing, the snakes head raised further towards the sky, it tongue flicked again, every gap amongst the dense shrubbery, every crack, every inch of space was filled with a white light.

A deafening screech filled the forest as the snake was engulfed in the white light of a Celestial. Any other Human would feel unrelinquished pain before their eyes would be burned from their sockets. Set aflame.

But not this Man. Not Cain.

The Snake continued to slither and move around him, it's eyes were

now burning a deep and vengeful red. The Possessed Snake turned to regard the man before it.

“Cain” the whisper of his name echoed around the forest, the reputation of this Celestial proceeded him , Cain felt a sliver of fear entice him briefly before he became resolute in his mission, his task and what had become his responsibility.

“Cain” it whispered again.

“Lucifer” Cain said resentfully.

Lucifer always had a smugness about him that made Cain uncomfortable but then again it had made everyone uncomfortable especially since the corruption of the Garden. The only animals that didn't feel that in his presence were snakes which would always consent to possession by the Prince of Darkness himself.

Cain fingered the blade that was grasped in his hand, he knew the makeshift weapon would do nothing to Lucifer but he held it close to him regardless. The Snake slowly crept its way up the tree closest to Cain. Cain watched intently as the devil possessed Snake coiled itself around the tree, its head swivelled round to face the first-born son of Man.

“I know you have been talking to Abel, Lucifer” Cain seethed “It stops now” The Snake looked blankly at Cain its tongue silently flicked before the disembodied voice sounded throughout the clearing.

“And what are you going to do about that Cain? You have no power to stop me” the voice scoffed “nothing but a broken and flawed weakling, like all humans” Cain glared at the Snake before him, he fingered the blade, itching to slice the snake's head and be done with it.

“Abel is so weak, its actually quite amusing, what my father created, broken and nasty disease ridden things....” the voice continued, Cain however in a moment of rashness abruptly declared “My soul for his!” the Snake looked startled for a second.





reasons even he did not fully understand, he just couldn't see the point in doing so. And so Lucifer wanted a human being to know the pain of Fratricide. In Lucifer's eyes his own suffering was because of Humanity's creation and he intended to make all of them suffer for the freedom and forgiveness that was bestowed upon them.

Cain looked up from the floor to the serpent, glaring at the Snake hatefully

"Hell may have its Princes but every Prince needs its loyal Knights. Go. Build. Because War will be coming" The Serpent hissed as it started to slowly slither away back into the tall grass leaving Cain to himself who was still upon his knee's. Abel's soul lingered in the clearing for several moments.

"I forgive you, Brother" Abel whispered, Abel looked around as a comforting hand of the Reaper was placed upon his shoulder, The Reaper led him away from the clearing before vanishing within a flash of light to lead him to the afterlife which his Brother paid for dearly.

Cain was left alone in the world.

But the Mark began to reveal its cursed nature, tempting the Father of Murder to kill and decimate all manner of life, Humans, Angels, Monsters and even Demons. Nothing escaped the father's wrath and slaughter and nothing could save the lust of the kill. The Mark had dominion over him like Lucifer before him.

The indifference of his victims was splattered across the pages of history, his name would pass into Legend as it was whispered fearfully among the settlements of Humans. The Packs of Werewolves. The Nests of the Vampire. The Sulfur ridden lairs of a Demon. All feared Cain. Even the Leviathan.

But Cain began to feel remorse for everything that he had done and had decided to take his own life with the blade. Deciding to end the madness once and for all.

However, The Mark would not allow its host to die not whilst there were still things to be hunted down. Cain awoke with new life but it

was forever steeped in damnation. His eyes becoming a bottomless abysmal black, giving birth to one of the first Demons and Hell's first Knight.

He created his order of Knights, Hell's Knights. Cutting a swath of destruction and merciless atrocities the likes the world had never seen.

Lucifer for his crimes against Heaven, Humanity and Creation was cast into the Cage by Michael which was placed into the deepest depths of Hell, sealed away. Shortly after God left Heaven leaving the Archangel Michael to take charge in God's absence leading a corrupt and strict but stable regime. He left no instructions and a world to Run. The Angels wept and prayed for their father to return but their hearts became hardened as they started to scheme.

Archangels would routinely descend to Earth in order to fight Hell's Knights. The remnants of those battles still cover the Earth today in the form of endless dunes of sand and heat.

The Prince's of Hell, Dagon, Asmodeus and Ramiel all lost interest in the plans of Lucifer leaving only Azazel to rule Hell in Lucifer's stead, the other Princes left to live peacefully on Earth allowing everyone to believe they were dead, wanting nothing but to be left alone, they lived peacefully among Humanity.

But the Knights continued to be Hell's most fierce some elite soldiers. Until Cain fell in Love with a human who forgave his crimes and believed that he could fight the Mark, her love for him allowed him to fight the Mark and give it all up, Hell and its Knights. Love being the medicine to fight the corruption of the Mark

But In retaliation the Knights of Hell had taken Collette captive to bring back their Commander into the fold but only succeeded in sending the Father of Murder into a murderous rage fuelled by his Mark. Just as he had created the Knights that had left a bloody trail through the pages of history he proceeded to tear it all down.

Wielding the first blade he tore every Knight apart in ways that defied description, slaughtering each one for daring to lay a finger on Collette. His hands were covered in the blood of his own as his





friends coaxed him to come inside.

Steve allowed Joyce to tend to his wounds that he had suffered earlier from Billy who had vanished before they had gotten back. The others had succumbed to their own exhaustions, Will especially, the possession had taken it's toll. He was ravenously hungry and so very tired. Jonathon had carried him to his Bed where the elder Brother kept a watchful eye over Will like a Hawk.

But Mike couldn't rest nor would he allow himself to do so either. That was until he knew that Eleven was safe because he had been helpless to save her once, he would be damned is he were ever to find himself in such a position again. It was a vow that had the potential to cost the world dearly.

His head shot up so fast he may have gained whiplash as he saw the lights of a Blazer, Hopper's Blazer pull up in the driveway. Mike shot to his feet and reached the car before it had even fully pulled up. His face faltered as he spotted El in the seat beside Hopper, her face covered with dry blood.

Mike looked to Hopper with a look akin to horror as he stepped out.

"She is Okay. Just exhausted" Hopper supplied before Mike could even ask the question. Hopper opened the door to her side lifting her carefully as to not rouse the sleeping girl. Silently the two worked together to bring El into the house where she could rest and recuperate. They placed her on Joyce's bed at her insistence.

But Eleven stirred as she sensed a familiar presence nearby. It was like instinct for her.

"Mike?" she said uttered. Almost immediately Mike was by her side. Hopper backed away silently to the doorway.

"It's me El, I'm here" Mike said weakly still unable to comprehend that she was here now, that she was real and not just some cruel fabrication that many dreams had tricked him into believing, only to rip the curtain away from his eyes and leave him in the abyss of depression.



Mike awoke with a start. His eyes strained in the darkness, El was still fast asleep her arms were loosely curled around him still, Mike felt himself relax slightly seeing that El was still here although his body was still tense for a reason that even he did not know.

“Michael” it whispered to him again.

Mike carefully unwrapped El’s arms from around himself where he made his way from the room against his better Judgement to follow the voice through the house. Everyone was also fast asleep in the living room and Mike carefully moved towards the back door.

“Michael....” It whispered again.

A grey haired figure was stood with his back towards the house outside the back of the Byers home. Mike swallowed nervously before making his way outside, the figure paid no heed to Mike as he walked across the grass to stand beside him, Mike was unsure as to why he was even doing this in the first place.

“Beautiful night isn’t it?” the grey haired man asked who’s gaze had not left the sky, Mike looked up to the stars that shone brightly and could not help but agree with the stranger.

“Ever since the dawn of man, humans have used the stars to find their way whether it be across the land or the oceans themselves and they have often gazed up in wonderment at such an endless field of stars” the grey haired man smiled slightly.

“Who are you?” Mike asked hesitantly.

The figure turned to look at him for the first time. Even now Mike could feel the wisdom adorned there and the guilt.

“Who am I? People call me Cain” Cain said simply. Mike nodded in response not sure how to respond.

“I felt it you know” Cain said cryptically.

“Felt What?” Mike asked confused.

“Your soul. It screamed through the Earth, it screamed like it had

been flayed When you lost her” Cain said knowingly. “the despair, all that pain for someone so young was paralyzing”

Mike just stood there as he listened to Cain, he couldn’t help but agree, the despair he suffered was worse than most as he suffered alone. His friends had given up after awhile and Mike had stopped talking about it whilst his heart continued to scream in darkening despair.

“I know all too well the pain of losing someone you love” Cain said wistfully

Mike nearly choke on his own saliva “Wait I don’t love El---” Mike began.

“Save it Mike, you cannot lie to me, your soul cried out in sheer anguish when you lost her, I’m surprised the whole world did not feel it” Cain said “I know because I have felt the same, I have lost many people I loved over the years”

Mike stood and listened intently to Cain’s tale being able to sympathise because of El.

“First I lost my Brother. I loved my younger Brother, loved him. Until he was taken from me and I became filled with Rage, all encompassing rage” Cain’s left hand rubbed his right arm just below the elbow stiffly and self consciously.

His arm lifted up his arm to show Mike something was adorned upon his forearm.

Mike’s breath caught in his throat as he pieced together at what he was seeing, There on the arm was a Mark, it looked like scar tissue from a great burn, it looked like a 7 with two indentations on the left side.

It was the bloody Mark of Cain.

Mike took a step back as he looked up to Cain who watched his reaction carefully, Mike considered his options or his lack of options thereof.

Cain Smiled sadly.



“Cain? As in Cain and Abel?” Mike asked carefully.

Cain simply nodded “there is nothing to fear Mike, I’m not here to hurt you”

“Then what is it that you are here for because from what I remember it was you who killed your Brother” Mike accused fiercely, Mike angled himself between the house and Cain, Cain watched silently amused at Mike being protective even now.

“I killed him to save him from Lucifer” Cain said “it was the only way to save him” Cain added “But my purpose here is different, I felt your desire in there to protect Eleven, protect from the things that will be coming and believe me there will be things that want to kill her, things that defy even your imagination”

Mike gulped and his face paled at the realization that not just the Shadow Monster or the Bad Men would be after her in future, as her power grows the threats to her would grow as well in proportion to her power, Earthly or Extra-dimensional.

“I can give you my Mark” Cain said gesturing towards the Mark. “if protecting El is what you truly want” Cain said seriously.

“It is” Mike insisted taking a step forward.

Cain slowly reached behind him to withdraw a wrapped up piece of cloth that looked very, very old.

“The Mark is able to power a blade that can kill anything in existence” Cain stated looking down at the blade that was hidden from sight “but it can only be powered by the mark otherwise it’s useless” Cain looked at Mike with a haunted “I know because I used this very blade to slaughter every bastard Demon that had dared to harm Collette”

“Collette?” Mike asked before he could stop himself.

“My Wife” Cain said simply

Mike took a moment to ponder the offer before his mind was set, if it could protect Eleven in the end then he would do it, again and again



In the void that was lit up by the constant flashes of Lightning there was a Cage suspended in the air by Chains that vanished into the Darkness that even light could not penetrate.

The Cage's single sole occupant sat upon the floor with his knees drawn up to his chest. His head rose slightly as he felt a slight shift in the cosmic scale upon the Earth as the

Mark was copied from one host to another.

His eyes lit up a savage and firey Red.

Lucifer smiled at what he had felt had transpired.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) I am so very sorry that this chapter took so long to get out, my writers block was as big as it had ever been apart from that I have no excuse and I apologise but now hopefully I will be able to update on a regular basis once more.

As always guys review! And until next time, Peace!

#### 4. A Murderous Rage

*The Sky lit up ominously as red lightning forked across the sky, there was no rumble of thunder, the air was filled with a spine-chilling screech that sounded like it belonged in the very depths of Hell itself. Signalling that something very terrible was on its way. Something ancient. Something Primordial.*

*Red Lightning started to strike the ground aggressively around the clearing, every strike was accompanied an echoing nightmarish screech. Two men was watching it unfold before them helplessly and with confusion but well tempered caution as they could do nothing but stare as cosmic events unfolded before their very eyes.*

*The final bolt had struck the ground leaving nothing but a horrible silence as the two men merely stood in terrified awe.*

*"What did Death call this?" The taller one asked carefully.*

*"The Darkness" The other replied ominously.*

*The ground started to shake beneath them.*

*Giant Pillars of black smoke forced its way through the ground around them from the impact zones, it rushed and roared as it raced overheard. More towers of black smoke raced from the ground. Each pillar frantically flew towards an adjacent field where it started to conglomerate into an evermore sifting, shifting mass of utter blackness.*

*Small screeches were protruding from the shifting mass of Darkness. Before sweeping across the world to engulf the land and Light and the two Brothers who had faced death, life and everything in-between.*

[illegible]

Mike awoke with startled, cold sweat was beading down his forehead, his clothes were awash in it. He sat up tiredly allowing himself to think of what he had just dreamt, it felt so familiar, so real. The sights, the smell and even the gentle breeze of a spring afternoon.

It was very overwhelming especially for a dream.

It had been four days since Eleven had closed the gate, four days since she had come back into his life explosively to a hoard of emotion that he simply was not prepared for and honestly? Mike could not be happier but the pain still lingered, still gnawed away at him.

He had suffered for so very long, he felt like he was suffocating without her and yet he was somehow alive, still breathing. One day was like a month, a month was like a year. It was simply getting through the next moment and the moment after that and so on.

It got to the point where if she had truly died that night he wished he would have died with her rather than live a life without her in it. No-one knew how badly Mike was suffering, Hopper had his suspicions but he stayed silent, the man who could have eased his pain within seconds chose to remain in the shadows believing that he was making the right choice for El.

Of course there was one person who saw his pain because she had shared in his pain with him, she spent countless night's in the void alongside him, wanting desperately to reach out to him his name being uttered softly from her lips. In need. In pain. In sorrow.

Unbeknownst to the both of them her presence in the void made it so much worse as she seemed so close but yet she was so far away. Like she was just out of reach as Mike could feel her presence.

He ran a hand through his damp and scruffy bed hair, before looking down to the Mark that was now upon his arm. That too had been upon his arm for four days although Cain had told him that with the Mark there would come a great burden he himself saw no drawback or burden as of yet.

Which is something that he himself was happy with, maybe Cain had been wrong.

He walked downstairs to a very sombre scene.

“....four campers this morning were found mauled to death in The

Hawkins National Forest. Officers on the scene refused to give comment at this time.” the screen went black as his mother Karen switched it off, especially that Holly was in the room and she didn't need the nightmares.

With a forced kind of smile Karen declared that Breakfast was ready.

Mike sighed. It was going to be one of those days. He had been trapped in the house for the past few days and he was itching to get out of it even if it were only for a little while.

His thoughts drifted to Eleven as they often did. Knowing she was trapped there effectively 24/7 made him feel for her even more. Mike was careful to wear long sleeved sweaters as well to hide the Mark that had been branded upon him.

Underneath The First Blade lay motionless in his waist band waiting to be called into service once more.

Xx

Hopper pinched the Bridge of his nose tiredly as he bent down to examine the effectively disembowelled campers , his carefully trained and hardened eyes examined what was left of them. A small .22 calibre revolver lay a foot away from the outstretched hand of body that Hopper couldn't tell whether they were Male or Female just because of the amount of flesh that had been devoured. Several spent round casings lay near the body.

Fresh and trauma inducing memories from four nights prior flashed in his mind, ripping through him. It was enough to send most people howling to the nuthouse. But Hopper was hardened, the things he saw, the things he did was apart of who he was and what he was becoming, Hopper sometimes had no idea who he was any more.

His mind flashed to the night where bob was killed, how those monsters tore into him savagely, Hopper didn't have the time to put Bob out his misery with a mercy kill as his first priority was to get Will, Joyce and Mike safe. Keeping those still alive, alive.

It was those difficult decisions that Hopper had been forced to make.

Something that was beginning to take its toll on himself and even the people around him, making the hard choices, the choices that needed to be made even if it were the lesser of the two Evils.

It simply became one of the many things that haunted him.

In his waking hours.

In his brightest dreams.

In the darkest corners of his nightmares.

And everyday under a newly risen Sun.

In a war of Saint's and Sinners.

Hopper was neither a Saint or a Sinner.

He was Human.

Hopper stood up and composed himself before walking underneath the Police tape and striding to his Police Cruiser away from a grizzly scene that he hoped he would not have to encounter because he had a feeling he knew what was behind it and he prayed to whatever God was listening that it was not true.

“Hey Kid...” Hopper began as he whipped the radio from its stand making sure it was on the right frequency channel. He lowered the radio away from his Mouth and waited for her voice to come through the Radio.

“You're Late. Again.” Hopper could hear the annoyance in her tone, he pulled his sleeve back revealing his watch to see that she was right, he was thirteen minutes late. Hopper sighed. He had to wonder how this came to be his life.

“I know, i'm sorry kid” he paused for a moment but she remained silent. “Anyway i'm going to be a little late home tonight okay? Something's happened and I need to sort it out” He said, he knew she wasn't going to be particularly happy about it but he was ready with a half way happy.

“Bad?” Her voice crackled through the speaker again her voice edgy. She still hadn't come down from the battle-induced adrenaline from when she closed the gate. Her powers sometimes spiked randomly draining even more than she was already.

“Yeah Bad, but it's okay, nothing to worry about” Hopper said assuredly, well at least he hoped it was nothing to worry about as he glanced down towards the tape that waved in the light wind.

“What Time?” she asked. Almost demanded.

“9:30” Hopper said tiredly.

“Nine... Three... Zero?” she asked tentatively even after all this time she was still scared of doing something wrong. Regardless, Hopper found himself smiling slightly as he replied.

“Yeah Nine, Three Zero” Hopper echoed.

There was a pause. An unspoken question was hanging in the air that the two knew that needed to be addressed.

“When can I see him?” her voice was soft and sad. It nearly broke his heart to hear that way.

“Soon.” he said with a pause but he knew that wouldn't be enough for the girl, he could feel her annoyance radiate from the radio. “I promise” he added “he ain't stopped bugging me about it for the past four days” Hopper said annoyed.

Her voice crackled

“Bugging?” her confusion easily heard through the radio.

“Always asking me” Hopper said simply “like you” he huffed.

On the other side of the radio in a secluded cabin in the woods, Eleven smiled to herself slightly, the two had been routinely asking Hopper when they could see the other again.

“When?”





like it was calling to him, Mike took it under the assumption of he'd rather be safe than sorry, especially after everything that he has seen.

And then there was El, the girl that Mike kept hidden in the basement of his home for a week, the girl who he had fallen for only for her to be ripped away from him to soon. She was quiet yet her eyes said more than any mere word in the world ever could. And she was powerful, extremely powerful yet gentle, caring and loving.

He missed her, it wouldn't matter on how much time had passed, whether it be one minute, one hour, one day, one week, he would always miss her. He had suffered enough to be separated from her again, desperate enough to prevent such a thing from happening he took on the first curse. The Mark of Cain.

He wasn't able to find much information about the Mark apart from that it was given to Cain so that he would wander the Earth forever and if anyone were to kill him they would suffer sevenfold vengeance by God. Mike himself was bit of a skeptic although after his encounter with Cain he was more than willing to consider the possibility of it all. Whether it was dark, light or something in-between

*"But you have to know, with the Mark comes a great burden. Some would call it a great cost"*

Those exact words had been echoing around in Mike's head for the past few days and it was so cryptic Mike had pondered their meaning, Mike had currently felt no adverse effects of any sort of shift or change in himself.

He made it to the woods surrounding Hawkins, the freshness of the air was able to help Mike clear and organise his thoughts no matter how jumbled they were. Mike, however started to explore a bit, hoping by some sheer chance that he could discover the location of the cabin. It was a long shot but worth a shot nonetheless.

Mike felt his hair stand up on end.

A series of chills ran down his spine.

The Birds had suddenly stopped singing.

Like the world had grown darker.

His bike slowed as he felt himself being watched.

The Mark beneath his arm burned red.

And Mike found himself being flung from his bike as something collided with him. He let out a scream of surprise and fear as he felt himself fly through the air, his eyes were shut tight waiting for him to hit solid earth again.

He let out a shout of surprise as he had landed heavily on his left arm. Hissing with pain, he managed to force his eyes open. And what he saw made all the blood drain away from his face.

Three very real and very alive Demo-dogs stood In front of him, he gulped as he realized there was fresh blood dripping from the maw of the monster before him, with massive yellow spots adorned upon its back. It was Dart. The Demo-dog that Dustin had tried to raise with little success.

The three beasts starred at him, studying him. Mike backed up slowly until his back collided with a Tree. He wasn't dead already simply because he hadn't turned his back to them. They could smell that something was different about him and unfortunately it was only till after they ambushed Mike could they now finally sense it.

Mike felt The First Blade dig a little further into his skin.

A Blade that could kill anything in existence.

Mike reached towards his waist, tearing the blade from the waistband and unwrapping the cloth frantically as the Dogs were becoming more impatient by the second as they started to figure out he was not much of a threat.

That was until Mike's hand grasped the crude wooden handle of the blade.

Instantly both Blade and Mark shone red together as did the veins

between Mike's hand and the Mark. His hand was shaking as pure intoxicating power washed over him, seducing him with its song.

Mike's eyes drooped, his eyelids had closed half way as his body felt power washed through him along with red hot rage. Rage the likes Mike had never felt before, both Rage and Power working in tandem to spread to every corner of Mike's body. Bathing him in it. Allowing him to bask in its dangerous seduction.

His eyes sprung open.

His hold on the blade tightened.

And all he felt was a murderous rage.

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) Hey guys i'm so very sorry this chapter so long to do, I had no idea where I was going to go with this story but now I have a basic plot outlined and I think it will be pretty awesome along with Mileven fluff and angst and of course Demon Mike!

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!

## 5. Of Regret and Remorse

### Notes for the Chapter:

Flashbacks in Italics

Rage.

There was nothing but Rage.

As the last body had fallen to the floor Mike had fallen onto his knees overwhelmed by his sudden unrelenting spite and contempt. It was like a fog had lifted from his eyes as he shakily looked around him, blood was splattered across the wooded area as it was barbarically torn out of them.

Each Demo-Dog lay still, unmoving. Their insides had been viciously slashed to pieces with trails of their innards littered in pieces around them. Evidence that a merciless force of destruction had torn from each and every one of them with the goal of causing much as pain and suffering as possible.

Mike looked down to his right arm as the glowing Mark began to fade to nothingness. The First Blade lay within his grasp, his fingers tight and tort around it unwilling to let go of the primal weapon. Blood glistened from tip to toe with it slowly sliding down the blades handle and onto Mike's fingers.

His hand that was holding the blade was shaking, his eyes were glazed over from being drunk with Power. As his eyes returned to normal, revulsion and horror replaced the anger, the hatred and the

satisfaction of the slaughter. His hand stopped shaking as he looked around him, his head finally clear.

He had enjoyed it.

He had enjoyed gutting everything that he could get his hands on.

It had made him happy.

He couldn't fight the way bile forced his way up his throat, allowing his body to eject the contents of his stomach onto the damp Earth. He shakily rose to his feet, hand still tightly grasped around The First Blade. It started to rain, bathing him in a cold shower but he could not feel it, his body too full of adrenaline, he turned to move away before he tripped over face first into the dirt.

Mike shook himself from his daze.

And he froze when he saw cold, empty eyes staring back up at him.

Eyes that had begged him for mercy and yet he gave none.

Mike scrambled to his feet. Casting himself as far as he could away from the body. Picking up his bike and running deep into the woods, remorse and guilt ebbed away at him heinous acts against nature and the nature of the curse which he had took on.





discover them and it would be a well known secret to only them, their innocent minds unaware of the Horror that had taken place many years before their time. Only the echoes of their screams and gunfire remained.

Men in white hazard suits crept into the clearing, Geiger counters in hand and another measuring instrument in the other. They swept round the clearing like crows circling a carcass, studying, observing and documenting. What was left of the sun glittered off their visors. Allowing their counters to sweep over each dog and the man who had been killed.

There was a flash as one nameless figure took picture after picture of each corpse methodically with no visible emotion. Another was scooping remains into secure containers to be taken for systematic analysis.

“Mitchell, Report” A voice crackled over the radio attached to his chest. Mitchell unhooked the mic from his chest and spoke into the device.

“Doctor, we have found the remains of three EDE's (Extra Dimensional Entity) and a civilian fatality, we have also discovered trace radiation from Element 115 ” Mitchell paused awaiting the ageing doctor's reply.

The ageing Doctor sighed into the comms unit before replying. “Gather the bodies, Bring them back to the Lab for examination. Burn the rest”



destination only that he wanted to get far away as possible from that horrid scene that he had been the creator of. It terrified him. This was what he was capable of now, cold blooded murder, without thought, without empathy. Just blind rage. Rage, Rage against the dying of the light.

*The first Dog screeched, allowing its flower like face to bloom outward before charging him down, Mike moved forward in blinding speed, the blade came sweeping upwards in a arc of savagery. The blade sliced through flesh, muscle and bone as it tore the first dog cleanly in half.*

Mike allowed the bike to slow down to a stop, he had gone so far so quickly that he had ended up by the quarry. So many important things had happened here. The place where they were meant to have found Will's body. The place where Eleven had come back to them, to him. Saving him and saving them.

Even then, even through the chaos of everything that was going on and the surrealness of it all. The monster, the telekinesis and everything in-between, that was the moment that he knew that she would always be the one. She had changed his life. And the ache he had felt when she was gone, maybe forever. The grief, the anguish and the rage.

*The two remaining dogs took a hesitant step back as Mike had turned to face them, Blood dripping from the blade as glistened in the sun. His eyes full of ferocity, he breathed heavily as his hand tightened around the handle of the blade. The dead dog was still twitching even though it had been torn clean in half.*

*The two dogs gathered their monstrous composure. Before bounding towards the human that had come into their midst. Mike readied himself.*

*The first dog leapt forward, its flower face expanded to its full span, ready to engulf Mike's head. The Mark burned red like the gel-like nature of Napalm. His arm drew backward before letting it fly forward harshly where it went straight through the open mouth of the Demo-dog. It let out a pitiful and agonizing screech. Its body bathed in an orange glow that flickered as the life force was being extinguished by the power of the blade.*

*Mike twisted it with satisfaction before letting the dog slide off his arm and blade and onto the floor where it lay still and moved no-more.*

Mike fell to his knee's at the lake by the Quarry, he frantically tried to clean the blood off himself. From his hands as it had flaked and dried in that time. Tears threatened to fall as he painstakingly scrubbed at his arm, slowly but surely making progress on getting blood that wasn't his from his body. The events of the hour started to slowly come to him in vivid detail. He could feel the wetness of the blood as it flowed freely from the wounds that he had caused. He could feel the rage. The power. The pleasure of everything he inflicted upon those who dared to get in his way of his wrath, whether they were innocent or not.

Mike simply stopped and let the tears fall, he couldn't stop them any more, not after what he had done.

*Dart leapt at Mike just as the second Dog had struck the ground. Being taken by surprise he could not even lift the blade in time to defend himself. The blade flew from his grasp as he hit the damp earth hard knocking the wind out of him lightly. Dart lunged for his face, Mike only just managed to grip the base of its neck preventing it from latching onto his face, the struggle was fierce and neither gave ground to the other. Mike defiantly into its face, his only thought was to kill.*

*Mike stretched forth his hand, desperately groping for the blade, fingers outstretched painfully, it was futile as the blade was too far away for him to even realistically reach. The blade began to shake and vibrate violently. Mike's arm was starting to tire.*

*The Blade slid across the ground like it had been summoned and it flew into Mike's outstretched hand, Blade and Mark glowed in tandem together as Mike felt it's power course through his body, seducing him into its intoxicating lull. Mike glared hatefully at the beast above him. He plunged the first blade straight through the dog's neck. It whimpered pathetically before it's head drooped and hung down as the life left it.*

*He shoved the gutted body from atop of him and onto the ground beside him.*

Mike sat up, lifting his soaked arm from the water and his guilt threatened to swallow him up whole. He felt completely alone in the world and that no-one would understand. Well, maybe one person would. He rushed over to his bike, mounting it and flying back into the woods with it.

The water lay still.

And the wildlife went deathly quiet.

*Jake Peterson checked his watch and pulse, he was pleased to see that he was making better time on his circuit of Hawkins woods. He stopped for a breath, his muscles contracting as sweat poured from anywhere it could as*



a super-comm to hand--- that's right of course! Mike fished around in his backpack to find his super-comm, he lifted the antenna and proceeded to speak into it.

“El? I need you” He said his voice breaking “El, I have done something horrible and I don't know what to do” His voice quivered “El?”

There was static and Mike waited hoping to hear her because he needed to hear her. On the other side of the woods, El bit her lip as she heard Mike's pleas in the void. She was right next to him, she noticed that his eyes were red and there were specks of blood on his clothes, Hop was going to kill her but she had no other choice.

She tentatively reached out her hand, desperately wanting to touch his shoulder or arm gently, to feel him.

“Mike” she whispered, his name echoed around the void.

Her voice came through the super-comm nothing more than a whisper and Mike never felt more relieved to hear her voice, to hear that sweet sound. After three hundred and fifty three days it was still the sweetest sound to his ears.

“Mike” she said again “Listen to me, turn left” she whispered quickly

Mike stopped in his tracks and looked to his left “Go left Mike” she said again, Mike numbly nodded his head even though he thought





The Sole occupant could feel the change on Earth, the replication of the Mark and that It had tasted it's first blood. He never thought Cain would have it in him, not after everything.

The Fallen Archangel lifted his head, his eyes lit up where they burned red like fire.

A new Knight of Hell had been born.

And Lucifer laughed.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) here we go guys, new chapter and I think I have my schedule back together for regular updates once more. I hope you guys enjoyed this one because more is on it's and it will be glorious, I have so much planned and so many twists that have never been done before, it will blow your minds!

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!

## **6. Kill Him! Kill Her! Kill Them!**

A syringe pierced the skin of the dead demo-dog withdrawing the blood of the monster, a dark ruby red, so dark someone could have mistaken it for black ooze. Each scientist was still wearing a hazard in the pure white room. A clean Room. Each specimen was then carefully slotted back into the cryo-containemnt containment for preservation.

Several slices of flesh was also taken from one of the dogs for DNA and genetic analysis, slowly with careful precision each scientists used the barest minimum of genetic material in their research, research that was going very well.

One autopsy had been carried out on the most intact Demo-dog. Carefully examining its organs and biology which was like nothing on Earth or anything any of them would ever see ever again. A pudgy short statued man, with hair that was starting to bald and dressed in an almost entirely black suit save for the tie which was grey in colour stood at the observation window.

He watched the work with grim satisfaction, his hands were thrust deep into his suit jacket as he watched the Scientists mill about in the lab or clean room as they were better known as. A door beeped behind him as it was unlocked with a key card. The man watched out of the corner of his eye as the door opened and a grey haired man stepped through the door and into the viewing room into the clean room.

“Ah Dr. Brenner, Good to see you again” The man said warmly.

“Mr. Crowley, it's a pleasure” Brenner said with a smile that didn't reach his eyes.

The two shook hands briefly before both of them turned to the observation window to watch the work going on inside. Both men stood shoulder to shoulder silently for a small amount of time.

“I take it the resources we have provided have been of use?” Crowley asked turning Brenner's way

“Yes, very much so, in fact it's pushed the work we have done here fifty years overnight. Its quite extraordinary” Brenner said

“Good and then I trust our arrangement here in the States is still on good terms?”

Brenner looked at the demon knowingly.

“Of course, as long as you honour your side of the bargain then we shall uphold ours”

Crowley smiled wryly.

“Dr. Brenner, I have always had one rule, make a deal, keep it. I keep my agreements but now I have other matters to attend to, so if you'll excuse me” Crowley's eyes lit up demonic red.



was reversed, usually it was her with her head tucked underneath Mike's head. But today Mike had his head buried into her neck, he was fast asleep, exhausted from the day's emotional and physical trial and trauma.

His hand was clasped on her shirt, holding her to him even in his sleep, afraid that she would vanish and she held on to him just as tightly, When Mike arrived he was nothing short of a mess, unable to get more than several cohesive words from him before his cries were reduced to sniffles and dry hiccups. Her finger roved through his messy and sweat clogged hair. Though she didn't mind because it was Mike.

She had whispered small words of comfort to him as he fell asleep under her watchful and protective gaze, there would be time for questions and answers later but even so she had no idea what had happened and it worried her. But regardless she enjoyed this quiet moment, a beautiful moment that she had missed for so very long, the time they had lost and the time that they had continued to lose was painful not just for her but for Mike as well.

She pulled him closer if that was even possible and let him bask in her presence and the serenity that came with it, her power had reached out to him and soothed his mind as he slept, dried tear streaks still adorned his cheeks, she lifted her finger and ran a finger down slowly and delicately down his face, allowing her finger to trace the pattern before sliding across to his freckles, her other fingers came up to gently stroke the freckles splattered along the bridge of his nose and underneath his eyes.

He tried to carry on.

She tried to carry on.

But in the end the only way to carry on was with each other.

In response Mike's eyes started to flutter as he was roused from sleep induced state.

His free hand had reached up to rub the sleep out of his eyes but instead coming into contact with El's fingers which were still tracing small patterns, weaving through and around Mike's freckles, he caught her fingers in his own curling them around hers, joining them together, he blinked as he got used to the light.

“Hey” he whispered faintly, a small smile creeping across his face

“Hi” she whispered back, matching his smile.

Any observer watching the two of them would instantly see the connection that they shared, how deep it was and how serious they both took what they had between them. All soft smiles, gentle whispers and long periods of eye contact only ever reserved for them.

Any observer would recognise such devotion. Mike and El had shifted ever closer to each other, eyes shifting down to their lips, there was nothing else in this moment, their eyes slowly closed as the magnetism that would always draw them together worked its magic upon them, their lips began to brush softly...

“AHEM” a loud and gruff voice pierced through the cabin.

Both teens bolted to their feet like they just been electrocuted only to see Hopper looking at them with masked amusement and an arched eyebrow, Mikes face started to flash red with embarrassment and El felt no such embarrassment only annoyance at being interrupted although she had broken the don't be stupid rules she had no regrets, Mike needed her and she'd be damned if she didn't help him.

“What's going on here?” Hopper asked calmly, Hopper was a beefy man and that was enough to intimidate criminals but El was unfazed and Mike started to fluster with his words, stuttering constantly, Hopper just arched the other eyebrow in amusement, Hopper held up his hand to shush Mike who immediately quietened, he looked to El

“El what did we discuss?”

“Three Rules, don't be stupid rules” she muttered in response averting her gaze.

Hopper rubbed at his face tiredly.

“That's right” he affirms, he points to Mike however “so why is he here” Hopper asks bluntly.

“He needed me” she said defiantly,

“Needed you? Why?” Hopper asks looking at both of them in turn

there was a small silence that had enveloped the cabin. An awkward and pained silence, just the crackling of the fire could be heard or the whoosh of the wind from outside. Mike's composure was being lost by the second, the guilt had been eroding his soul harshly, not letting him know peace, he could still feel the man's blood dripping from the blade and onto his fingers.

Mike opened his mouth to say something but the Mark upon his became heavy and itchy, it was like it burned, burning its way through his body warning him to not pursue that course of action, his right fingers involuntarily twitched, desperate to wrap around the blade, desperate to feel the lust of the kill. To revel in such an unspeakable act. To violate the sanctity of life.

“I...” Mike started but the words failed to come out, every emotion was overwhelming him, the guilt, the anger and the fear. He hung his head in shame, allowing his hair to mask his eyes somewhat hiding those orbs that harboured so much guilt. He was backed into a corner now and he had no other choice.

*Kill Him!*

*Kill Her!*

*Kill Them!*



The words were a mere whisper inside him but they were heard clear as day and were whispered ferociously, spitefully and without remorse, the Mark on his arm began to glow red beneath his sleeve. His body felt like it was tearing him apart like a black hole, his mind filled with invasive thoughts. He was failing and falling.

*He looked up to Hopper, eyes ablaze and the rage overcame him, it was too much too soon, his hand flew to the blade hidden in his waistband, allowing the ancient wooden handle to fall into his grasp. A sense of euphoric calm washed over him as he held the blade in front of him, dried specks of blood still covered the blade. Mike's gaze turned to Hopper's hatefully, hate filled him because of what he had caused him and El to suffer for so very long. Separation. Mike's eyes flickered black briefly before launching himself towards Hopper, no-one had time to react as Mike sank the blade into Hopper's stomach...*

Mike Blinked.

And found himself where he was a moment before. Hopper unharmed and waiting for an answer, his brow furrowed in ever shortening patience. Mike was unable to blink back tears as he began his confession that would either be his salvation or his damnation.

“I... hurt someone” He stuttered tearfully “I hurt them”

***KILL THEM!***

The Mark was begging to be fed but Mike would not submit. Not this

time.

It was finally too much for Mike as he collapsed to the floor in a fit of sobs that racked his body, Hopper softened surprised to hear that Mike had hurt someone, this was Mike and it was throwing him for a loop, he glanced at El helplessly who looked at him helplessly, her own face reflecting the suffocating suffering that Mike was emanating, El closed the distance and wrapped her arms around him for she had already had guessed at what had happened.

For she too had taken life. She closed her eyes in silent sorrow for the boy who she was forever infatuated with.

“They're dead, oh God, they're dead!” Mike's throat was scratchy and strained, his eyes puffy and red but were filled with more than just tears. They were filled with guilt and shame, Hoppers blood ran cold upon Mike's proclamation of murder but their were not enough details and he could only watch as Mike as suddenly rushed into the toilet and forcibly rejected the bile that was in his empty stomach. Hopper hadn't noticed that El had followed not more than a second later.

Leaving Hopper alone, his duty as a Cop demanded that he follow the law of order and detain Mike at least until he could verify his claim of murder, after all the boy had just confessed to murder but the fatherly instinct in him told him to protect Mike and both sides of his heart fought for dominance until the father in him won. With an inward sigh and a dose of hindsight he knew that El would just find a way to break him out or worse, she had made it clear that nothing was going to come between the two of them.

Hopper was brought out of his stupor as El walked out with a tired

looking Mike in hand.

“Mike, I need you to be honest and open about this, what happened?”  
Hopper said firmly

Mike simply nodded nervously as El looked on at him with concern etched upon her features, her thumb constantly stroking patterns upon his own in order to calm him down.

Mike started at the beginning starting with El closing the gate and the night that succeeded it and how Cain had offered him his Mark and the weapon that went with it in order to protect El and in that a moment of blind love and foolishness he had accepted. Hopper felt a cold chill sweep down his spine as he mentioned the Mark.

Hopper was not a Christian in the usual sense but he had been raised by religious parents and he knew the story of Cain, how he murdered his Brother Abel and was cursed to forever wander the Earth by God with a Mark upon him but even now Hopper knew this was not the full version of that particular story especially if Mike was telling the truth.

Mike rolled up sleeve, both pair of eyes looked to his arm and saw The Mark sitting there under the crook of his arm joint. It looked like burnt flesh and scar tissue. Hopper felt his stomach drop but his eyes rose when he saw Mike slowly take out a cloth covered object that had been hidden in the waistband. His hand reaching forward to Hopper, offering him the weapon. Hopper took it slowly and carefully, exposing the jawbone, Hopper looked up to Mike in astonishment and then back down to the blade again, lifting it into a ray of light where Hopper could see the Blood upon it.

“I need you to explain now” Hopper demanded, his expression was almost angry but really it was just well masked worry.

“I got attacked on the jogging path that runs through Mirkwood”

“Attacked? Attacked by who? A man?” Hopper questioned.

Mike shook his head

“No, they were Demo-Dogs, three of them, they knocked me off my Bike and Cain told me not to touch the blade until it was needed and I took it out and when I touched it and it was like this strength or power passed through me, I felt strong but also angry, murderous, enraged and there was nothing I wanted to do more than rip them apart” Mike explained his voice tinged with shame.

El watched, knowing what was coming next, she had felt rage before but what Mike was about to describe was something not even she felt when she used her power in anger, for her she was always in control.

“and I did... I ripped them apart. I was so angry and it was like I was just along for the ride. It was a blur, but as I killed them the anger just increased and it was like I couldn't cause them enough pain and then it felt like I was in control again, the man came and....” Mike couldn't finish but Hopper had pieced together what must of happened.

Hopper flew into action and reached for his sheriffs hat and revolver and turned to the two of them.

“Stay here, keep the door locked and don't answer to anyone but me, understand?” Hopper demanded as he holstered his revolver, the two teens nodded and satisfied with that Hopper trudged out of the door, closing it behind him. El quickly waved her hand and the locks on the door fastened tight.

El looked at Mike worriedly, his gaze had settled on the table where the blade sat, she followed his eyes to see what he was looking at and swallowed nervously, it was like a shadow over them and felt like it was a suffocating presence in the room. The Blade was calling to Mike and Mike was starting to lose his strength of will, having already submitted to the call of rage

El waved her hand and the cloth wrapped the blade up, obscuring it from view. Mike's gaze finally fell away from the table and looked at El and there was the will to resist that he had been searching for. The girl who had taken his heart and wouldn't give it back, she was the source of his strength and his desire to resist. This is what he would fight for. He looked back to the covered up blade and back to her.

“I'm sorry El...” Mike whispered solemnly “I... couldn't.... I....I couldn't lose you, not again” El wordlessly gripped onto Mike tight as she wrapped her arms around him, Muffling the near sob that Mike let out against her, letting everything come out of him, the two teens just stood there and each other close as they possibly could. Forever if they could.

“You won't lose me” El said quietly but with such determined conviction.

And as Mike and El held each other in an embrace of the age, there should have been nothing in the world but the two of them but even now in such a sweet, tender moment between two rapidly falling in love teens, the voice of the Mark still called to Mike.

And Mike closed his eyes tightly, desperately trying to drown out the voice that was screaming in his ear.

*KILL HER!*

*KILL HER!*

*KILL HER!*

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) damn..... The Mark has gotten it's claws into Mike's mind, how long will he resist before shit starts to hit the fan lol I hope you enjoyed this one guys, got so much more planned for this story. Also I'm planning a new World War II AU, basic premise has been brainstormed and the working title is "Wunderwaffle 011" i'm looking to write that when im finished with this!

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!

## **7. Man and Monster**

Dr Martin Brenner was a man of many things, some may call him a monster for the things that he had done, the things he was doing and the things that he had yet to do, some may call him a genius for his progression in his official field of Energy. But in the harsh reality of the world His work on Genetics, Genome analysis and Genetic manipulation was unparalleled. And there were some who called him insane for messing with things that ought not to be messed with.

One of those things was sitting in the tank in front of Brenner, the murky contents of the liquid kept its occupant obscured from view of the outside world expect for patches of grey leathery skin that would poke through, Brenner looked on with narrowed eyes at his desecration of nature and the rape of what was the natural world.

It was an unnatural abomination, disgusting and wretched. A monster designed with the sole purpose to kill anything that was to get in its way with deadly precision and a bloodlust rivalled by no other in the natural world. Brenner's mouth curled slightly looking at this other worldly thing, his monster was close to being fully complete.

Brenner leapt back from the tank as a clawed hand smashed against the glass, scraping down the interior as it tried to rake at Brenner, who it saw as an intruder in its midst, although fascinated by its instincts and behavioural traits Brenner proceeded to press a button upon the console in front of him, the creature within howled with excruciating agony as millions of volts of electricity were sent coursing through its body without pause, without relent, without mercy.

Neither man or monster understood the concept of such a thing.

Eventually the thing withdraw its hand back into the murky depths of the tank. Brenner finally let the creature know rest by withdrawing his hand from the console. The monster that lay within moved no more at least for the time being. The glass was scratched, the marks were spine chilling, evidence of a beast that could and would not be contained.



“My, my, Dr Brenner, remind me never to leave one of my hounds with you” Crowley chuckled eyeing the tank having witnessed the display of brutality brought forth by Brenner's hand. Brenner's mouth curved in satisfaction.

“I just thought I would stop by and see if our terms have been honoured” Crowley narrowed his eyes slightly at Brenner, the look was enough to even unnerve the ageing doctor.

“Yes, of course, I would expect nothing less” Brenner began, moving closer to the demon. “The British Men of Letters have agreed to leave Demon kind alone in the UK, we only managed to secure the deal by uhhhhh well lets just say releasing several of their assets back into their hands” Brenner said, his smile cold and his eyes were like the howling void.

Crowley huffed positively with a satisfied small smile “Good. Hell will always be willing to talk business in the future Mr. Brenner, good day to you”

Brenner didn't even bother to look back as Crowley vanished from the room without a trace, he finally got what he needed to further his goals, knowledge that he would not have been able to acquire otherwise if it wasn't for the demon in their midst.

Ever since he was young it was always about the mission. He had been there when American after American was being mowed down by relentless machine gun fire, it had been like going through a meat grinder. For his enemy had been the Germans, then it was Japanese but the worst enemy of all revealed themselves as an Iron Curtain fell across Europe. That day Brenner swore that America would never fall to the disgusting stench that was Communism. Even at the age of twenty one as the Second World War ended he vowed that he would do anything in his power to make sure that would never happen.

It was an oath that led him here. Led him to this place. On the cusp of realizing his dream, his goal, his ambition and his consuming need to defeat communism and the filth that ruled over them. One Day, one day American soldiers would march victoriously through the Red Square. Hoisting the stars and stripes over the land.



He had searched the spot from top to bottom for the bodies that Mike had claimed were there, the place was completely clear of any body or bodies. But Hopper knew when there was a fox in his hen house and he was getting that feeling right now, something didn't sit right with him since the moment that he got there. The first thing he noticed was the total stillness of the world around him. There was no wind and there wasn't even the comforting sound of the birds.

It was deathly quiet.

Hopper's thoughts wandered to Mike, Hopper was pretty sure of what was sitting upon Mike's arm. The Mark of Cain as far as Hopper knew was the curse placed upon Cain by God where he would wander the Earth forever. Hopper simply could not fathom how Mike had the mark or how Mike had the fabled weapon that Cain had used to murder his brother.

None of it made sense to him and he doubted that it would anytime soon for that matter. As Hopper mused over this something happened to catch his eye. A speck of blood was splattered onto a tree, its bark slightly withered which Hopper noted was now the first signs that a struggle had actually taken place, he moved closer to it whereupon he shined his flashlight upon it.

It hissed as the light made contact with it and Hopper watched with amazement as the blood started to bubble and turn into steam, Hopper hastily turned the flash light off in a futile attempt to stop the only piece of evidence from vanishing into thin air and he could do nothing but watch as this happened.

"Son of a bitch" he muttered in frustration running a hand through his hair which he sure was starting to go grey with sheer stress.

He looked up and placed the light back into his belt. Before carefully walking around the site to try and find more evidence, evidence of any sort would have been sufficient, a chill went down his spine at the sudden realization that the place was too clean, clinically clean, save for that one spot Hopper found, his blood ran cold and realized the Lab was still very much active.

A twig snapped behind him and Hopper spun round, withdrawing his

revolver from its holster and drawing it to eye level all in the same moment.

Only to see nothing, the air around him was deathly quiet save for the nervous breathing of the ageing Police Chief. Still there was nothing as he waited with baited breath. His eyes sweeping the Forrest in front of him, he lowered his weapon after what seemed like a lifetime, forcing himself to chuckle at how paranoid he seemed to be. But there was that nagging thought in the back of his mind, that warriors instinct that had served him well in the past, he had been in Vietnam when all you had was your senses and gut instinct. Something that had saved him countless times in the past.

Unfortunately that Warrior instinct as right as it was would not save him in this moment. For it was above and beyond anything that Hopper could hope to win against.

And from the Veil of Darkness like an emerging shadow they appeared.

Hopper's eyes widened as the figure took its first steps out of the shadow of the tree. Completely covered in black fabric from head to toe. It's black boots were completely featureless with no visible laces or straps. It's cowl obscured the top of it's head where a cape flowed down its bony that split in half halfway down. It wore gloves made of black leather, not a single bit of skin was visible save for the chin and mouth revealing they were human. However, where it's should have been sat only a mask, painted white to look like a ferocious and monstrous yet human shaped skull. Only the actual flesh of the person stood in place of where the jawbone should have been. It's hands were lax at their side. Fingers flexed back and forth as they regarded Hopper with almost curious like posture.

It began to take deliberate and calculated steps towards Hopper who responded in kind by opening fire. Letting loose with a barrage of as many rounds as he could fire. Its hand flew up blindingly fast, impossibly fast. Hopper could do nothing but watch in horror as the bullets hit thin air, there was a slight shimmer in the air every time a bullet was stopped dead in its tracks. It turned its hand over palm side up, each bullet was squashed inward upon itself as it floated the rounds into it's waiting hand.

The figure regarded them with dispassionate interest before letting them slowly tumble into the dirt, making sure that Hopper watched this display of power, Hopper nevertheless was already reloading his revolver. He was only three bullets in before the figure thrust its palm forward. With a flick of its wrist the weapon was flung from the Chief's fingers. Leaving him to the mercy of the Entity.

Hopper would not run, he would not beg and he would not Surrender. He stared down at the figure defiantly as it regarded him, the only window into it's emotion was it's mouth which hadn't strayed from the apathy that had been on display during the entire encounter.

Its hand slowly flexed its fingers and Hopper felt himself being lifted off the ground, he began to levitate towards the figure, Hopper was utterly powerless and even in the deepest, darkest corners of his mind he felt fear, not just for himself but also for Eleven, his adopted daughter and of what would happen to her if he was no longer there.

It was this fear, this determination, this sheer strength of will that Hopper found the strength to fight back against this power that was holding him aloft, to fight this very human yet inhuman thing, his mind screamed at the figure before him and its power began to wane and Hopper felt himself tumble to the floor. He bolted to his feet in amazement and made a dash for the weapon that had been discarded mere moments before. He scrambled towards it, he turned, weapon in hand and was ready to pull the trigger but the figure was already upon him and with a sheer force of strength it forced the gun into the air where Hopper involuntarily fired off a shot into the birdless sky. His shout of pain echoed along with the shot.

It flung it's free hand at Hopper who found himself pinned to the tree by this thing's power. It raised its other hand, underneath even the black leather of the glove there was this unmistakeable orange glow emanating from the palm of this being. The weapon in Hopper's hand began to become unbearably hot as it too glowed red hot and the Chief was forced to let his faithful weapon fall pathetically to the floor with a dull thud. The Weapon was beyond melted to the point where it began effectively liquid metal

The figure leaned In with a final trace of emotion upon what was the

only visible part of it's face. It's mouth curved ever so slightly upwards in sadistic joy.

“That was amusing” its voice was that of a coarse and hoarse whisper yet there was power laced within it's words and a sadism that even Hopper had never had the misfortune to know up until this point in his life. And it was the last thought in his mind as the nameless figure reached with two fingers and pressed them to Hopper's sweaty forehead, the irresistible lull of sleep called to him and he felt himself surrendering to it's song but not before he caught the last words of the figure beforehand.

“and yet there is more to come”

and with that Hopper fell from the waking world.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) I have had trouble with motivation in writing this story as it seems less popular than my other stories along with the lack of reviews/interest, but nevertheless I will see this through to the end for the ones who are reading, I have put this off for far too long which is no-one's fault but my own. The plot has been fully figured out with some great twists to come which I look forward to exploring.

I haven't abandoned this story nor will I in the future.

When this story is over I shall be proceeding with a AU World War II story idea which I also look forward to writing in the near future.

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!

## **8. Alpha & Omega**

### **MISSION REPORT.**

**DATE: CLASSIFIED**

**LOCATION:** Soviet Union, Russia. The архангел project (Arkangel)

**50 Miles south of Moscow.**

**AGENCIES: KGB. NVKD.**

**ASSETS USED:** The Omega Project – Successor of the Eleventh Hour Project.

**STATUS OF OMEGA PROJECT: ALIVE – 0 FATALITIES.**

**MISSION STATUS: SUCCESS – FACILITY DESTROYED - ASSET RETRIEVED - ELEMENT 115 – Purpose: CLASSIFIED**

### **MISSION STATEMENT:**

The CIA has provided the department with accurate intelligence of the Soviet Union's attempts to replicate and repeat the incident that took place in November, 1983. Their aim is to harness the energy also known as ELEMENT 115 from the dimension classified as EDR-1 (Extra Dimensional Reality) or commonly known to the civilians involved in the November Incident as the Upside-Down.

They have been using this Element to experiment in enhancing human subjects to effectively create Super-Soldiers, PROJECT ARKANGEL. Since the Closure of the gate to EDR-1 we have been unable to harness this Element. As to how the Russians are obtaining this is as of this moment unknown. However, we cannot allow them to use this Energy to further their known goals and objectives.

I have chosen to dispatch PROJECT OMEGA to infiltrate the facility, retrieve the 115 they have obtained and destroy the facility along with any other asset they just so happen to possess. This will also provide the perfect opportunity to test the capabilities and limits of PROJECT OMEGA and see if PROJECT OMEGA is fully equipped for War against the Soviet Union.

This document will be added to upon Mission Completion/Failure.

Signed.

DR MARTIN BRENNER.

United States Department of Energy.

*First Person Perspective.*

*Who am I?*



*What am I?*

*What is my purpose?*

*These are questions I learned to put aside so very long ago. For they were answered for me. I am nothing, I am but darkness and shadow. My purpose was made clear to me long ago, my purpose*

*is to infiltrate, Kill, Destroy.*

*For there is nothing but the mission. I have forever wondered what first blood will feel like. Of course I have killed before in tests and experimented on pathetic Humans and creatures not worthy to be killed by my power. They were not worthy to even bear witness to it.*

*I want to kill, to feel the life slowly slip away from them and watch the light leave their eyes. Father keeps telling to not let my lust to kill to interfere with the mission. I obey because Father is right and I rake in the bloodlust for the kill no matter how much it may call to me.*

*I place the mask upon my face where even my eyes cannot be seen, only my jaw so they can see my pleasure as I take their pitiful lives. I lift my cowl to cover the rest of my head and I take comfort in being obscured in darkness. My amber eyes glow hungrily behind the mask, seeping from the abyss.*

*As I sit here in this plane being ferried to my target I can feel the pilot's nervousness and anxiety, not from flying into soviet scum airspace. No...*

*he fears me and it feeds me, feeds my desire to Kill, he is right to fear me because I could slaughter him in a thousand different ways, each one would be so painful and excruciating to even witness. But I will have plenty of breakable toys to play with soon.... finally.*

*For I am Omega, The Destroyer and soon to be Killer.*

The F1A1 stealth jet easily slipped past the Russian border without notice. It was silent and swift, it was a specially designed fighter for the OMEGA project, to slip beyond the borders of the enemy, to cripple, to kill, to assassinate, it was outfitted for any mission profile, even though it was barely beyond the design stage it was still filled the role that was needed for it to perform.

Omega turned their head slightly to regard the pilot before them sensing the stench of fear that was rolling off of him in waves, their mouth curved slightly as they enjoyed the man's pulsating fear, they flexed their fingers, their Sai lay clipped to their belt waiting to be called into service among along with similar deadly weapons.

The cabin was relatively pitch black save for the glowing amber eyes of Omega who watched the pilot hungrily, wanting to pounce upon their prey like a predator in the jungle. The pilot could feel it behind him, it was unnatural, his breath shook but he remained steady as he pressed several keys in sequence.

The Cabin was lit up in a shade of red.

Omega lifted themselves up as they made their way to the side of the jet ready to leap into the blackness below them. The Light turned



Omega was not invisible, it was hard as hell to spot Omega in the dark. Direct light would be enough to reveal Omega to the world but for now the darkness held them with a cold comfort.

Soviet Soldiers roamed the halls constantly, some talking, obviously off duty, whilst others were not so much and were armed to the teeth primarily with the AKM Assault Rifle, 7.62mm. Omega watched them with a battle-lust and with envy looking forward to when they can face them head on, it was a moment they were looking forward too, their fingers flexed, itching to wrap a hand around the Sai.

But Omega resisted the urge to slice them apart and turned away and headed for the upper levels. Omega found themselves in a vast hanger and Omega's amber eyes widened in shock perhaps even fear that is if Omega considered themselves to be able to feel such an Emotion.

There was row upon row of T-80 tanks and Mi-24 Helicopters more commonly known as HINDS. Each one was war ready, Engineers milled about making constant adjustments to the Vehicles that they have been give responsibility over, Omega watched as carts were being driven along with Tank shells as their cargo, Omega's glowing amber eyes darkened as they recognised the signature of a substance they had been sent to destroy the source of and retrieve.

Element 115.

The Soviet Union, Omega realized, had managed to weaponize the Element, being utilized in Self-Propelled Guns and Armour and the effects of the weaponized element could cause an untold amount of carnage and suffering. Even Father had no idea of what the implications of weaponized Element 115 could do to the world being



He was even given a proper name.

Antosha.

When the General told him of this he felt tears well up in his eyes, the kindness and the consideration of everyone around him had won Antosha's loyalty where he willingly used his power to replicate and synthesize the Element 115.

Antosha knew that everything his Papa had taught him about the Soviets and Communism was now a lie. A filthy fucking lie. Day in and day out he would sit in the lab synthesizing the copious amounts of 115. The General had made sure that Antosha knew that producing the element was his choice and they wouldn't force him.

He was rewarded for his loyalty to the Soviet Union, to day's out in the nearby village. Being allowed out to explore the vast forests around him as long as he was back by nightfall and didn't stray too far from the base. It was here that he would experience the freedom that no other project other than 011 would ever dream of having the chance to do.

It was perfect.

Antosha's eyes shot up towards the door as the metal began to groan and warp as a presence on the other side manipulated it, Antosha watched with apprehension as the door finally gave away to the pressure on the other side, being flung away and into the corridor.

Omega appeared looking like Death incarnate as they slid into the room with a refined elegance. Their mouth was curved upwards into a twisted smile and the amber eyes glowed menacingly inside the mask's eye sockets, Antosha felt a chill go down his spine at seeing this demonic looking entity. Then it spoke to him.

“003” Omega said.

Antosha frowned at the figure's use of English and even more so at the use of his number, not his name.

“It's Antosha” He replied “has Papa sent for me, considering you're here it wouldn't surprise me” Antosha added bitterly.

“No, Father did not send for you” Omega said cryptically “but he did send me to end this project of theirs” Omega allowed a blade to fall from the inside of their sleeve. Antosha looked down to see the blade clasp in Omega's hand. Antosha smiled in resignation.

“I read the files on you, 003” Omega spat angrily, their amber eyes glowed just that much brighter “You have betrayed us and for that you will die”

Antosha was going to go down fighting, he leapt up to his feet and quickly conjured up several metal spikes and flung them towards Omega who easily swatted them aside with a mere wave of their hand.

Omega laughed cruelly “you were not designed to fight and you know it” Antosha gulped nervously knowing that their was truth behind Omega's words. “but I on the other hand? I was made to destroy and destroy you I shall, I will make father proud!” Omega roared and their hand flew up and Antosha found themselves flung into the corridor, he groaned as he felt his ribs bruise from the impact of hitting the hard tiled floor.

He had no time to regain his breath as he felt his body suddenly was flung back towards omega. He could only watch as he was stopped in front of Omega, forcing him to his knee's, he glared up defiantly at Omega, he felt hot searing pain as Omega shoved the blade deep into his chest. Omega closed their eyes in bliss, finally being able to feel a life being destroyed by them.

Antosha didn't scream but he raised his hand weakly toward Omega who clasped their hand on his, both of them clasping their hands tightly together. Antosha spat blood from his mouth onto the floor despite the fact that his lungs were drowning in his own blood.

His eyes met Omega.

“I forgive you, Sister”

and the light faded from his eyes and Antosha, 003, breathed no more”

“Thank you, Brother”



Omega then gently lay her Brothers head on the floor.

Omega lifted her head up sharply, amber eyes glowered angrily and let out a telekinetic scream that reverberated throughout the facility. And every man within trembled in fear.

Far away in Hawkins, Eleven wept uncontrollably as she felt her Brother's death and Hopper held an inconsolable El as she wept. The half digested contents of her dinner lay splattered on the floor.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) inspiration hit me like a freight train this week and I can't wait to explore the aspect of this storyline even more, this is bigger than anything else I have attempted before. I just hope the views increase! Lol

As always guys, review! And until next time, peace!

## **9. The Rage of a Sister**

### **ASSET PROFILE**

**DESIGNATION – 003**

**SEX – MALE**

**DATE OF BIRTH – 03/24/1970**

**PURPOSE - Experimental Bio-Weapon**

**AFFILIATION - The Eleventh Hour Project.**

### **KNOWN POWERS**

- **ELEMENT REPLICATION**
- **ELEMENT SYNTHIZATION**
- **LOW LEVEL TELEKINESIS**
- **ELEMENTAL MANIPULATION/CREATING COMPOUNDS**

### **ASSET BRIEFING.**

**003 is a very curious test subject, from an early age he displayed the ability to recreate elements simply by being touching them, the chemical composition and the Atomic structure is so perfectly replicated during the process. However, there are side effects to this ability being used by 003. The replication of the element burns a huge amount of calories depending on the**

element chosen for replication. This is rectified simply by having huge stockpiles of high calorie food and protein supplements in store for 003 when needed.

Another is extreme exhaustion, the more complicated the element, the more exhausted 003 shall become, we have taken measures to train 003 to use his power harder, longer to the point where mass production of rare elements becomes somewhat feasible. The progress at this stage is still ongoing, he continues to show growth and progress in this area.

Telekinesis is something belonging to only two other subjects, a rare ability indeed. However for the moment we are not focusing the departments energies to the development of this ability, the replication of any Element is something we simply cannot ignore, if we find a way to mass produce Elements we need it could change the course of history.

We have also seen that it is possible for 003 to create compounds. At this present time 003 is only able to create the simplest of compounds such as Carbon Dioxide and Water. I believe with careful instruction and moulding, 003 will further enhance this extraordinary ability.

My Recommendation is that we continue this line of experimentation, my belief is that with continued funding and further research it may lead to new lines of avenue once considered infeasible to pursue such as Nuclear Fusion, such things may now be possible.

Signed.

**Dr. Martin Brenner.**

**United States Department of Energy.**

Omega's fury and rage was like a whirlwind of death and destruction. Nothing that found itself in her path was able escape her wrath, the warpath that she had now placed herself upon had to be traversed to its bitter conclusion.

Her Telekinetic infused scream reverberated throughout the vast facility after committing what was essentially fratricide, the facility shook with the strain and several specks of dust and grit fell from the ceiling, rising to her feet she left 003 where he lay, his problems and suffering over forever.

Her mind was already unstable as it was due to what the Lab had inflicted upon her over the many years of her life, the experiments, the indoctrination and the training. There was one thing that always remained constant, the familial bond that had always been there with the other Numbers, it had been there from the moment of birth and would be there to the moment of Death.

Fire encompassed her hands as the rage was unable to be contained. Fire flowed from her finger tips, spreading like some unstoppable disease, it raged through corridors and into rooms full of soldiers, burning them alive in their sleep, they woke up screaming as the flesh melted from the intense heat, the searing pain left them screaming to the very end.

Предупреждение! Поле активно!

(WARNING! FIELD IS NOW ACTIVE!)

Omega understood perfect Russian and briefly pondered what was happening but deciding that she didn't care she proceeded to roam anywhere that wasn't already engulfed by her grief induced fire. She hastily moved down the corridor that led to the hanger that contained the war ready weapons using Element 115.

She Snarled as she watched four Soviet Soldiers rush around the corner at the end of the corridor, there was a pause before all hell broke loose. The four Soviet's opened fire with their AK-74 Assault rifles. Omega threw her hands up and the bullets were forcibly halted, hovering mere inches from Omega's outstretched palm, her palm twisted slightly and she uncurled her fingers, the bullets slowly began to spin and rotate a full one hundred and eighty degrees, her smile curled sadisticly as she flicked her wrist.

The bullets accelerated, Omega's hand began to glow a faint orange as she used her power to ignite the tips of those bullets and watched with fascination as they came into contact with flesh. Omega heard the screams of those men as she pulled them towards her, before flinging them headfirst into the walls on either side of her, their lifeless bodies sliding to the floor, necks broken and blood leaking from the holes made by their own bullets.

She couldn't stop their tormented screams which were loud enough to wake the dead. More Men poured round the corner, Omega almost twitched in pleasure, there were so many things that she wanted to try out and do. There was utter chaos as they immediately opened fire on her. The rounds didn't matter as they melted before they even had the chance to hit her. The only indicator were the sparks as they

clashed with her shield, melting them almost instantly.

Her amber eyes glowed just that little much brighter as she stretched forth her hand once more, red energy sparked between her fingertips, allowing it to consume her, to consummate her in it's potent energies, seducing her with the power it promised.

The Soldiers lowered their weapons slightly as the guns finally clicked empty, watching as Red sparks darted between her fingers like Lightning strikes in the night, the lights in the corridor sparked and burst in a shower of embers, the only source of light was from her devil-like eyes and the sparks that danced around her fingers, she thrust her hand forward and the Men felt their guns being torn from them before landing at Omega's feet.

Red bolts of dark energy raced from her fingers to two soldiers in a flash, it was blood curdling as they verbalized their suffering as their flesh and muscle began to disintegrate alarmingly fast, their agonized screeches were abruptly cut short as their voice box was also eviscerated into nothingness. The smoking and bloody remains of their Skeletons hit the floor with an uncomfortable thump.

Omega laughed Cruelly as these hardened men of the Soviet Army were reduced to mere children as they scrambled away from her, she knew no mercy, no compassion as she held them in place with a hand. She launched a bolt of darkened red energy at one of their legs she watched in amused, sadistic satisfaction as the bolt ripped clean through his kneecap. His lower leg separated from the rest of his body. She allowed him to collapse to the floor, He clutched at the bloody stump, shocked into silence by the sudden loss of his limb.

She clenched her fist tightly, crushing both his lungs and heart with

Telekinesis, he was unable to scream as he died, his breath stolen from him like a thief in the night. His lifeless body collapsed with the nameless that had died by her hand. Like lambs to the slaughter.

Finally she pulled the last one towards her slowly, he struggled against her power. She noted that he wasn't fearful but angry. She tilted her head, fascinated by the Soldier's lack of fear or apparent lack of it. His eyes looked at her hatefully. She could sense an undercurrent or modicum of power beneath the surface, it wasn't natural either, it was over-exposure to the rawness of Element 115.

“Я не боюсь тебя, Демон!”

(I do not fear you, Demon!”

Her lips curled upwards in amusement.

“Демон? о нет, я намного хуже, чем”

(Demon? Oh no I am something much worse than that)

She flung her arm backwards carelessly, the Soldier made a horrible crunching sound as his head collided with solid concrete, his blood slowly cascading down the wall as his lifeless body slumped to the floor. A light continued to spark as Omega moved on, his light and life extinguished like the purging of vermin.

Her boots clicked against the floor as she made her way to her destination, The hanger was now in view and Omega watched as the Soldiers had been ready for her, she noted with calm that some of the



weapons pointed her way were not ballistic in nature, the Tanks however remained static, their heavy fire would rupture the already volatile state of 115.

“Поддерживайте свою цель и по моей команде огонь”

(Maintain your aim and upon my command fire)

Omega watched in a bored disinterest as each weapon was primed to fire upon her, she reached out with her senses, sensing the calibre of each weapon and the weapons that weren't ballistic in nature, Prototype Energy throwers. Crude and rushed in design but otherwise effective Omega noticed.

The energies had been compressed, folded back and concentrated. It was enough to vaporise a lifeform that were to come into contact with it. Not dissimilar to her own power.

“Открытый огонь!”

(Open Fire!)

The room was filled with the sound overwhelming gunfire and sizzling sound of the Energy throwers, along with the glow of red that shone from it. Omega had already risen her arms allowing the bullets to melt harmlessly in her shield. She was almost bored by the entire affair. Sparks of amber bounced off the shield as the bullets were melted just like all the rest of them, Red Energy flew at the shield, its hostile nature easily dispersed by the superior power of Omega

Weapons clicked empty around the room as the last of the shell casings clattered to the floor and the Energy throwers hissed as they overheated, she stepped forward as silence engulfed the room, her Amber eyes searched the room each in turn.

As she moved forward to the storage stacks, in her arrogance and seduction of power, she had failed to notice that a Soldier had remained out of sight amongst the crates littered around the stacks. His nature of attack was to be of a more physical nature.

She stepped forward again.

“Эта? Это могучий Советский Союз может на меня наброситься? Ржавые кусочки металла и вспышки света? Считайте меня ... разочарованным, это все, что вы можете заклинять против моей мощи? Ты умрешь. Я пошлю тебя, как дети, в ночь”

(This? This is what the mighty Soviet Union can throw at me? Rusty pieces of metal and flashes of light? Consider me.... disappointed, this is all you can conjure against my might? You will die. I will send you howling like children into the night)

The Solider yelled with ferocity that only Russians seemed capable of as he stepped forth from his hiding spot, his fist clenched tightly as he swung with the anger of a bear. Omega too was stunned as were everyone else, as they seemed to watch in slow motion at the events that were transpiring before them, morbidly fascinated with the outcome.

His hand collided with ferocious force against Omega's face, everyone

watched, stunned as Omega fell backwards hitting the floor harshly, her forcefield shimmered slightly as it weakened for the briefest of moments but otherwise remained intact.

There was a loud clatter as her mask fell to the floor some feet away, her cowl fell backwards too revealing to everyone's shock a girl no older than sixteen, with black hair that reached her shoulders, her face had no imperfections, her skin was light and borderline pale. Yet her eyes still glowered a vicious amber.

Her face was thunderous as she rose swiftly to her feet, the nameless Solider backed away on instinct, unrefined and vindictive anger flowed through her, she screamed at him, there was a high-pitched wail laced within it, everyone covered their ears as it pierced through them.

The Nameless Soldier, was not so lucky however, he felt his bones shatter as he was inwardly crushed by the rage that he had brought on upon himself, his organs were crushed and his blood boiled. He exploded in a shower of blood and gore. Omega then raised her hand, her eyes glittering with malice as the Soldier's didn't know what was happening, at least until it was too late.

There was the unmistakeable smell of sweat and fear as she raised her hand, her lip quivered once with the effort and concentration of exerting her will over such small objects. Only when did they hear the near simultaneous clicking sound did they realize what happened.

Her eyes lit up with sadistic joy, each of the Soldiers standard issue F1 Fragmentation Grenade floated in front of them and there right alongside them was the pin to each and every Grenade. The only thing preventing them from being primed was the lever on the side of

each Grenade, Omega was keeping them down with the sheer exertion of her almost indomitable will.

The pins hit the floor unnoticed by the Soldiers, they were all too concerned with the ever present danger of the soon to be primed devices. Omega moved through the crowd slowly, her eyes emanating fury yet even as this transpired, blood trailing down from her nose heavily, several of those Soldiers were captivated by her beauty. Yet none made a move to towards her as she walked amongst them. Knowing that if they did anything than the grenades would fall and they would all die.

Her other arm was raised towards the other side of the room and her mask flew into her outstretched palm, she examined it carefully before carefully placing it back on her face. Only her mouth and her eyes surrounded by the sea of Black were the only features now visible. She raised the cowl back over her head obscuring her obsidian coloured hair once more.

She turned her back on them, only then did they realize she was now next to one of the trucks that they had been loading up with Element 115, a mere tarp covered the delicate contents it was ferrying. She twisted her wrist and the engine roared to life, kicking it into gear, slamming her foot down, the truck roared out of the corridor and down the narrow tunnel towards daylight.

But within the Hanger the Soldiers clambered for the Grenades but it was too late, ever lever sprung up and the grenades fell to the floor. Explosions rocked the entire floor but one just so happened to explode next to barrels full of Element 115.

The explosion shook Omega's truck as she raced along the road but as

the smoke cleared and the dust began to settle all that was left was a smouldering hole in the ground yet there was no trace that the facility existed.

“004-P11, This is Omega... do you hear me Brother?”

Across the world in Hawkins, Indiana a small boy of about thirteen closed his eyes slowly, encompassing himself in the energies that he possessed, energies that had been gifted to him when he was born.

“i hear you sister” his brain whispered back to her.

“Inform Father that my mission is complete, asset retrieved, Facility destroyed with extreme prejudice and uh....” she faltered “ 003-P11 is confirmed deceased, Requesting Evac ” her gaze hardened.

004 opened his eyes.

“Papa?” his voice called out quietly.

Brenner looked up from a folder he was holding in his hands, he looked at 004.

“What is it, Four?” Brenner said.

“Omega has made contact, requesting immediate Evac, she says the mission was successful”

Brenner this time did smile warmly and something that could even borderline on excitement.

“Excellent, tell her the *USS Carl Vinson* will be with her shortly”

## **PRESENT DAY.**

Hopper groaned slightly as his mind was roused from the state of unconsciousness. His eyes were blurred and they strained against the intensity of the artificial light that was streaming into his eyes. He strained against the restraints he was chained to. His arms were lifted above his head, the chains were attached to the ceiling.

His eyes finally opened and the first thing that came to mind was that damn he needed a cigarette.

“Ah Chief Hopper, glad to see that you are awake”

No... that voice it wasn't possible, he was supposed to be dead. His eyes finally cleared and he saw something that he knew he dreaded to see. Dr Martin Brenner stood in front of him, a vague, calm and dare he say, smugness adorned his features. Behind him stood the Amber eyed figure clad in black.

“I might have known, this whole thing had your stench written all over it” Hopper said, his eyes squinted against the light.

Brenner smiled slightly

“Did you really think we would abandon our operation here in this quaint, little town?” Brenner asked

“My Town, this is my town!” Hopper growled. Brenner looked on in amusement.

“Your Town? Chief Hopper, you do amuse me, however, I am afraid this is not your Town, it has never been your town”

“Oh trust me, this is more my town than you might think” Hopper replied.

Brenner's smug expression was quickly wiped from his face and he stepped up to Hopper.

“Where is she?” Brenner asked bluntly.

Hopper Snorted “What makes you think I have her”

“Oh I know you do but never mind” Brenner said turning away from Hopper “As long as we have you then she will come to us and when she comes to us then the boy will surely follow”

This made Hopper look up in Surprise “What do you want with the Wheeler Kid”

“Why wouldn't we want him? You should have seen what savagery he inflicted on those... Dogs. We know what he is capable of, the pieces are moving Chief and you will bear witness to the events that are about to unfold in this town”

Hopper couldn't reply.

“But I think we should speed things up a little” Brenner said, he turned to Omega who had remained silent all this time.

“Hurt Him” he said simply, he turned to face Hopper, his hand on the doorknob “your pain will draw them out... the things you do for family” Hopper mused finally before stepping through the door.

Omega moved forward and Hopper grit his teeth as he waited for the onslaught of pain that was about to begin.

And as the screams started, Dr Martin Brenner didn't bat an eyelid as he strode with purpose and determination down the corridor and for the first time in the waning years of his life, his purpose was soon to be fulfilled and he would be the one to deliver it.

The Eleventh Hour was about to begin.



And the Mark of Cain and its wielder would stain the world.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) im sorry this took a long time to get out guys, it was a painstaking chapter to write, but nevertheless the next chapter will feature our favourite couple once more and with the pieces nearly in position it will be something to behold

As always guys, review! And until the next time, peace!

## 10. We... We Won't be Stopped

There was a constant barrage of Lightning here. It was ceaseless, it had no known beginning nor does it have an end. Drowning in the furthest depths of the nameless abyss. Chains extended from the inky and infinite blackness holding up a grey box made of stone, stone that was essentially nigh-impenetrable except for the most exotic and potent magics. And the most powerful of primordial entities.

It's sole occupant had nothing but time to fester and stew in the decisions that he had made, decisions that had resulted in the corruption and desecration of what was meant to be the last perfect handiwork. The finishing touches to a perfect Universe.

But It simply wasn't enough.

It wasn't enough to sit at the right hand of his father. The favourite. The perfect son. No, his jealousy, his hatred for humankind because his father now loved them more than him, it was enough to push him over the edge.

So he tainted and polluted everything had been perfect and good.

And the result was being cast away from his Father. From his brothers and sisters.

His hatred grew, his need for revenge and his need to be worshipped, to be feared.

Lucifer gripped the bars of the cage he had been in for two thousand years, his eyes closed, he could feel the burden of the Mark still even though he no longer had it. He still carried the scars that it had left upon his grace. He could feel the current bearers of its terrible wrath.

Cain himself.

And Mike Wheeler.

He could feel the Mark wrapping it's coil tighter around the boy's soul. Transferring its bitter need and thirst for the kill, to relish in it and to bask in the savagery that it compelled the bearer to commit.

He could feel the boy's soul submitting under the constant barrage of festering malice.

Every time where he succumbed to it, every time where he used its self-destructive power. He was falling fast and hard under the Mark's influence to the point where he would lose himself, forever submerged under the rage, under the vessel of viciousness that would overtake his very being.

Mike's resolve was crumbling with every second that he possessed the first curse. The Mark of Cain. And he too would fall into the endless abyss.

And a Knight would rise from the embrace of nothingness.

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Eleven was pacing nervously, her fingers twitched by her side, itching to do something more than just stay around in the cabin but Hoppers words were clear for her and Mike to stay put. She turned her head slightly towards Mike who starred at nothing looking quite out of it. Staring at his hands that been recently soaked in blood of the nameless.

Only now could she see the blood that he had missed, small flakes of it coating his otherwise porcelain skin. His eyes haunted by shadow and guilt, unable to control the power that was slowly tightening its hold around his soul, its light suffocating and suffering from the Mark's iron will to dominate him. El knew what power could do to a person, power that seemed like its only use was to set the world ablaze alive and screaming.

But it was different but so much more than she knew. She did not know that the Mark was screaming inside his mind, she could control her power, control those she hurt and those that she saved, his power was mindless, destructive and unforgiving. But above all, above everything else, Unrelenting.

She wandered over to Mike slowly, sitting down beside him, taking his hand in hers. He slowly turned to face her, she looked so very worried. Looking into her eyes all he could see was her soul laid out

bare for him in its entirety.

“Mike...” she said his name, it was barely more than a mere whisper but it conveyed everything she didn't have the words for.

Finally driven from his shell-shocked induced state he looked to El who was eyeing him worriedly.

“I still feel like I have blood... his blood on my hands” he said shakily looking to body parts in question. He tore his eyes away from hers, unable to look at her without feeling a multitude of guilt and not just for the blood he had already spilled but the blood that the Mark was screaming at him to spill. That of Eleens.

But it wasn't so simple as that, Mike's love for her was so strong that he was able to resist the call to arms, to do what the Mark called for him to do, what it demanded that he do. But it was not the fact that Mark's need to kill was so strong it was the fact the Mark could sense her innate power, her strength of Will. But alas even she would submit to the darkness and to the Mark.

“it hurts El” Mike finally said.

El frowned slightly, she could not see anything that showed that he was in pain, she figured it must be something that she could not see. She slowly raised her hand and released a small whisper of power, since her little trip Chicago she had been experimenting with other aspects of power, other avenues and pathways that only recently been unlocked to her.

Mike bristled as the surge of El's power washed over him, the Mark glowed slightly once more, trying to assert its dominance over the boy, that moment of weakness, the chink in his armour and the weakness and that was also his strength finally allowed the Mark in, even if only it was a slither of it.

His eyes turned dark and his head shot round to El who, not expecting it, almost jumped back in slight shock. She immediately stopped and looked at him in a way that nearly set his heart aflame. His eyes softened upon seeing that small ounce of fear in her eyes. The conflict between Mike's soul and the Mark was becoming just that



suddenly in furious rage letting loose a punch to his face, red energy cackling around her knuckles as she did so.

In spite of everything Omega's fury only increased as Hopper let out a pained laugh, spitting a mouthful of blood onto the floor.

"For as long as it takes for you to realize you can't break me" Hopper replied evenly glaring at Omega.

"Really...?" she questioned she paced round, her eyes narrowed angrily like slits, her glowing pupils sent shivers down even his spine "then I'll just have to settle for hurting you until all you wanna do is die!" she screamed Red sparks flowed from her fingers into Hoppers chest, her patience finally at an end.

"Omega, that's enough" Brenner commanded, his arrival was unnoticed to the both of them, her assault was halted and Omega's eyes simmered down a little, the red glow just that little bit dimmer. Smoke smouldered from Hopper's chest. His eyes watered from the sheer pain, unwilling to compromise, unwilling to let out a scream of relief, his mind was set. They would not break him, no.... they would have to kill him to even get any satisfaction.

"We do not want to kill him just yet, he is far too valuable to us alive" Brenner stated evenly, his hands were deep in his pockets. Hopper and Brenner two sides of the same coin, The determination and the sheer grit to do what was needed. The iron will of which they both shared.

"What do you hope to achieve from this?" Hopper hissed through the pain.

"What does anyone want to achieve? You see I have always had this vision that the USA would become top of the food chain. I was there when the Germans mowed down my friends around me. I was there when Berlin fell. And I was there when the Soviet Union encircled half of Europe in red socialist filth"

Hopper remained silent.

"You want to know what I want to achieve? You should ask yourself

what I am willing to do to achieve it. The Soviets stand in the way of true freedom. True peace” Brenner said his face finally showing emptiness under what was usually a cold exterior. There was a fire there that burned as bright as Omega's eyes and as cold as the deepest depths of space.

It chilled Hopper to his very core.

“But first I need the girl” Brenner said, his hands coming to rest on either side of Omega's shoulder.

Hopper barked out a bitter laugh “what and you think I'm going to betray her, now? You know nothing” Hopper sneered.

“Really?” Brenner questioned. “ You did before, That was before you gained a father's love for her, you were nothing before you found her. A pathetic shell of a man, a drunk, reliant on pills just to get through the day and sleeping with any whore that took your fancy. Now she is your world. I wonder what sort of monster that would make you if you lost another just like how you lost Sarah”

Hopper angrily lashed out against his restraints, furiously yelling to the top of his lungs in defiance, Brenner watched on dispassionately and Omega watched on fascinated, like a predator studying its prey. His restraints had begun to creak, screaming in protest of the adrenaline filled pressure now coursing through Hopper's veins.

Brenner let out a humourless chuckle “We'd have to kill you to break you but losing her, now that is what would destroy you”

“I will tell you nothing!” Hopper spat once more “NOTHING!”

Brenner smirked “we don't need you to tell us anything. She already knows.... don't you Eleven?” His head turned slightly towards one of the corners of the room. Where Eleven stood in the void watching everything.

Eleven's eyes shot open in shock and fear. He had known.... he had known she was there... how? It chilled her to her very core, it was the one place where she oddly felt free from his control or influence, her realm, her void, her emptiness and now she had nowhere to run,





much harsher.

Mike ran behind her trying to keep up with her extraordinary pace, but the Telekinetic storm that was swirling around her was making it hard to keep up with her, weaker and small tree's began to fall over, ripped up by the roots as El's fury began to increase. Leaving only a trail of devastation in her wake.

For El there was only the mission. The goal of saving him, saving her adopted father but her path was not leading her towards the old lab, no this was In another direction, the opposite direction but nonetheless she proceeded on this war path.

They finally come to end of the woods where the quarry lay in wait. It's lake had been mysteriously drained the previous month despite some heavy rainfall. She manoeuvred their way towards the base of the cliff, to the bank that once was flanked by the lake. She examined the Cliff face in front of her. Until her eyes settled on a particular part of the cliff.

“There” she pointed “it looks strange”

Mike turned to look at the point where she was pointing and he too noticed something odd about it, it was almost like it didn't match up with the rest of the colouring or randomly jagged edges of the cliff.

Before either of them could say anything it began to move, lowering into the floor, both of their mouths opened in shock lightly as the beyond it there was obvious signs of a man-made structure hidden within. A retractable bridge extended forth, wide enough to allow a Tank to comfortably drive across and long enough to bridge the gap of where the lake used to be.

What was left was a gaping maw leading away into darkness. Inviting them to come forth. She moved forwards to take her step onto the bridge when she noticed that Mike had unquestioningly began to walk side by side into the unknown.

“I can't let you come with me, Mike” she said mournfully “ I don't want to lose you too”

Mike's face was full of determination, whether it was due to the Mark

or Mike himself she simply could not tell.

"I'm not letting you go in there alone" he exclaimed almost angrily "i said I couldn't lose you again and I meant it" he said passionately

"I know" she said simply, she drew herself towards him, eyes closed tight, almost desperately. Their lips brushed lightly and the electricity burned though. A solitary tear escaped her eyes and trailed down her cheek silently. A testament to her pain.

"But I can't watch you die, I won't... I'm sorry" she whispered, tears brimming. She raised her hand and allowed her power wash over him, rooting him to the floor completely powerless.

"No! Eleven! Let me go!" Mike yelled angrily fighting against her will.

"I'm so sorry, Mike" she whispered before turning away from him and marching towards the Bridge and not taking another look back.

Mike seethed angrily and in his blind rage he had unconsciously reached for the first blade, the moment the primordial weapon touched his fingertips the Mark began to glow red, easily seen through his clothing. He hissed as the power coursed through him once more, basking In the power that the Mark promised him from the deepest corners of his mind.

And so he took a single, solitary step forward.

Then another.

And another.

And another.

Until he was at full stride, El heard the footsteps behind her and was completely gobsmacked to see that Mike had strode forward and had closed the distance between them. He had fought off her power. No one in the history of forever had achieved such a feat against her. She looked into his eyes to see if there was any trace of the loved but saw only anger and hurt laced in his eyes. The first blade grasped tightly in his right hand, the blade was still covered in dry blood.

“You can't stop me anymore El...” he whispered, she looked to his arm and the Mark had begun to dim down having broke free of her telekinetic grip on his body.

“We... Wont be stopped” he said offering her his left hand.

She starred at his hand briefly before clasping her hand In his and together they strode into the Hell that awaited them.

Together.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) I finally managed to get this chapter written... wrote? Fuck knows! Lol but yeah I'm sorry this chapter took forever, I just had horrible, horrible writers block but I finally did it, I got my ass into gear and wrote for two solid hours, hopefully updates will be more frequent now!

As always guys, review! And until next time, peace!

## **11. Sins of the Father**

**LOCALE PROFILE – EDR-1.**

**DATE DISCOVERED – November 6<sup>th</sup> 1983**

**STATUS – ACCESS NO LONGER AVAILABLE. GATEWAY CLOSED. INTELLIGENCE SUGGESTS THE USSR HAVE LIMITED ACCESS TO EDR-1 AND ITS RESOURCES.**

**FAUNA – HIGHLY HOSTILE AND AGGRESSIVE, ALL MEASURES AND PRECAUTION DEEMED NECESSARY. MAJORITY OF ALL KNOWN SPECIES HOSTILE. NO DOCILE ENTITIES DISCOVERED. EVIDENCE POINTS TO SEMI-SENTIENT INTELLIGENCE. DOMINANT LIFEFORM UTILIZES A HIVE MIND LIKE CONSCIOUSNESS**

**FLORA – EARTHLIKE. ONE HUNDRED AND THREE SPECIES OF FLORA CATALOGUED. LIMITED SAMPLES BROUGHT BACK FOR ANALYSIS. SIXTY-THREE SPECIES OF FLORA ARE OF NON-TERRESTRIAL ORIGIN.**

**ATMOSPHERE COMPOSITION**

**19.5% OXYGEN – MINIMUM AMOUNT REQUIRED FOR HUMAN SURVIVAL.**

**60.5% NITROGEN**

**15% UNKNOWN**

**5% ARMONIA**

**Extra Dimensional Reality – 1 is commonly known as the Upside-Down to the civilians and escaped asset of the incident of November 6<sup>th</sup> 1983. However all personnel are advised at all times to refer to it as EDR-1 without exception. Off-site reference is PROHIBITED.**

**For what we know of EDR-1 is limited. Our understanding and knowledge thus far are somewhat lacking. EDR-1 does not differentiate from our current knowledge of the laws of biology, physics and chemistry. EDR-1 is capable of supporting life adapted to the harsh conditions, Humans exposed to its atmosphere are capable of surviving for a week. Will Byers is the only known Human to have survived that period of exposure without suffering any permanent damage to his physical health. It might be possible for an Adult to survive longer. The Mental state is affected greatly, common afflictions are extreme PTSD.**

**Of the species that have been discovered in EDR-1 all known varieties are hostile and extremely aggressive with hunting tactics and characteristics not dissimilar from predators found all over the planet. All Fauna share the physical trait of having no visible eyes yet they seem to have perfect eyesight in all levels of light, in accordance with this their other basic senses are heightened greatly. EDS-1 seems to be able to sense blood similar to how sharks do.**

**Some Species of Flora seem to be aggressive with a degree of hive mind intelligence. EDS-2 and a sub-species of vine flora seem to share the same Hive-Mind intelligence.**

## **Extra Dimensional Species - EDS**

**EDS-1** – This creature seems to be the large apex predator of EDR-1. Its height is typically 6 to 10ft tall, its body type is thin presumably due to malnutrition as during the incident of 1983 this predator chose to hunt the local populace rather than its natural prey in its own native environment, this suggests its prey is vastly scarce. Its natural prey is currently unknown however it exhibits no fear in attacking humans, armed or otherwise.

First contact was established by 011 through the void between Earth and EDR-1, Drawing its presence to Earth. Small-arms fire is ineffective. Post mortem analysis may show further insight into this. Project 011 has the only confirmed kill on an EDS-1. However, Project OMEGA is being trained to be able to kill EDS-1's without consequence.

**EDS-2** – This species appears to be a small sub species of EDS-1, it shares most of the physiological traits of EDS-1, it differentiates from the larger species in the fact that EDS-1 moves in a bipedal stance whilst EDS-2 is a quadrupedal life-form, it is roughly two-thirds smaller than EDS-1 but is faster and more agile due its quadrupedal stance but is equally ferocious and deadly.

EDS-2 is also weaker physiologically as small arms fire has proven to be effective against this particular species, its nimbleness more than makes up for its vulnerability to small-arms fire. Common calibres such as 5.56mm and 12 gauge have proven to be most effective.

Consequently EDR-1 and the resources it holds are no longer obtainable due to Project 011 closing the gate that she opened the year previous which in turn stopped the spread of the vine infestation that was spreading under the town of Hawkins. The Departments public lab has been subsequently shut down and abandoned. All essential assets have been moved to the secondary facility that is underground. All research is continuing as normal.

As the head of the Indiana Branch of the Department of Energy I have made the following changes to Priority and Consideration, they are as following.

The Eleventh Hour Project has been moved to secondary consideration

- Project 011 was the most promising aspect of this project but with the confirmed KIA of 003 and 011 confirmed MIA despite the report of Doctor Owens, the others are simply not good enough to proceed with this Project. However recapture of 011 is Priority One

Project OMEGA is Priority One.

- Project OMEGA is the culmination of all my work since MKUltra, she by far shows the most promise and therefore all efforts must be put into insuring the success of OMEGA and into reaching her full potential.

Project Red Storm is now also Priority One.

- With the capture of a genetic specimen and with the help of



Mr. Crowley our foray into gene manipulation and gene splicing has pushed ahead our research ahead by about fifty years allowing to us to take our theoretical work and apply it practically. Our insight into EDR-1 may grow expectationally when Project Red Storm reaches the Ascension stage.

All Projects, Assets and Research will be subject to review during the next quarter.

All short and long term goals and objectives will be under review in six months time.

Signed.

Dr. Martin Brenner.

United States Department of Energy.

November 6<sup>th</sup> 1984

The last rays of ever diminishing light was extinguished harshly as the inside of the cavern closed up, entrapping both Mike and El in total darkness. Their hands tight, the only thing that they felt safe enough to hold on to in the vast void that made up their world presently.

Even then there was only one source of light and it was the Mark of

Cain that burned in red hot anger amongst the blackness, Eleven squinted as they slowly made their way deeper into the vast underground complex. Both their natural senses heightened by the lack of the sense of sight. Eleven's natural power augmenting her other senses among ones she was not even fully aware of and Mike through the hell-spawned power of the Mark. Both working in tandem to guide their wielders through the unseen.

Their grasped hands were the only anchor at the moment, both their palms were sweaty as they desperately clung to the other. Never wanting to let go lest they be lost to the dark.

"We need to find some light" Mike whispered quietly although his voice echoed around him and her.

"I know" she replied simply, casting her eyes this way and that hoping with futility that the solution would present itself however impossible the notion seemed to be at this point.

Mike Sighed "God damn it, I can't see shit" Mike whispered to her, rarely using a swear word mostly used by Lucas. "it's crap you can't summon fire, that would be awes--"

"Mike..." Eleven said suddenly fully coming to a halt.

"What is it?" Mike whispered back, his eyes dancing around instinctively and of course seeing nothing by empty void.

“I feel something... it feels like its crushing my chest” Eleven said placing her free hand over her chest. To say it felt like something was crushing her chest was a vast understatement, it was like she was suffocating, like something was pushing down on her entire windpipe and not only that she could feel a malevolent presence with them in the darkness, it was not like the Demogorgan or the Mind Flayer it was different, it was worse than that, it was a perversion of nature.

If someone else could feel what El could feel they would think.

Abomination.

Monster.

Mutation.

Demon.

Plague.

Defilement.

Pestilence.

Two glowing red eyes lit up the Darkness, staring right at them,

unmoving, unblinking, it was the sort of stare that would send shivers down even the toughest man alive and even reduce him to state of the most disturbing madness and insanity.

FLASH. FLASH. FLASH. FLASH. FLASH. FLASH.

Both Mike and El were momentarily blinded by the sudden invasion of light into their eyes, both of them raised their hands to cover their faces from such brightness. El squinted through her burning retina's to see a solitary figure stood fifteen foot in front of them. Encased in what El could only describe as endless black.

Mike took a step forward, whether it was because he was being protective or because the Mark was pulsing with the need to kill he simply didn't have the answer for it but he decided to hope to God it was on the former of the two reasons.

"Dim the lights, please" the voice spoke and to both Mike and El's surprise it was soft, almost silky but it was also clearly laced with malice and something else that neither of them could place. The lights did start to dim bringing the person in front of them into focus with each passing with second.

They were both able to fully take in the area around them, it was a Sixty foot squared room and about fifty foot tall, El's eyes moved form left to right to see there was a walkway about twenty feet up reaching from one side of the furthest end of the room to the other, she counted at least twenty Soldiers equally spread out across it. El grimly noted that each of them was holding an automatic weapon.

She ran through their options and found that they were far and few in-between.

Mike groaned internally knowing that this had been a trap all along and that they had walked right into it.

El gazed curiously at the figure in front of them. Having never seen them before but to her surprise and with a sliver of fear the figure in front of them was smiling with mania.

“So.... so this is the infamous Eleven that I have heard so much about” Omega drawled, her eyes looking her up and down in disinterest “i have to say that I am not impressed” her gaze turned to Mike.

“And this is the boy that managed to kill those dogs? I don't know which of you is worse” she chuckled humorlessly eyeing the blade in Mike's grasp that was being held tightly. Both Mike and El were slightly unnerved by the viciously glowing red irises.

“Now, now Omega, I told you not to underestimate them” a voice sounded from above.

“Sorry Father...” Omega's mania induced smile had all but vanished with reprimand.

“Good girl.... Hello Eleven” the voice said.

Both Mike and El looked up to the walkway to see Dr Martin Brenner stood next to the doorway in the centre of the walkway. El's eyes darkened deeply.

“Papa...” she snarled, her hand was just itching to reach out and crush his Brain against his skull. Even the Mark seemed to reciprocate El's ill feelings towards the man.

“You have returned home to us, as I knew you would” Brenner said, his smile never reaching his eyes, always cold, always empty.

Ignoring his attempts at manipulation she wanted to show she was strong, that she no longer feared him, was no longer the scared little girl, terrified of the small room and too afraid of failing him but the truth was she was more scared than ever.

“Where is he?!” she demanded lacing her voice with seething anger.

“Where Is who?” Brenner asked feigning ignorance. His smile more insect like by the second.

“WHERE IS HE!!!” she screamed, her voice rang through the complex making the lights flicker heavily, making them rattle and shake and there were tremors in the Earth and in the sky. The men on the catwalk coked their weapons and raised ever so slightly more.

Brenner held up his hand to stop them from opening fire.

“Ah yes, your so called Father” Brenner said any trace of a smile was gone replaced with stoic indifference “Bring him to me” he said to one of the men on the catwalk who vanished through the door mere moments later.

“You see the power you have Eleven? You were gifted with so much of it, you were the joy of my work, the pick of the litter as it were. You were going to be special but you let these common cattle make you hide your powers like they were to be ashamed of, they fear you Eleven, they have always feared you but not me, I'm your Papa and you belong here with us, your real family”

“Family?” Mike questioned incredulously “You don't know the meaning of the word” Mike hissed through gritted teeth. Mike was doing everything in his power to not leap up at the man who had been the source of all of El's pain and rip his throat out with his bare teeth and bury the blade deep into his withered heart.

Brenner's attention turned to Mike

“Really? And who do you claim to be? Next to her you were nothing until but a short time ago” Brenner stated calmly

“it doesn't matter because you” he gestured around him “all of this, all of it will burn tonight and you along with it” Mike declared confident, the Mark sang in his head in harmony with the prospect of such an idea.

Brenner could not help but bark out a laugh he reached behind him as the doorway opened and grasped within, Mike and El watched intently as he pulled out a badly bruised and bloodied Hopper. El gasped and Mike's eyes narrowed in barely contained fury.

“Dad!” she cried out involuntarily taking a step forward.

“Ah ah ah ah” Omega said smugly wagging her finger in front of them “Not another step” she said coldly.

“How touching.... you care for him” Brenner said his voice void of any emotion, at first he hadn't believed it, not fully but the truth was right there in front of him, every method of control, every slither of his teachings and the need for reward and the need to please him were completely gone, destroyed by this no-nothing sheriff.

“I had plans, so many plans. We were to do great things together but that no longer matters, I don't need either of you, all I need is her” Brenner said gesturing towards Omega who felt very prideful in that moment. Even if it were just for a moment.

“Show them Omega” Brenner commanded.

“Yes Father” Omega complied and she started to roll up the sleeve on her left arm, her amber eyes glittered menacingly and her smile manic.



“No...” El whispered hoping that what she was looking at wasn't true

Because there on her left wrist just like her and the rest of them there was her identification.

001 was tattooed in bold black ink just like hers was. The exact same spot.

“And not only that but she is in fact my flesh and blood daughter” Brenner stated as Omega rolled her sleeve back down hiding the tattoo from sight.

“you branded you own daughter?!” Hopper exclaimed in disgust, Brenner sharply turned his head to regard Hopper

“I guess we are two very different kinds of fathers, she has become more powerful than even you Eleven” Brenner replied with a sad smile.

Eleven simply glared up at him hatefully.

“But lets see who out of all us is really the biggest monster of them all” Brenner stated whilst both El and Mike watched in frozen horror as Brenner, with a surprising amount of strength, hurled Hopper over the railing...

And in those very critical moments, everything went to absolute Hell.

“No!” Eleven screamed, her arm flew up and allowed her power to fly towards Hopper slowing his fatal descent into the ground.

Mike had raised the Blade and instantly with almost inhuman speed flew towards Omega with every intention of gutting her. Omega instantly lifted her hand and tossed Mike with her mind into the wall behind her., Mike groaned as the wind was instantly knocked out of him. Brenner slipped away unnoticed.

Omega whirled round, sending forth a telekinetic push towards Eleven who couldn't defend herself and was flung away harshly. Hopper hit the floor not a second later, luckily El was able to slow him down enough so that the fall wouldn't kill him. Hopper hissed in pain as he landed on his badly beaten body but was thankful it wasn't any worse but there was not much he could do as his hands were tied around his back.

Mike rose, his whole mind filled with a murderous rage and the Mark burned brightly to the point where it was almost sizzling on his arm. Omega turned round to face Mike.

“You just don't give up do you?” Omega said, her voice laced with amusement.

She let loose a single bolt of red energy straight at him, he was unable to dodge in time and he was thrown backwards. Yet Omega looked on confused as Mike simply stood back up charged again, again she released another bolt of red energy and sent him into the wall.

“what do you honestly think you can achieve” Omega demanded after putting him down for the fourth time.

Mike looked up at her spitefully “it's not about what I can achieve... it's what she can” Mike said looking behind Omega.

The words barely registered as she spun around to Eleven had rose to her feet and had her arm raised. Omega found herself flying to side, she slid across the floor until she slammed into the wall. Eleven curled her fist in a gripping motion and where she used her power to slam Omega's face into the floor.

All Omega did was laugh

“Is that all you can do!” she screeched raising her bloodied face, blood poured from her nose. “consider me not impressed!” she screamed as she rose to her feet. She glared at each of them in turn before her lips bore a sinister smile.

“What will it take to make you into a monster. Like me” Omega wondered out loud, almost innocently “oh I know” she raised her arms threw them towards the wall, red lightning flew from her fingertips which sparked and cackled against the surface. The lights flickered, the bulbs nearly burst into sparks under the strain and the ground tremored and Eleven paled as she saw a sight she wish she would never see again in her waking life.

The gateway to the Upside-Down was being forced into existence, as

small as it was it still sent a collective chill down both Mike and El's spine. The lightning stopped flowing and in the flickering darkness Omega's monstrous gaze turned towards the pair. Eleven stepped forward but was thrown backwards and pinned to the wall by Omega's seemingly superior power.

And all that was left was Mike to stand against Omega.

“Say Goodbye to him Eleven” Omega taunted, El could only helplessly watch as Omega lifted Mike off the ground who struggled to fight her off, The Mark on his arm burned ferociously as it even struggled against her.

But it was of little use.

Omega Spun her arm and Mike found himself being thrown towards the gate and into the Upside-down. Omega clenched her fist and the gate was closed as quickly as it was opened leaving nothing but a few final flakes of ash to float towards the ground.

“Mike...” El whispered, her heart had been broken. And from the pieces what was left screamed for vengeance and for retribution. El's eyes went from despair to pure contempt and loathing. Omega relinquished her hold on her younger sister.

“Maybe I will see the infamous Eleven after all” Omega said

Brenner had his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his smile content as he watched the sifting mass that was inside the tank. His plans had almost come to fruition.

“What have you done!?” a voice angrily called behind him.

Brenner turned to see a very furious Crowley.

“Ah Mr Crowley, what do I owe this pleasure” Above everything Brenner always showed respect to Crowley.

“Have you any idea of what you have done!” Crowley said with obvious rage “the power of what you have unleashed” Brenner's smile started to falter.

“Why don't you enlighten me?” Brenner said coldly.

Crowley pointed towards the hanger where Eleven and Omega were “that boy in there has the bloody Mark of Cain, do you know what that means? You've signed your own death warrant mate. Someone who bares that Mark can't be stopped not even by death”

Brenner chuckled “I think you overestimate his chances a little, he's just a boy”

Crowley looked at him incredulously “You just don't get it do you? You... your daughter.... that abomination sitting in the tank... they

can't stop the Mark. Armies have tried.... Even the Angels fear the Mark...”

“Then what do you suggest I do?” Brenner asked.

“Run” Crowley said “Run far” Brenner watched as Crowley vanished presumably to do just that.

Brenner turned back to the console.

“Everything can die” he said to himself as he began to flip switches hurriedly and turning dials to their full capacity. The creature in the tank was agitated as it sifted and shifted in the confined space.

“Everything can die” he repeated to himself for the final time.

“WARNING. WARNING. PROJECT RED STORM IN ASCENSION STAGE. WARNING. WARNING. RED STORM IN ASCENSION STAGE”

Brenner watched on in grim satisfaction.

Mike stood up from the ground as the gate closed behind him and looked around him, he was in the Upside-down, Mike gulped as he realized he was screwed as there was no other known gates anywhere in the Upside-Down. But Mike allowed himself to take a deep breath

as in any survival situation it was best to remain as calm as possible.

Yet he noticed he was no longer holding the first blade and his building anger had simmered.

But out of the mist they came... the Mind Flayers army, inevitably drawn to the presence of the Mark... numerous Demo-dogs littered the clearing, subtle growls emanated from within their closed flower like faces. Their fear of the being stood in front of them was overtaken by bloodlust and the need to kill and devour.

Mike reached towards the first blade, which trembled and vibrated. Mike reached out just a little more and the blade responded by flying into his hand, ready to be called into service.

As Mike closed his fingers around the blades handle. The Mark glowed hot upon the crook of his arm and Mike felt intoxicating power wash through him until there was not a single thought in him but the need for slaughter and decimation.

Even the love that Mike felt for Eleven slipped into the abyss. Every corner of his being finally consumed by the Mark.

The first dog leapt towards Mike who responded by catching the dog in mid-air and plunging the blade straight into the beasts gut. It let out a pitiful pained whimper of a growl as its insides glowed and flickered orange before he flung the dog from the blade into the undergrowth.

“Finally” The Mark whispered in Mike's subconscious

This was a realm of monsters and mutations.

But Mike wasn't trapped here with the monsters.

They were trapped here with him.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) finally was able to get this chapter done from start to finish. Ideas and inspiration is flowing nicely at the moment, hopefully I can have the next chapter out by next week. Loved the Stranger things season 3 trailer though :D anywho I hope you guys enjoyed and thank you for being patient with me

As always guys, review! And until next time. Peace!



## 12. Death is not an Escape

Hopper groaned loudly as he managed to lift himself into a sitting position, blood trickled from his nose and mouth into his unruly beard, spitting some onto the floor he looked up, his vision was still slightly clouded and murky. But the father in him, the Cop in him wouldn't let him rest, wouldn't let him capitulate even in his darkest and weakest moments. Today, in his mind, had proved that and that was enough to take a deep breath, stand and find anyway he could to help his daughter.

But first he needed to get his hands untied.

Eleven landed on the floor harshly, Omega moved towards her slowly relishing in the pain she was inflicting upon the younger girl, red energy sparked between her fingers, charging, building. The supposed superior sister and Alpha of this so called pack was nothing but a shadow to her she thought. But Eleven refused to even accept the notion of giving up and glared spitefully up at Omega. At the bitch who had dared to hurt him.

She felt her own anger build up, sucking in all the energy around her like gravity crushing anything underneath it to the centre of its source like with a rapidly collapsing star there would be the supernova and she sent it like a tidal wave to object of her detestment and silent infuriation.

Omega saw it coming from a mile off and raised her arm and bore the brunt of the attack as it gushed through her, harmlessly, absorbing the anger induced power hurt more than she would care to admit. She sent forth several bolts of reddened energy, energy with enough power to tear apart the molecules of being, to destroy the fibres that held her together and let matter simply fall apart.

Eleven barely threw up her defensive barriers, the very same she had used to fend off the Mind Flayer but this was different, stronger, more raw and filled with human emotion was the x factor, the unforeseeable variable in the equation. Her shield was briefly visible

as a transparent bubble like texture, barely holding back the storm.

Omega growled, letting loose a torpedo of telekinetic energy that painfully ripped through El's defences and it barrelled right into her, she felt herself tumble backwards, her shields torn apart brutally leaving her wide open for the time being. She reflexively pushed back against her, Omega amusedly brushed it aside, her counter too weak as her brain was dazed and scrambled.

"Not this time, is that all you've got?" Omega hissed down at the pathetic image she saw before her.

Eleven glanced up at the towering figure above her.

"Nothing? Not even a declaration of defiance?" Omega questioned, the joy of the moment was being torn from her, she wanted to gloat, wanted to enjoy wiping out her existence but she was giving no leeway to that.

"Okay then fine" she declared "I'll just settle for making you scream for mercy, mercy that you shall not receive" Omega lost all inhibitions and poured red energy into El and it was excruciating, El felt every single atom in her body set alight... every cell, every organ, every fibre of being was on fire and her scream of pain was no different. But yet through the midst of all that she could only think of Mike trapped, alone in the Upside-Down and she couldn't help him, all she wanted to do was reach out to him and save him but she couldn't do that even now and it hurt more than any of Omega's powers ever could.

Omega found herself smashing into the wall heavily as El's painful telekinetic laced scream tore at everything. It was apocalyptic. Omega smiled gleefully as the building shook and trembled. The hanger they were in had only been hollowed out and there was still exposed rock above them, rocks began to break away and smash into the floor, the scream reverberated throughout the facility.

Hopper had to roll away as bits of rock crumbled from the ceiling. Letting out several curses as he scrambled away to find at least some suitable cover. He could hear the scream and recognised just who it was.

“El...” Hopper found himself reinvigorated and fought harder to escape the primitive rope restraints. The father in him would not let him give up.

Brenner looked around him as dust particles fell from above, his disinterested gaze wandered to and fro, his gaze returned to the tank in front of him as the creature inside wreathed and writhed as electrical impulses constantly barraged its brain, battering it into submission.

He knew of the fight that was taking place in the hanger below knowing both the pinnacles of his life's work was at stake, one rebellious and defiant and the other compliant and loyal.

If Crowley was right which the demon usually was since Brenner had first met him then everything that he had been building towards for the last thirty year was at risk of being lost forever, it was something he simply could not allow. Mike Wheeler must die, whatever the cost.

And with that final thought Dr. Martin Brenner watched and waited.

His monster was about to be birthed and breathe in this world.

Hawkins, three miles from the quarry.

Two beings stood side by side at the abandoned site of where the Department of Energy's lab still stood, empty and barren. One was garbed entirely in black with a dark silver tie, his hair still balding at the top.

The other stood stiffly, rigid. He was almost a direct contrast to the other, shorter man beside him. His tan overcoat stood out compared to the other being's attire. His tie was loose around his neck and was a simple black.

“Why are we here Crowley” the taller man asked, his voice gruff and gravelly.

The demon looked uncomfortable for a moment. “this is something that needs to be taken care of” Crowley supplied cryptically, underneath his arm he carried a large, leather-bound book “Daemonium”

“More specifically where are we” The taller one asked looking around him slowly.

“its more of when and where are we....” Crowley trailed off “it's 1984 and we're not in Kansas any more Toto” Crowley quipped.

“What does the Wizard of Oz have to do with this?” the other asked seriously.

Crowley merely rolled his eyes.

“Don't worry about it you giraffe, this Is Hawkins, Indiana” Crowley gestured with a small wave of his hand.

“Hawkins? But this was a location of a seal” the other said truly seeing the place for the first time.

“Yeah... I heard that you lot had smote the entire town to prevent the breaking of the seal, brutal work, kinda wished I could of seen it”

“We did...” his face full of regret and something akin to pain. “I wish that there had been another way... even though Lucifer escaped, those people that were left died for nothing” He hung his head.

“God you emulate those Winchesters so much that its beginning to scare me feathers” Crowley snarkily said.

He narrowed his eyes at the demon “It's Castiel and I consider it an honour to be like the Winchesters”

“Yes, the Winchesters” Crowley said uncomfortably “they are the reason why we are here”

Castiel narrowed his eyes “Explain”

“Back in 1983 when was I just the King of the Crossroads, I made a deal with a Dr Martin Brenner to help advance his research by

roughly fifty years in exchange for a deal brokered with the British Men of Letters. Long story short a boy somehow ended up with the Mark of Cain”

Castiel could not hide his surprise nor his horror.

“I remember this... We heard that there had been deaths on Earth from an active Knight of Hell but we all assumed it was Abaddon” Castiel summarised. “Our Orders...” Castiel bitterly added “were to not interfere in these events” he paused “it seemed like I was the only one who did in the end”

Crowley nodded in understanding.

“Well we're here to put things right as there were no other bearers of the mark back in the present and if we can figure out a way to cure this boy of it then...”

“Then we can cure Dean” Castiel finished.

“And keep ourselves from having another problem to deal with” Crowley huffed.

“The boy has only had the Mark for a few few weeks and it had already began to tighten its grip on his soul, I can feel its corruption surrounding this place” Castiel said as he stretched out.

“Anyway we drop this book off where it is needed and then we distance ourselves and observe” Crowley supplied “I don't think the cure will be discovered by us, I have a feeling we shall find out soon enough... the girl she is powerful. I believe she is the key to all of this and since the Book of the Damned was destroyed, well to quote Star Wars, she is our only hope”

Castiel merely rolled his eyes.

“We should split up, If I remember correctly tonight is the night where crap hits the fan” Crowley suggested

“Very well. Let us proceed” Castiel said striding off into the night.

Crowley watched for a moment, enjoying a rare moment of quiet

ironically before he stepped off into the darkness which the Demon was all too accustomed too.

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The First Blade was coated in crimson blood. Dripping from the point as there was simply too much. Mike Stood up to his full height, turned his head to look over his shoulder, his eyes cold and empty, they may as well have been glowering black orbs of nothingness. Behind him lay up to a dozen killed and disembowelled Demo-dogs , their innards cruelly strewn around in the grass, some hung from trees, one Dog was impaled on a tree where it twitched due to being impaled from end to end. Front to back like a piece of meat on a stick.

Mike clothes were stained with blood, bits of flesh stubbornly clung to his sticky sweat covered skin and clothing. No skin could be seen on his hands, only the blood. So much blood. The Mark glowed sickeningly on his arm, supplying him with rage and bloodlust. It had begun to consume his very soul.

His hand was tightened on the blade as larger and more feralistic Demogorgans appeared in the clearing. Three to be exact, drawn by the copious amounts of torn flesh and blood drawing them in like a moth the the flame

It made him feel invincible, powerful and unconquerable.

The first charged forwards, it reared its arm to strike Mike with its claws, he caught the arm in his left hand, the Mark glowed more subtly, Mike raised the blade and struck the neck repeatedly, the monster let out a pained screech which was quickly drowned out, its arm went limp and the head rolled from the top of its shoulders from a sloppily yet brutal decapitation.

Mike grinned as the ever imposing monsters took a step back hesitantly. Even they feared something. That something was him.

Mike twirled the Blade before dashing forwards.

His irises flickering from Black to normal.

Black to normal.

Black to normal.

The Mark threatened to consume what was left of his soul.

And a Knight would be born from the last of its dying embers.

Omega wiped the blood from her swollen lip as she rolled away from another of El's telekinetic shockwaves. She scowled to herself as she knew that from somewhere she had found the strength to continue fighting even though they both knew that Omega was the better of the two fighters. Having been trained all her life to kill, to destroy and to have no concept of remorse or pity or fear.

Eleven was simply a failed experiment, possessing too much of a conscience to be a true weapon of Warfare and espionage.

Omega dodged forwards, closing the distance between her and Eleven, she allowed her red energy to flow into her fists and she sent them crashing into her enemies jaw. Eleven stumbled backwards as blood flew from her mouth. It was a relentless assault of brutality that Omega was all too happy to inflict.

Punch. Punch. Punch. Punch. Punch, every punch ripped gashes and bruises at El's face and body as Omega aimed for her ribs, chest and face. She couldn't even scream as she felt a rip crack from a single punch and she even went as far to rake her face with nails, leaving bloody trails in their wake narrowly avoiding gouging out her eye.

Omega shifted behind her and wrapped her arm around Eleven's neck.

"It is time to say nighty night Eleven, just go to sleep" Omega cooed sinisterly.

Eleven struggled for oxygen as Omega started to choke the life out of her. She began to see stars and black spots in her vision as the lull of unconsciousness and ultimately death called to her to its embrace.

Eleven gasped and inhaled, desperately trying to even take a small breath of vital air. Omega smirked as she tightened her hold on the girl and closed her eyes to bask in the sounds of her last moments.

A searing, sharp pain invaded her senses as Eleven had used the last of her strength to bite as hard she could down on Omega's arm, drawing blood, El used this momentarily lapse of concentration to break free from her and she pushed herself away gaining ground and distance as she drew in huge gulps of air for her starved lungs which greedily took in as much it could

Omega hissed and her glowing red eyes narrowed hatefully.

"You just don't know when to give up and die" Omega spat.

"No more" Eleven said quietly. Omega felt herself be seized off of the floor and Eleven threw up her other hand and released a telekinetic shock wave squarely at the immobile Omega, who was thrown back, her head smacked the wall hard enough to send her forth into darkness where she didn't stir, Omega slid to the floor completely out cold.

Eleven felt herself fall to her knees as what remained of her strength leave her. Her bruised and battered body could no longer take the strain and finally submitting to the call of the void she fell unconsciousness and knew no more of the world as her body gratefully took the rest it could get as her enhanced cells began their work to heal what damage it could.

But as her eyes closed and a single, solitary word escaped her lips, calling out to him, calling for him to come home to her. Calling for Mike.

And the darkness embraced her like an old friend.

Castiel strode though the Upside-Down, his blade in hand, silver and short, roughly fifty centimetres in length give or take. Normally such an elegant weapon would gleam in the light, but there was almost no light to be found here.



There was no need for the blade though, Castiel thought as everything within five miles could feel his presence, like a shining beacon of intense light that burned anything unnatural that was to enter its midst. Castiel strode forwards with a purpose, it reminded him when he went to fetch Dean Winchester from the deepest depths of Hell and now he was here to save a soul of another Human. Castiel noted with irony that both souls had been tainted by the stain of Hell.

Castiel strode forwards as more harmless critters of this harsh environment had stayed hidden within the brush, observing this new being in their world. A halo of light emanated from his back as skeletal remains protruded from his back. Almost featherless and stripped of their majestic might.

Yet they still gave off a holy light that only Humans could not see. The Critters took note, some shuffled back in fear, wanting to recoil against the holiest of lights as it was against their nature. Yet some stood in awe.

Castiel felt no malice or malevolent threat from them so he left the be. He only had a single goal in mind and was determined to do what was right at least once.

The only other source of light here was the soul of Mike Wheeler yet it was stained with black bile and even sensing it made even Castiel want to retch in disgust. The Mark's corruption had defiled him and as an innocent his soul was more susceptible to the evils of the Mark. He dread to think of what he might of found if he were too late.

However, he contained himself and continued on his path and as he got closer Castiel could see bodies of slain monsters littering the clearing. Their innards ripped from them by inhuman savagery and merciless rage. Castiel crouched down and examined a body closely and was shocked to find that this thing had survived despite the mutilation it had suffered.

"I'm sorry" Castiel said reaching out with his palm, the demo-dog weakly tried to bite him but found that it did not have the strength to do so and let its head fall limply to the floor.

He placed his outstretched palm onto its face and allowed his grace

to flow into his hand and there was a blinding white light, that made everything in the vicinity shut its eyes tight and and look away from the explosion of grace infused energy.

Castiel stood up and strode on, leaving the smote Demo-dog what it lay, smoke pouring from its mouth.

It became hard to make his way around all the bodies as they got higher in number, Castiel moved bodies to the side with his grace, clearing a path for himself and until he saw what he had come all this way to do and the person he came to save.

Mike Wheeler lay in the dirt, the first blade loose in his hand, covered in dried out blood with the corpses of all those he had slain even though they were monsters, Castiel was horrified at what the power of the mark had made him do.

He walked up cautiously to the boy, he was out cold, the Mark's power had drove him into exhaustion, spiritually, physically and mentally. His clothes were torn by claws and teeth, his face was covered in dried flakes of blood, one deep gash went down from the bottom of his ear and down the side of the neck where a Demogorgan had struck a blow before Mike had spun round and sliced its elongated fingers with the blade.

Castiel placed his left hand upon the head of Mike Wheeler and started to speak in Enochian.

“Esla ko ro rah ka Zod ah mah rah na ee es lah gee roh sah” His eyes lit up Blue and a high pitched screech littered the clearing that would have any humans nearby and even kill them but as Castiel knew in the case of someone having the Mark it was simply not the case.

“Who are you?” Mike faintly whispered, Castiel's hearing could hear his voice despite the noise around him.

“My Name is Castiel and I am an Angel of the Lord” Castiel stated as he worked.

“Angel?” Mike muttered in confusion.

“Shut your eyes” Castiel commanded as the light got brighter.

There was an explosion of light that filled the forest of eternal night and shook the trees and undergrowth along with an echo that could be heard throughout the upside-down.

Castiel closed his eyes and sent the much needed message.

Michael Wheeler has been saved.

Eleven's eyes slowly opened, her body felt like it was on fire and it might as well have been because of all that pain that she was going through, she lifted herself off of the floor not knowing where she was for the moment until that moment of realization where panic shot her adrenaline into overdrive. Until she felt a blade press against her neck.

“Ah ah ah ah” Omega taunted childishly “We dont need there to be any unfortunate accidents now do we?” Omega hissed into her ear, she was pissed, her head was throbbing and blood trickled from her nose and mouth.

“What are you waiting for?” El bit back “End it”

“Your lucky that I have orders not to... for now” Omega said bitterly.

El breathed a small sigh of relief, she didn't want to die but if she was going to she didn't want it to be drawn out, as far as she knew Mike was still trapped and she did not have the energy to open a gate and get him out. It nearly drove her to tears but it was suppressed by the bubbling rage in the pit of her stomach.

“Glad to see your awake Eleven”

That voice always filled her with dread. On the walkway above her was Brenner. And spread out along the balcony were roughly ten guards all armed with Mp5 submachine guns and CAR-15's. It was the men personally loyal to him and follow any order to the death.

“You're just in time to see the show, enjoy” Brenner said smugly. He always knew something that she didn't and it made her blood run cold.

Her head turned and in the other end of the hanger came the sound of shuffling feet. El dared to hope, hoping against all odds that the person she could hear was him but her eyes shifted from the doorway, to the guards and back to the doorway and she felt tremendous fear... she knew what was about to happen...

Mike Wheeler stumbled through the door. Eleven gasped in shock at the site of the bloodied and war torn Mike. His clothes were in rags on his body, the first blade was held loftly as Mike clung to what remained of his strength and will to live.

“Remarkable, absolutely remarkable” Brenner muttered in fascination

“How is it a boy like you comes across the most awe inspiring piece of ancient magic and defies all odds to make it back here. You truly are a marvel, Mr Wheeler. Truly.” he paused “i can see why Eleven cares for you so much as much as it sickens me.”

“But unfortunately for you, this time, it really is the end” Brenner said cryptically.

“NOOOO!” Eleven found herself elbowing Omega in the stomach, it was enough to escape the grasp of the girl but still she was still too weak and too hurt to do much as Omega quickly recovered, Omega spun kicked out at Eleven's knee causing her to yell in agony as the bone was nearly dislocated.

Omega finished it with a kick to Eleven's face, there was an audible crack as the force of her kick broke her nose and sent El tumbling to the floor mere metres from Mike. It all happened so fast.

“Eleven!” Mike yelled furiously and Mike raised the blade ready to launch it at the source of his rage.

“Kill Him” Brenner ordered coldly.

Eleven's face weakly lifted off the floor to see her world be torn irrevocably in two as the sound of Gunfire filled the hanger and Mike's body violently fell backwards, the blade never leaving his hand.

Bullet after bullet riddled his body, streak of blood imploded from his

body and Mike screamed, it was a sound that would haunt her for the rest of her life, as she was not able to stop this, she wanted to turn and look away, unable to bear the pain of watching this but found she couldn't.

Omega's laughter could be heard behind her and she felt cold vengeance fill her. It was at that moment she swore she would be the one to kill her, even if it cost her her life.

Mike's bullet riddled body slammed into the floor mere metres from her.

The guards guns clicked empty as the last of the shell casings clattered to the floor, smoke still pouring from within.

Eleven couldn't stop the sobs that racked her body.

“El..ele..eleven...”

El looked up, Mike was reaching for her, hand outstretched towards her one final time. She found herself crawling forwards trying to reach for him, if she could only get to him.... she stretched forth her hand towards his.

“El....” his mouth gargled blood, the Mark glowed red on his arm, not letting him die.

“I...lo....” their fingers were so close now, so very close.

Their fingers brushed gently... before Mikes hand fell limply to the floor, the Mark ceased to glow and Mike eyes slowly closed, submitting to deaths call, the last of the light leaving him.

“Mike...no...no..no..no” El sobbed pathetically not caring that everyone she hated was watching her grieve for him.

“Take her away” Brenner ordered looking towards Omega.

Omega nodded and pulled Eleven away who fought back even though it was futile, desperate to remain by his side. Omega dragged Eleven back.

“Mike!”

But as Eleven was being dragged away, Brenner looked towards Mike and his cold smile of victory vanished as there on Mike's arm it glowed. The Mark of Cain glowed and burned bright and the words of the future echoed around the hanger.

“It's not death, it's life, a new kind of life, Open your eyes. See what I see, feel what I feel, lets go take a howl at that moon”

As the words died down and everyone stood still and waited with baited breath. And finally Brenner felt the fear that Crowley had warned we should have had when dealing with the Mark.

Mike's eyes snapped open.

They were Black.

And through the death of the innocent.

A Knight is born.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) I finally found the inspiration and motivation to get this story on the road again, especially after the final season 3 trailer! Lol but this chapter was a hard one to write but either way it done now! Enjoy!

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!

### **13. The Rise of the Knight**

Brenner was rendered in a state of disbelief as the boy who he had his men brutally riddle with bullets open his eyes, his hand gripped the railing tightly and he looked to the disbelieving eyes of his company, their guns lowered in combination of shock and awe.

El couldn't help but show a tearful smile as Mike lifted himself from the ground onto his feet. He looked down at his body where bullet holes littered what was left of the clothing that he was wearing he took in a deep breath and let out a loud sigh.

El's smile faltered when she saw Mike eyes, pure black without depth or warmth.

“Mike?” Eleven whispered to him tearfully, hoping, begging.

“Mike?” he repeated, it was almost a confused reply until Mike's face contorted into a twisted smile. “Mike? He's gone i'm afraid, lost in the void, we are in the shell now”

“Mike...” El begged

“We run the show now” He hissed.

Then he was gone.

Then a voice sounded from above.

“Well, Hello there”

El looked up to see Mike in the walkways above. She clasped her hand over her mouth in horror as Mike, if that was even who he was anymore, thrust the first blade into the man's stomach. His eyes closed in satisfaction as withdrew the blade. One could describe it as ecstasy filled pleasure. The nameless soldier clattered the ground, the light gone from his eyes.

“Fun, fun fun!” he shouted gleefully as his eyes flicked open to the merciless black orbs that now extinguished the trace remains of whatever light might have remained.

There was absolute chaos as Mike or the thing that was now inside him started to tear apart Brenner's men who now looked frail and fearful then composed and disciplined as they were mere moments ago. He flung the first of his victims from the walkway, his body hit the floor with a horrible splat, his empty eyes staring straight at El as blood pooled around his broken body, it still twitched before laying still.

“Kill both of them!” Brenner shouted in a panic as he realized he was no longer in control of the situation. Mike watched as Brenner stumbled backwards away from him and through the door that led deeper into the complex and networks of labs that burrowed in to the depths of the Earth.



Omega abandoned all precedent and shoved El away from her intent on killing this new threat

The two furthest from Mike immediately swivelled their weapons down into the hanger below to aim at a defenceless Eleven.

The Demon's eyes glittered dangerously, closing the distance between him and the two men, vanishing there and appearing before them.

“No” he growled dangerously. “She is mine.” He clenched his fist and the two men felt their skulls crack and their skin spilt. Within mere seconds their brain matter had been spread across the room.

Omega's eyes glittered darkly as even she could not help but admire the handiwork that this boy was dishing out, in fact it made her squirm with anticipation whether it was the fight to come or something else entirely she could not tell the difference at this point.

“El....”

Eleven spun round to see Hopper had managed to break free of his bonds and had made his way to her, dried blood littered his face but he was very much alive.

“Dad!” she exclaimed, some semblance of happiness could now be felt from her as she made her way to her adoptive father. Although she couldn't stop and take one last forlorn look in Mike's direction as he finished with the last of the bodies.

Only herself, Omega, Hopper and Mike were alive in the room at this point.

And between her and Mike stood Omega, power radiated off of her waiting for something of a challenge.

“Move” Mike said simply, his black eyes had returned to human. Although the Demon was still there. But Mike was the Demon and the Demon was Mike, his soul had finally been twisted in a Demon's as were the Mark's purpose in keeping his hose alive by any means necessary.

Omega cocked her head, a smile crept along the corners of her lips.

“Or What” the challenge of her words lingered in the air.

Mike stared down at this thing before him before letting out a dark chuckle.

“I cant be bothered to trade words with a disgusting, vile perversion of life”

Mike suddenly appeared in front of Omega, surprising even her, Mike drew back the first blade impossibly fast and thrust it forward, aiming to gut her. Omega pushed forwards with her power, barely pushing him backwards. Creating vital space as the blade hit only

empty space.

Omega focused her energies and focused on a gloved hand. Her own short sword made of pure red energy materialized within her grasp, angry sparks struck the air around them. Mike pointed the First Blade towards her, still covered in the blood of the not so innocent for one of the first times in the weapons very long existence.

Omega readied her own stance before Mike charged forwards allowing the two weapons to clash intensely. As the two titanic forces of destruction fought. El and Hopper could only watch on as Mike let his fist fly into Omega's nose

Both Castiel and Crowley stood outside the entrance in the hangers, feeling the forces darkness fight a battle that could end up with Earth shattering ramifications.

Castiel as an Angel could feel the darkness surrounding the two, as a being of Light and Grace. It almost physically hurt him to feel the battle raging on inside amidst an over washing feeling of helplessness and sorrow.

He strode forward, catching the gaze of his Demon companion.

“Whoa where do you think your going feathers” Crowley demanded

“I cannot sit idly by as this happens, I did so once and I always wondered if it was the right decision, I know my answer. I'm not letting this continue” Cass all but growled before striding into the dark as Crowley stared almost horrified before rushing to catch up to the Seraph.

Mike growled as Omega's blade had nicked his hand a little bit, it hurt more than he cared to admit. Both

“Bitch” he seethed. As he stood up something occurred to him, something he could use that was as natural to all Demons like breathing is to Humans.

He opened his mouth wide and allowed his demonic essence to roar and rush from his vessel which collapsed as there was nothing left in the body but an empty shell. Omega narrowed his eyes, worried as even this was something she had never seen before.

The Demon smoke was like that of a squirming serpent. It changed direction instantly and was on her in an instant coiling itself around her. Never knowing how to face such a thing she started to panic and swiped at the smoke with her weapon but it was of no use. The Demon Smoke lifted her into the air before tossing her across the hanger and into the handrails of the walkway above them.

Omega groaned in pain as his body hit the floor, for the first time in a long time she was scared of being defeated. But she could do nothing but watch, her body battered and bruised with blood pouring from her nose, as the Demon Smoke rushed towards her. Omega weakly lifted her hand to try and prevent the smoke from reaching but it did

no such good.

Her jaw was forcibly widened as the Smoke poured itself down her gullet.

Her eyes became a mixture of an Orange glow with pure black irises as the demon within began to take control.

Omega screeched as the fight for dominance in one body was too much for either entity. Red energy sparked from various points on her body, lashing out into the surroundings. There was explosions of dust and rock that showered the last of the living occupants in the hanger.

With a final scream her jaw widened once more and as quick as it came the Demon smoke fled the meat suit that it tried to possess. The Smoke was tinged with red from the energy that had been within Omega, it stuttered in the air before it found its way back to his original body. The empty shell of Mike Wheeler had its jaw forced open as its former occupant raced back into its confines.

His eyes snapped open as he rose to his feet, his soulless eyes looked at Omega in disgust which was a Ironic for a Demon.

“You are tainted” he all but spat at her.

Omega merely smirked in response and she raised her blade as Mike rose his blade high ready to strike.

Both suddenly flew back from the other in opposite directions. Both of them turned to regard the new player that entered into the madness of the skirmish.

Castiel strode though the Hanger. His Irises were shining a golden blue. The lights above them sparked and exploded as the Angel's presence overwhelmed them with ambient energy. As he reached the centre of the room his body shone that bit brighter as he let the broken and featherless remains of his wings come into existence as shadows.

Omega's eyes widened at the Angelic display of power and slipped throughout a side door unnoticed as even she at this point for the first time feared for her life. She reassured herself with the fact she would kill Eleven another time.

“Angel” Mike hissed, his eyes turning black.

The power of Castiel's grace simmered down, his eyes returned to their natural hue and his wings vanished.

“Unless you wish to die, I suggest you run, Demon” Castiel growled, with a slight flick of the wrist his Angel Blade had materialized and dropped from his sleeve and into his waiting hand. Mike eyed the Celestial steel with curiosity and tempered caution, As a newborn Demon he did not know what could harm him or what couldn't.

Retaining his intelligence from when he was human he figured that

the angelic weapon would at least harm something like him.

He looked towards Eleven, who looked back at him with a mixture of begging and feeling. And even now he could feel something, something drawing him to her like an invisible rope that tethered them together. He pointed the blade towards her.

“This isn't over” He growled before vanishing leaving a horrible silence in his wake.

The dam finally broke and El let out a pitiful and choked sob that engulfed her, her body shook uncontrollably lamenting on all that she had lost in the space of a few hours. Hopper held her close but it did little to give her comfort.

Castiel watched on mournfully, feeling like he had failed all over again. Like he had with everything else. Finding God, the Apocalypse, the Civil War that decimated Heaven and the near genocide he had inflicted upon his own kind. The Release of the ever hungry Leviathans, failing to protect the words of God, The Angels falling to Earth, wingless and angry, the second Angelic civil war on Earth and finally Dean taking on the Mark of Cain who became a Demon.

Crowley watched from the shadows, the book he had been carrying was now gone, in place for the events to come. He too watched on, he bowed his head, ever since his brush with Humanity he could feel again and he could feel this. All too well.

Hopper screwed his eyes shut as he held his adoptive daughter to him. Willing the pain and the hurt to go away but it never did.

But right here and now, amongst the Angel and the Demon. El Hopper wept for the person she loved more than life itself. The first thing she had loved outside the lab, there were never any strings attached, not with him and there was never any doubt that he had felt the same, no complications, feelings that had not been tainted by the passage of time or corrupted by the toxicity of the world around them.

Little did she know it would be the key to his salvation. All the pain and all the love they had shared together would break the evil that existed long before humanity was even a thought in the mind of God.

But right now her broken heart was enough to shatter the world.

He was gone.

In the gloom of the abandoned lab, a light flickered here and there, struggling to stay lit, one swung freely from the ceiling as something had nearly brutally ripped it from its perch. The floor was soaked with a water like substance.

And there in the middle of this birthplace of abominations sat an empty tank. Glass strewn about the place like dead bodies which served as an indicator of the things yet to come.

There were some creatures that even terrified the worst of monsters.



The union of Human and Monster was enough to terrify them all.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) Hello there! Its kind of redundant to apologise for the long update time at this point, as this story goes on I have great ideas but im having trouble in writing them on the page, its kind of demoralizing in all honesty. But I want to get this story done to the best of my ability for you guys.

As Always guys review! And until next time, peace!

## 14. Project Ascension

6 MONTHS LATER.

JULY 1985.

Department of Energy, Texas Branch. Ten miles from the outskirts of Austin.

The Demon's eyes returned to their normal colour as the body fell from the tip of the blade, harshly hitting the floor, he looked down at it in disgust. He had begged for his life, that he had a family. Everyone had kept telling him that as he let the blade glide across their skin, part of him hoping he would get the answers that he sought and partly hoping they would deny him that knowledge in hopes that he could simply continue in what he was doing. Feasting on the fear, on the pain and the misery.

In the silence that seemed to do nothing but reverberate throughout the room the Knight looked at the carnage that he had lain to waste upon this lab, easily tearing through its defences, cutting down those who stood in his path. It wasn't just the need to kill that drove him here. It was something else that was against a Demon's nature.

Fire engulfed the lab as he walked through the slaughter. Guards laid strewn about, their weapons empty and discarded. Not like they were of any use anyway against something like him. He simply had strode into the Lab, whipping the first blade from his belt and instantly letting it swing through the air, cutting through a man's neck. Using his momentum he allowed it to sink into the belly of the other, within seconds two guards fell to the floor, the life left their eyes.

Reapers, both invisible to him and everyone else, trailed behind him like dogs knowing that a bearer of the Mark of Cain was unleashed upon the world where a string of bodies and souls in the veil would be left behind. The Reapers eagerly taking their charges to their final destinations with a surprising amount of them going up rather than down although was a few fair who deserved the trip downstairs but the reapers would remain stoic and unbiased, taking them to where they would reside for the rest of time.

Death, the horsemen, watched from afar. His eyes filled with dis compassion for what he was seeing. He was so old, so very old that both himself and God could no longer remember who was older, regardless at the end of all things he would be the one to reap even God himself.

“...Life, death; chicken, egg... Regardless of the end, I'll reap him, too.” Death would one day say.

“God, You'll reap God?” One Dean Winchester would ask whom was completely thrown for a loop

“Oh, Yes. God will die too, Dean” Death replied.

It was from that moment that the only being in his life that Dean Winchester would ever truly fear was Death himself, possessing both respect and fear for the greatest of the Horsemen. The one being who had power over God in some form.

Mike found himself in the operations centre, a large hexagonal room overlooking the main rooms of the complex where it could oversee numerous activities simultaneously in real time, In some ways it was more advanced than the Hawkins Lab and in some other ways it wasn't.

Mike ripped open one of the numerous drawers before rifling through its contents, eyes scanning quickly before tossing it aside and then going for the next one. He searched through the next one, before finding what he was looking for. A single folder a title that brought confusing thoughts and feelings to the Demon's mind.

The folder was titled – Project 011.

He hesitated, his finger lingering on the edge of the cover, it was a pretty thick folder, roughly sixty pages thick, he opened it and scanned the contents quickly most of the information relating to her power he already knew but what it detailed the most was the experiments that they had made her be a part of.

Somewhere in the back of the Demon's black eyes, some essence of Humanity still lay there. Lingering, festering and ever so alive. Most



either side of the doors was an unlit light that were at this moment currently dimmed.

Omega stood several feet away looking out the window, her face concealed behind the mask that she herself had requested be made, her dark blood red irises stared out of the window at the city that seemed to go forever and all the way to the horizon.

She gazed at the sun soaked city, as it bathed in the light of dusk. It was a place she would never get a chance to live, a world she would never touch and even in the darkest recess of her mind she mourned for that but it was shadow of a thought, nothing more, nothing less.

She huffed “Why are we here father” Omega asked, her eyes never wavering from the city that had caught her interest.

Brenner looked over.

“We are here because the board has called us here for an evaluation” Brenner said, making no effort to mask his annoyance.

“We shouldn't have to answer to them” She seethed turning away from the city. “They know nothing, they are nothing”

“Unfortunately for us to continue our work it is necessary” Both father and daughter locked gazes for a second before Omega turned her back, Her amber eyes looking at the double doors. She glowered at the men that were most likely sitting behind them.

“I can't believe our fates are in the hands of these lesser things, they don't know power, they can't split the atom with the sheer power of thought or cause the total organ failure through willpower alone...” Omega rattled off from her tangent as red energy began to spark between her fingers.

Brenner frowned and placed a comforting hand on her shoulder.

“No, they don't know true power. But sometimes we have to work with lesser beings for the sake of progress and so that those with that true power can exert it over those who thought they were in control. Patience Omega. Your time will come, my time will come and when it does they will realise the futility of all of this”

The lights on the either side of the door finally lit up green, signalling them to finally enter.

“Yes Father” She said as he led them to and through the doors into the chamber beyond.

She looked into the chamber as Brenner opened the doors, the board sat at podiums or tables that were raised off of the floor to give a sense of dominance and power so they could look down on those who had been summoned. It was meant to make people feel small, Brenner, who had been here many time was not fazed by it, the board did not scare him.

She betrayed her true feelings momentarily showing themselves in a scowl, she noticed that the men were mostly in their late fifties and seemed frail and weak in comparison to her father, who stood tall, proud and strong.

These men, these lesser men were not fit to command and judge the likes of them who were better than them.

The seven men hushed up as Brenner and Omega had reached the centre of the floor. Omega noticed with satisfaction that one of them looked upon her with masked her fear, it was always her eyes that seemed to burn fear into minds of the weak willed.

The oldest of the seven cleared his throat and made to speak.

“Excellent, now that we are all here we can now call this meeting to order, we have much to discuss” He began. “Let us begin with your most recent report which quite frankly we of the board find hard to believe”

Brenner Frowned. He felt insulted.

“You think I would lie?” He asked looking up at the board.

The middle man shifted uncomfortably

“Under normal circumstances no but your reports seem a bit fanciful even for what the department knows of what is out there”

“So basically you think I lie, I can assure director that is far from the

truth, everything I have stated in my report and review of our projects is to the best of knowledge accurate and correct”

There was murmuring among the other members of the board at the declaration.

“You claim that the Hawkins Branch of the Department has been rendered defunct by a boy you claim turned into a demonic entity of unknown power. We have given you resources and facilities and the best staff the Government had to offer”

Brenner cut him off “You are correct Director Falk but there are events that are occurring outside of our control, I received word mere days ago that our Austin facility had its self-destruct sequence activated along with our Salt lake city and Los Alamos branches as well, I had Omega see to this problem personally using her Psychometric abilities to determine cause”

“And?” Director Falk pushed. The other member of the board watched Brenner intently.

“And we have determined that the course of these events are due to the demonic entity stated in the report” Brenner was beginning to lose his patience now with the bureaucracy.

Director Falk pushed his glasses back up to skim read the report for the entry on the demonic entity and the notes that Brenner provided of it.

Falk grimaced as he read it, it sounded like something someone would conjure up and find themselves in the loony bin within a month of spouting such things but Falk had known Brenner since the days of MKUltra and knew that the man was one of truth and that he brutally effective.

“As you can read I have stated that Project Ascension is ready and able to deal with this problem”

He looked down again to the notes “Yes I can see that” His tone was neutral, not betraying whatever his true feelings were although Brenner could take a guess.

Omega watched from behind her father, her eyes glittered in the dimness of the room

“And the Eleventh Hour Project, what of that?” Director Falk asked peering down at Brenner “out of all the Projects currently that showed the most promise”

Behind Brenner Omega's eyes bore in the man above them. Her fingers glowed in silent fury.

“We have had to move it to secondary consideration at this time, with 011 still MIA, those that are left are without their leader and at this point I would consider her a failure, she has been compromised by American Civilians. Omega here is proving to be better suited far more than we originally anticipated”

Director Falk looked up from his notes to the Amber eyed girl that hadn't said a word since they had entered the room. Director Falk was not a fan of having children involved in these affairs of state, Espionage and warfare. But he knew it was a reluctant evil, everyone in this room knew what the Russians had been up to with Project ARKANGEL. Still, he had his reservations about everything.

“Project OMEGA” Director Falk said with firmness “Dr. Brenner, you have to know that sending a child into an operation was not only reckless but plain stupid. You broke every rule in the book, broke several articles of the Geneva Convention and risked all out war with Russia.

Brenner glared at Director Falk. “ I did what needed to be done, you knew what they were doing, did you really want them to have access to weapons of that nature?”

There was a heavy pause in the room.

“No” Falk said finally “And I am beginning to wonder whether we should either”

Brenner tightened his lips.

“Meaning?” Brenner asked



“Meaning I'm considering whether continuing to fund your research, You submitted a request for the Department to have access to a Particle Accelerator, Why?”

Brenner huffed hoping that his request would be granted simply because of his prestige and the fact that he always was able to bring beneficial results, even the failure of MKUltra was proof of this, being able to bring in results through failure, fuelling the potential for success down the road.

Brenner finally huffed see that he no hands left to play apart from the truth.

“We have finally discovered the true Nature of EDR-1, the place that 011 had opened a gateway too. As theorized I said that the place was a mirror dimension, a Parallel Universe down to the man made buildings there. We have managed to prove with absolute certainty that EDR-1 is entirely made up of Anti-Matter”

There was collective silence among the board of Directors, who like Brenner, were experts in several fields of Science.

“That can't be possible” One of the others said standing up “Anti-matter is unable to come into contact with Ordinary matter without mutual annihilation of both! Yet your reports state that numerous individuals have been in this place and come out alive and kicking! ”

Brenner turned to regard him.

“You are correct Director Cole, we are unsure as to why this is an exception, but there is so much we don't know, more specifically EDR-1 may operate under a totally different set of universal laws, we observed that EDR-1 does conform to our understanding of those laws but that may differ due to that whole reality being up of Anti-Matter”

“I don't believe this” Director Cole muttered as he sat back down.

“I see that you do not believe me, very well” Brenner said turning on his heel. “Omega, come here” he called to her, reaching towards her.

She obediently moved to her father until she was standing in front of

him. He placed his hands on her shoulders”

“I intended Omega to be 011's successor due to her compromisation, but there is something you must be all wondering about her eyes, why they persistently glow a blood red amber. It is because we were able to splice an Anti-Matter element into her DNA”

There was a sudden uproar from everyone apart from Director Falk, who closed his eyes in resignation. At that very moment there was no comparison between Brenner and Dr Frankenstein, Omega and Frankenstein's monster. It was an abomination, a perversion of life, messing with forces that they didn't understand.

“Enough! This council will come to order!” Director Falk shouted slamming his fists down.

There was sudden silence followed by muttering as the other members retook their seats.

“Dr. Brenner explain”

“Ever since the portal opened we were able to gain access to the Anti-Matter equivalent of a synthetic chemical Element with the atomic number 115.

“Moscovium?”

“This is correct, it is Ironic. We had substantial amounts of that we used in experiments, two of them were Project Ascension and Project Omega, they were the most successful candidates, the others... well lets just say they slowly disintegrated into nothingness.”

More murmuring echoed around the hall.

“Unfortunately, 011 closed the gate which was our main source of Element 115 and ever since we have had to make what reserves last a long time.

Director Falk was beginning to look horrified as something was beginning to dawn on him.

“You want to use the Particle Accelerator to synthesize more of the

Element” At this point it was not a question, it was a statement.

“Yes”

“You're Insane” Director Cole said. He was horrified at the prospect of it “You are completely insane, placing an Anti-Matter particle into an Accelerator would rip the entire planet apart!”

“I agree with Director Cole” Director Falk said without hesitation “the potential for planet-wide destruction is too great.

Brenner huffed in frustration

“You don't understand the implications of what we could use it for!” Brenner shouted “Human enhancement, new weapons, unlimited energy, with 115 we could finally make Fusion reactors a thing of reality and not just something people dream up in comics”

Director Falk shook his head

“At the behest of this council and its affiliates I see no choice but to deny this request and begin the process of decommissioning the labs under your control and placing all associated blueprints and assets into storage”

“Wait What?” Brenner was thrown for a loop by the sudden turn of events.

“We're shutting you down Brenner, God knows that its for the sake of the Planet at this point” Director Falk said shuffling the papers in front of him.

“You can't do this... I devoted the majority of my life to this Research, I have done so much and more that you can't possibly comprehend!” Brenner was on the verge of screaming out his vocal cords.

But the anger upon his face turned into a maniacal smile. “Director, I never did supply you with much information on Project Ascension did I?”

“No, you did not”

The lights started to spark and flicker erratically making the board look up in confusion.

“That's okay, I wouldn't mind introducing you” Brenner said happily. His fate was now sealed.

“Brenner what are you doing” Director Falk, asked uneasily as the lights still flickered and pulsed.

“Oh you think this is me, I assure you it's not, it's not even Omega, I would like you to meet Project Ascension”

There was a low hum like growl that emanated behind Director Falk who looked behind him in soul crushing fear. Towering over him stood a twelve foot Demogorgan. Standing two feet higher than most members of its species. It bore down on him.

Its skin glowed red in patches, the energy of 115 pulsed inside the monster. Drool dripped from its flower like mandibles, on the back of its head was a metal inhibitor that had been grafted into it's flesh and deep into the organ that counted as a Brain.

“Kill them all...” Brenner commanded. His tone was neutral as was the expression on his face.

“No... oh god no, Brenner... Brenner!” Director began to shout as the Mutated Demogorgan began to plod towards him with a single purpose.

“You had your chance Falk.” Brenner said.

The Demogorgan unveiled its face, showing rows upon rows of shark like teeth to the man. Falk had seen enough and tried to turn away and run before the monster pounced, latching onto Falk's head. Falk screamed in terrible agony as the mutation began to rock its head from side to side with immeasurable strength. Soon enough skin and flesh began to tear as the monster ripped his head off and flung it to the other side of the room.

It screeched and opened up its arms before leaping from one side of the room to the other. Hissing at the terrified men.

Brenner steered his daughter around as they began to walk out of the

same double oak doors that they had entered from.

“Come Daughter, we have important work to do”

“Yes Father” Omega obeyed.

And as the doors closed the screams and cries of the soon to be dead men grew more desperate and anguished.

Brenner and Omega never looked back.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) What's up people, not much to say on this one to be honest, but I have a plan in place for what's left of this story, its ambitious for me, I look forward to writing it in the coming months. Hopefully will have the story finished by early 2020 lol

As Always Guys, review! And until the next time, Peace!

## **15. For Love Had Destroyed Them**

**DEPARTMENT OF ENERGY. PHOENIX, ARIZONA.**

“WHERE IS HE?!” Mike roared, his voice had pitched lower as the essence of the demon passed through his vocal chords.

The man struggling in his grasp whimpered, his legs shook as he unsuccessfully tried to wiggle free from the demon's impossibly strong grip. Mike's eyes had darkened into black orbs where no humanity could be found, only inhuman fury caused by an emotion that some believed that only humans could feel.

“I don't know... please... I don't” The Scientist gasped out clawing at Mike's arm that was holding him aloft.

Mike pressed the tip of the first blade against the man's stomach. Slowly he began to inch his way in as the man screamed in sheer, unrelenting agony.

“Lies. This base has been evacuating for the last several days. You knew I was coming. Now, little man, Tell me where is he or every little lie will cost you an inch of bowel. Now let me ask again. WHERE IS BRENNER!” Mike fought hard to reign his temper in as the Mark flared up on his arm feeding him with bloodlust and the will to kill.

"I don't know!" The Scientist cried. "Please I don't, we don't know where he is, none of us do. Have mercy!" He pleaded.

"There is no mercy" The Demon simply replied

The Demon boy began to slowly plunge the jawbone into the man's lower bowel, piercing flesh, muscle and organ, the unnamed scientist flailed helplessly as the blade caused so much excruciating, searing and mind shattering pain. His breath escaped him in a silent scream.

"Hey you! Stop!" A voice shouted.

Mike turned his head to see two of guards running towards Mike, Mike turned instantly from the Scientist who cried with relief as the ancient weapon was withdrawn from his abdomen but cried out again as Mike flung him to the side making his legs give out as he slid to the floor. He could only silently beg for the guards to save him.

The first guard stopped in his tracks, crouched steadily and brought his MP5 Submachine Gun up to bear letting off several bursts with the weapon. Mike has already drawn his arm back and launched the first blade forward, only four rounds were able to escape the chamber of the weapon before the blade plunged into the man's neck. Killing him instantly. His body hit the ground as did the bullet casings clattering around him.

The Second guard was not so fortunate, panic began to seep in and

instead of short controlled bursts and unleashed his weapon in automatic fire. Mike had stepped towards the guard, unflinching as the bullets tore at his flesh. The guard stood in terrified silence as the weapon clicked empty.

The Demon said nothing as the two starred each other down, the guard instantly went to his pouch to place a fresh mag into his gun, letting the empty one fall to the floor but in that same instant the Demon had lifted his arm slightly and snapped his fingers. The second guard exploded in a shower of blood, bone and brain spraying the walls with what was left.

The scientist let out a horrified and shocked yelp, Mike smiled in satisfaction as he turned to him again and grinned manically, his black eyes glittering dangerously before they turned to normal again.

“Now. Let's try this again” The Demon Boy uttered.

The rightfully petrified man scrambled with what strength he had left to try and crawl away from him. But he was not about to let his prey escape him so easily. The Demon reached out with his power and held the man in place.

“I have a better idea, you'd best pray to whatever God you believe in that you haven't lied to me” Mike growled before he opened his jaw widely. Black smoke rushed forth from the inner depths of his body and into the air. Mike's empty shell now collapsed on top of himself.

The demon smoke rushed towards the Scientist who simply could not resist as his jaw was forced open and the smoke poured itself inside



him.

The Demon had full access to the mind of the host, all his thoughts, feeling and memories which Mike skimmed through like the pages of a book, already knowing what he was looking for, his demonic essence was able to bend the perception of time as he was able to watch hours worth of memories in just a couple of seconds but there was one that caught his eye and wasn't about Brenner's whereabouts.

*Dr Brenner stood and watched as an sedated Eleven was placed upon a table, he waved silently to the orderlies who quickly hooked up electrodes to her temples, the man, who Mike had learned his name to be Simon was the one helping to hook her up to the machine that lay at the foot of her bed.*

*Mike watched silently as events were beginning to unfold.*

*Dr Brenner lifted up a folder which contained a picture of Eleven along with any associated notes that were needed. One hand held the folder as Brenner pushed the record button on a nearby tape recorder that sat in front of him*

*“Subject 011, aged Ten, is about to go under experimental procedure 66-57/D, Behaviour Modification. Human trials are due to commence momentarily.*

*This was two years before he met her. And Mike's blood boiled in anger. But his eyes glittered towards Simon who stood at the foot of her bed ready for Brenner's command but Mike's anger turned to fury as he could feel the man's emotions due to it being his memories.*

*Anticipation, Joy, excitement.*

*“You may proceed” Brenner said with a nod.*

*Simon instantly turned up the Dial on the ECT machine although it had been slightly modified for its new nefarious purpose.*

*The response was immediate*

*Eleven bolted upright screaming, Mike jumped slightly at the noise , her scream tore through him like a knife. It sounded like she was in pure anguish, the electricity laced her body paralysing in place expect for her mouth where her screams become more and more stretched until it felt like her vocal cords were going to bleed.*

*Brenner watched unfazed as the poor girl was screaming to the high heavens before he looked at Simon, signalling to cease the flow of electricity.*

*“Subject 011 seems to be unresponsive to the behaviour modification trials on lower dosage. Proceeding with an increased power setting”*

*Brenner nodded. And Simon with a disgusting amount of glee and pleasure turned the dial to the next power setting, Mike had seen enough but the anger boiled beneath as he rose to surface of the man's mind, bursting forth from the consciousness of mortal man.*

Black Smoke forced it's way from Simon's gullet and into the world at large, the demonic smoke rushed and slithered in the air like a Snake before finding his vessel. The black smoke rushed through his mouth back down into the depths of his former human form.

The Demon's eyes shot open as he rose to his feet, his eyes black and full of void. The eyes cleared back to normal and they showed nothing but a murderous rage.

All Simon could do was gulp in fear.

“You tortured her!” he said seething through clenched teeth, his fingers flexed as they itched to wrap themselves around his throat and choke the last flicker of life from him with his bare hands. Mike could no longer hold himself back, the man had no information on where Brenner was much less where to even begin to start looking but the man had committed an even worse atrocity that resonated within the core the Demon's twisted soul.

Mike lifted him up by the collar of his shirt, Mike inhaled the fear he could now feel and he savoured in it, wanting to just prolong the finale of the man's life. He lifted and outstretched his arm, the first blade launched itself into his hand. Mike almost moaned in delight as he felt its familiar power course through him.

“Let him go” A voice said, firm and fierce.

Mike sighed in frustration and turned his head to face this newcomer.

There stood a boy of about fourteen dressed in a hospital gown, an exact copy of the one in the man's memories of Eleven and there on his inner forearm was the tattoo 009.

“So... what can you do” Mike asked genuinely curious but his patience was beginning to wane.

The boy 009 lifted his arms but only then did Mike notice that the boy's fingers were glowing a magma red. Molten fire drizzled from his fingertips, the little humanity that Mike still had inside of him felt an echo of empathy mostly because of the fact this boy was almost like an echo of the girl that he was in love with, Demon or not.

“You have one chance, get in my way and I will kill you, that is your only warning” Mike snarled as his eyes turned black “You will not stop me from killing this pestilence, slowly, painfully with every ounce of pleasure I am able to muster because of what he's done to her” Mike finished casting his gaze back and forth from Simon to 009.

009 spread his fingertips and the surrounding fires began to solidify slightly before being sucked into his fingers, even the surrounding temperature seemed to drop as 009 sucked every ounce of Thermal energy into his fingers.

He was about to send forth the fire within him when he Noticed Mike was no longer in front of him he span round only to feel the jagged Blade that Mike carried pierce his flesh and sink deep within his abdomen, he gasped unable to scream as the little air that he had left his lungs, Mike pushed the blade in deeper before twisting it. Mike gently cupped his hand on the back of his head and slowly lowered him to the ground.



Senior Dominion Dalton kneeled on one knee, placing his palm flat on the floor as he did so and bowed his head in respect towards those only known as The Powers. The Ruling caste of the Knight Templars, Dalton had no idea whether or not if there was anyone else above them, Dalton highly doubted it, their names were barely known and they were only known to the Dominions.

There was seven known Powers in total, Dalton assumed it was because seven was considered to be a number of God, as he knelt there he let the loose thoughts come to a quick close, this was not the time to let his mind wander freely. A summons from the Council was usually for a matter of high importance.

“Rise, Dominion Dalton” The Powers said in unison. He rose to his feet, keeping his legs clasped together.

The Powers were heavily cloaked in heavy garments covering them from head to toe and their hood's covered their face, veiling their eyes in shadow, except for their mouths which were clearly seen. They stood in a semi-circle perched several feet above the centre stone in the middle of the room. Behind them sat a chest with runes that would only be recognised as Enochian, the language of Angelic beings. Runes that were constantly glowing with white blue energy.

This was where the Holy Grail supposedly sat, encased within the safest box known to mankind, enough to ward off all evil including the devil himself. Dalton doubted that the real thing sat there and that it were not in some other place, many miles beneath the crust of the Earth.

“There are terrible events transpiring across the world from here, we have felt the ripples of demonic energy, powerful demonic energy,

full of fury and pain spread from an epicentre in the United States of America” The First Power stated to those present.

Dominion Dalton nodded in understanding.

“We have received Revelation on this matter, Enochain chatter has been... sporadic” The Second Power uttered “But to the point” Dominion Dalton turned his head to look at the second power in questioning.

“The Enochain chatter has whispered that a Knight of Hell may be loose on the Earth once more”

Dalton gasped in surprise, The Knights were as legendary as the Archangels themselves, especially to the order of the Knights Templar, having taken down a Rogue Knight or two several decades before and before Dalton's time. They were thought to be extinct.

The First Power spoke up once more “This news is highly disturbing and both we The Powers and the whispers of Enochain seem to concur on this matter. A Knight of Hell is roaming the Earth and causing death and destruction.”

“What would you have your Dominion do?” Dalton replied instantly bowing his head once more

The Powers were silent for a moment.





“Then how do we get the Mark off his arm” Hopper asked folding his arms.

Both Castiel and Crowley of 2015 exchanged a look. Crowley wanted the mark off Dean's arm as much as the rest of them but the solution had proven elusive.

Castiel chose to speak again “Back in our time there was no other apart from Cain himself that possessed the Mark who had managed to reign control over it for over one hundred years, something that was thought be to be impossible, unless Mike had somehow managed to do the same which I doubt then it means that the Mark had been removed from his arm”

“And if we can find out how that happened then we can use it to get rid of the Mark off of someone else's arm in our present” Crowley finished for Castiel.

“This seems a bit much for just the two of us. I'm not getting those other kids involved, in his current state Mike would probably kill them”

“Agreed” Castiel said “Although the current goal is to at least cure Mike of Demonism, it will make finding a permanent solution a lot easier”

“Right because curing someone of being a demon is so easy” Hopper muttered sarcastically

“You would be right, its a fairly long process but its one most could perform with relative ease” Castiel answered back, failing to see the sarcasm, Crowley merely rolled his eyes.

“I'll find him” Eleven said firmly, pushing herself to her feet. “I have to” she said looking at Hopper

“I don't like this...” Hopper began before Castiel interrupted “She's right. Knights of Hell are automatically warded against Angels. I wont be able to find him”

Eleven's eyes moved over towards Hopper “I can do this” she reaffirmed, Hopper sighed in defeat.

“If we fail here we will have to watch Mike murder the world” Castiel interjected.

“Not helping Cas...” Crowley said exasperated, he smiled at Eleven as comfortingly as a demon could “No pressure darling”

El meekly nodded in response as all eyes in the room fell upon her. “I need to be alone to search for him”

“Of course” Castiel uttered at once, both he and Crowley moved to leave the room as did Hopper who pulled her into a one man bear hug before gently kissing her on top of the head before he too left the room.

Soon Eleven was left in the room alone. Completely Alone. The deafening silence only served to remind her of her utter misery and loneliness. She knelt towards the TV, a dial turned here and a dial turned there and before long the static that she needed was there with her in the darkened room, she cast her gaze down to the thin strip of cloth that served as her blindfold.

She ran her thumb over it sadly. It was the same one that she used to visit Mike in the void during their separation of three hundred and fifty three days and the truth was she was scared as to what she would find in the void, scared of not seeing Mike but the monster that had taken over his very soul and turned him into a spawn of Hell.

She took a deep breath to steady herself, she could do this, she needed to do this. She placed the blindfold around her head and fastened it in place.

She closed her eyes and allowed the static of the TV drag her into the icy depths of the Void.

Her eyes opened and she found herself In the place where she called herself Queen. Her void, her nowhere place, her kingdom and her solitude. She looked around for the one she searched for, the one she yearned for in the depths of her soul.

*If I die in this world  
Who will know something of me?  
I am lost, no one knows  
There's no trace of my yearning*

“Mike?” she whispered into the dark, her voice echoed through this empty place even though it was of the faintest of whispers.

Mike stood in the real world, the body of Simon lay before him, his heart ripped savagery from his chest and the testaments of his efficient brutality lay around him. But yet he heard her call from across the void, he would always hear her call. Demon or not. He would always hear it across all creation. Heaven, Hell, Earth, Purgatory and the empty.

***I wear a void  
Not even hope  
A downward slope  
Is all I see***

As he heard her call, his body stiffened in response, her voice was like silk and lured him in like a fish on a hook, he found himself drawn like a moth to a bright flame.

“Mike?” there it was again, calling to him and what was left of his humanity yearned to answer, to reach out. He was desperate to. All this destruction he weaved and wove was for her after all. To find Brenner and be rid of that pestilence once and for all. To rip out his innards and make him suffer tenfold for what he had done to her. But that was a nature of a demon, to turn any good intention into a perverse, twisted reality of itself.

“Eleven...” Mike uttered, his black eyes turned to normal as he called back to her through the void. El stood mere metres away from him, his back was turned to her but he could feel her presence, in fact he

close enough to touch and El desperately wanted to feel him again, to reach out for him.

*I wear a void  
(As long as breath comes from my mouth)  
Not even hope  
(I may yet stand the slightest chance)  
A downward slope  
(A shaft of light is all I need)  
Is all I see  
(To cease the darkness killing me)*

“Come back to me, Mike” She called to him once more. Her voice was laced with desperation and complete sadness. “I know you're still in there Mike”

Mike stiffened again at the sound of her voice, a voice that was suffering. Her voice that was suffering. He couldn't face her and as he felt that feeling of deep affection wash over him, it quelled the Mark if only for a few moments.

His head turned, he could see her in his peripheral vision, for he could not bear to look at her. “Do you not see El?” he questioned “do you not see that I do this for you?” he gestured to the bodies that lay at his feet.

A tear rolled down her cheek as she pushed further with her power where she could the bodies. People that had been torn apart mercilessly by him in her name.

“Mike... I do not want this...why?” she could not help but question.

Anger seeped into his voice “Because Brenner needs to die” He grit out.

“But not at the cost of their lives” She argued back. She had her own brush of revenge when she met Kali and found she could not do it, not possessing the heart or the malice for cold blooded revenge.

“It's no less than they deserve. This one” he gestured to Simon “he tortured you, took sexual pleasure in it, craved it. He was filth and deserved more pain than I could ever bestow upon him” His grip on the first blade tightened as the all familiar rage returned to him.

“Come back to me Mike, let me save you” Another tear escaped as her pain and despair threatened to overwhelm her.

Mike finally turned to face her. She was oh so special to him, he would always feel it but the Mark would never give him peace and his demonic nature would never fade, he would always be a demon of pure rage and hatred.

Mike reached out with his hand and the tips of their fingers brushed oh so gently. It was nearly enough to send her over the edge with grief and desperate longing.

“It's too late for me, El” Mike finally said “I have to see this through to the end, its the only thing that matters, the mark cries out for blood and I will sate it with his” He turned away as the familiar feeling of the need to kill returned to him.

“Do I not matter?” Eleven whispered

“I let my soul become this for you, it will always be for you” Mike said but the rage overtook him and his black eyes returned “But now the hunt begins again” he said ferociously as he stepped further away

“Mike...” she whispered as the tears freely flowed. She was not strong enough to bear this burden and it broke the already shattered pieces of what was left of her heart.

“I love you...” She declared, she felt herself slipping away from the void unable to keep herself there. Mike froze as her declaration echoed through the void, it was first time she ever said it. Even though it killed him to do so he continued to walk until the void was unable to follow.

Eleven collapsed to her knee's and her sobs echoed through the void as the dam burst, she sobbed his name to herself. She ripped the blindfold from her face and launched into the far corner. Her body was wrecked with sobs, the cabin shook as her power burst forth, the lights flickered, the windows shook and cracks could be heard in the wood as the cabin fought to not explode from the pressure.

Hopper, Castiel and Crowley could only stand and listen as the girl sobbed herself to sleep.

And all the way in Arizona, Mike screamed and roared at the dead bodies that surrounded him as he took the first blade and repeatedly

stabbed one of them, mutilating the corpse beyond recognition as the Mark took over and the Demon was as full of hatred as ever but that did not stop the last slither of Mike's humanity letting a single tear fall as he too felt some indescribable loss.

For they both suffered.

For Love Destroyed Them.

Her Emotionally

And He Spiritually.

And both their Souls screamed.



### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) Hello there, im so very sorry for how long this chapter took to come out but I was very ill not so very long ago and im still recovering but most of the chapter was done and I finally got it finished, so I hope you enjoyed. As always, review! And until next time guys, peace!

## 16. The Knights Templar

Black Site Shatter: Project Fusion

Secret Particle Accelerator - Project Fusion

Location: Ohio.

Glass shattered as a body had thrown itself through it, uncaring for the potential damage they could receive but the intended effect was achieved. Shock and Awe tactics were something of her speciality

Omega landed with her palm facing the floor, Red energy sparked from her hand and it exploded outward, red lightning raced across the ground in a expanding circle. The guards were barely able to raise their weapons when the Lightning surged through their bodies, touching every molecule before disintegrating them with a ghastly and haunting scream that seemed to echo and reverberate.

The Perimeter Alarm began to blaze its warning as blue alarm lights span round lighting up the room in flashes of blue.

In Omega's wake followed The twelve foot tall, 115 infused Demogorgan, it screeched as the room filled with guards that seemed to pour from every human sized nook and cranny, levelling Rifles and Sub Machine Guns of every type, calibre and size at the intruders. The Demogorgan thrust its arms behind itself as it screeched before bending over into a quadrupedal stance before bounding forward to the right, Omega swiftly turned to the left as the guards all opened fire at once, time to seemed to slow for Omega as she sent a single bolt of energy straight at the first of the incoming bullets.

The red bolt sparked with the bullet before the red energy branched to every other bullet that was incoming and eviscerated them all before branching out to follow the source of those bullets, the first line of men were flown back, hard, almost none survived the impact of the blast, most of them smacking their heads on the concrete walls, killing them instantly, only one or two survived but it would be their last time any of them would be conscious again

The Demogorgan was as savage and ferocious as ever as it ripped men apart with its claws, claws strong enough to tear into even the strongest of metals and flesh was not metal. Organs spilled out onto the floor as the Demogorgan tore a savage mess of limbs, bone and blood into the crowd.

On one side Omega's kills were quick, efficient and controlled. Causing Maximum damage in the shortest span of time.

However.

The Demogorgan's side was chaotic and the literal definition of a slaughterhouse, its claws had tore through them like butter. Allowing their innards to fall out onto the floor, the Demogorgan wrapped its abnormally long fingers around one head and pulled it off with its sheer strength. It was a gruesome display of evil, carnage and malice.

The Men on that side truly suffered as the Demogorgan knew only how to rip living things apart and being fused with 115 had driven it insane. Which made it more dangerous than ever.

Dr Brenner stepped forward through the double doors into the facility pushing them open without a care in the world, he looked at the carnage and slaughter that he wrought and was not affected by the sight that lay before him. Men armed with M16 Assault rifles poured in behind him.

“Sweep through the facility, there is bound to be more guards inside, slaughter all armed personnel but keep all technicians and specialists unharmed, I want them alive” He added on the end for emphasis.

Brenner smiled and closed his eyes, completely at ease, his plan was coming together, Omega spat out bolts of red lightning at several reinforced doors that had been closed in the ensuing lockdown that had placed on the facility, neither of which was any match for Omega or the Demogorgan, the latter simply charging through the reinforced steel with brutality. The Doors crumpled like paper as the red lightning tore the very atoms apart.

Screams soon echoed down the corridors as they wrought the slaughter that the man of abominations had conjured upon unto





Eleven had done nothing since her conversation with Mike she had withdrawn into herself and did nothing but stare at the wall opposite her. Hopper had been worried but Castiel assured him that she just needed time. Her emotional strength would come back in time.

Whilst physically she was still, it was because she feared to move, for if she moved the pain would be real and she couldn't face it. She had whispered to him for the first time of how she felt, how she think she has always felt. And it was not enough. It was not enough not being him back from the brink.

She was missing the other piece of herself, the piece that she had found that in the rain so many moons ago.

"So that was a bust" Hopper stated to both Crowley and Castiel. "What do we do now?" Hopper asked.

Castiel shifted uncomfortably for a moment "We'll have to trap him and force the cure upon him, it wont be easy as most methods of keeping Demons contained become weaker as the cure is administered.

Castiel looked to Crowley "we're going to need some ingredients to summon him" Crowley sighed exasperated before snapping his fingers and vanishing, presumably to get the stuff needed for the summoning leaving both man and Angel in an awkward silence.

Hopper narrowed his eyes a little as he spoke again "So where have you lot been?" his question came out rougher than intended but his emotions betrayed him a little.

"what do you mean?" Castiel replied but he already new the answer.

"Where were you lot when the world was basically slaughtering each other, when we did the worse things to each other for simple hatred, where were you when loved ones..."Hopper couldn't speak any more as he closed his eyes, holding back. Castiel watched with remorse but was hopeful he could give the man some peace.

Castiel closed his eyes and allowed his grace to reach up to Heaven, his grace resonated with the rest of the host, his past self was also on

Earth but silent for the moment so the older Castiel's grace was not seen as out of place.

"Her Heaven is beautiful" Castiel said as his eyes opened glowing a bright electric blue. "She is reliving a Saturday evening. The sun has not set yet but it bathes the area with an orange glow. The wind is gentle and cooling. You are there chasing her around, pretending to be a tickle monster before picking her up and pretending to gobble her down as you tickle her till she is laughing uncontrollably" His eyes returned to normal.

"It's her most favourite memory, the one she relives the most" Hopper could only nod in return. His eyes had welled up. Castiel smiled sadly, happy to have brought a soul in sorrow a little bit of comfort. It had been their mission after all. Humanity were to be the gardeners and shepherds of the Earth and in return the Angels were to be the guardians, guides and protectors of their Fathers most beloved creation.

"God left" Castiel breaking the silence once again "He left and the Archangels began to scheme. Wanting to bring their apocalypse to this world. I feel like I am the only one who remembers our mission, our true mission. Protect and Guide Humanity, be their shepherds. God commanded us to love you more than we loved him, they will need it more than I he said. I was among the first to bow down before you. The apocalypse comes in the future and I rebelled as the rest of them no longer cared what happened to the Earth or humanity. None of them but I"

Castiel finished casting his eyes down "i have failed again and again trying to do what I thought was right" Castiel smiled even if a bit cynically "maybe we're not so different from Humans afterall" Castiel finished musing to himself.

Castiel reached behind his back and pulled out a pair of handcuffs with engravings of a small devil's trap "A regular devil's trap won't last that long with a Demon like Mike, the cuffs are more potent at cancelling out demonic power but.." Castiel trailed off as Hopper realized what it meant, it meant someone had to be within killing distance and the only one who possibly could do it was....

“El” Hopper muttered, his mood had to sourer by the second.

“Yes. She is the only one who could get close especially with him. Dean didnt immediately try to kill Sam when he was a Demon but Dean was using every ounce of strength not to kill him”

“I don't like this...” Hopper began.

“Nor do I” Castiel agreed “And Crowley and I cannot be here when she does as he will sense our presence immediately and be on guard, she will be our best chance at containing him”

Hopper just contained a sigh of frustration and stress.

“My, who died?” Crowley asked reappearing with a small chuckle.

Castiel's response was to simply glare at the King of Hell.

XX

The plan was set, the pieces were and it all it takes is the first move, striking the match and summoning the Boy Knight of Hell.

Hopper had remarked this was a terrible plan but grudgingly admitted it was the only one they had. Mike would not come for anyone else but her. And so she stood here in the middle of the woods. Alone. At dusk. The glimmer of the ever fading sun peeked over the treetops.

El struck the match and all she had to do was drop it into the bowl, she starred at it for a moment before letting it fall, lighting the incense, burning a bright, regal purple but there was nothing but silence and El was completely alone, she sighed, maybe this wasnt going to work.

Until the hairs on the back of her neck.

She gulped as shadowy figured started to emerge from the treeline around her, she couldnt make them out fully, only that she assumed they were human.

Then the chanting began.



“Nos pugna in nomine eius!” A single man shouted, clearly the leader, but then the rest chanted back.

“Non faciam voluntatem ejus gratiam!”

“Nos serve ut conteram omni vinculo delictorum!”

“Quia gloria et gratia Dei!” The leader cried out

“Quia gloria et gratia Dei!” They chanted back.

In a way El welcomed this as she had been spoiling for a fight for a while, something that allowed her to channel her anger, sorrow, sadness and desire for revenge into something, the fire in her belly burned and it burned hot.

She felt her power answer her call, waiting for the first of them to make the first move, no one moved until one of them moved forward with his Halbred, the mixture of a spear and an axe whilst keeping from within reach.

He thrust it forward but El's powers had grown, feeding off her emotions, her blistering rage and sorrow had been a nursing for her power over the last few months. Supercharging her in a way that even the Brenner had not thought possible.

She ripped the Halbred away from the Iron clad Soldier and he stumbled forward and he tried to scramble to keep a hold of his weapon and something within El snapped as she clenched her fist, her tendons were straining against her skin and not a mere second later did the man's head explode inside his helmet, rolling from his shoulders spilling blood, bone and brain matter onto the green grass.

It was sudden chaos as El began to unleash telekinetic waves of Hell upon the Soldiers. Her arms were a blur as she fought off multiple waves of men and women/

The Leader, dressed as the Knight's templar namesake, thrust his arm forward commandingly “Ibique vulneratus!”

El was out of breath as she swerved round in time to see several soldiers with bows taking aim straight for her. They fired and Eleven

raised her arm reflexively as the Arrows pierced the air and flew with purpose to the centre of her being. But as they drew closer they melted against an invisible shield.

“Impossible!” The Leader/Knight shouted for the first time in English “Those arrowheads were made from ethereal steel!” El had no clue as to what that even meant, her eyes darkened as she spread both her fingers and hands. The wind began to pick up as El had never used her power for such destruction, the tree's began to shake and the roots strained against an invisible force, whilst the rest of the soldiers could only look on in horror as El brought her hands down and crushed the soldiers underneath of the tree's she had brought down, crushing them to death.

A third of the soldiers now lay dead around her, splatters of blood covered parts of her , staining her clothes and skin, she was a soaring beautiful vision of Hell. She was breathing deeply but blood began to pour from her nose and her ears.

The Knight began to notice her exertion. He signalled the charge forward as El tired in vain to repel her attackers, but she was weakening and as she did so did the barrier that was protecting her. The swords, maces and halberds kept striking the barrier, lightning up the barrier in flashes of orange until eventually it collapsed in its entirety.

It was like someone had struck her for real as the barrier in a sense exploded, screaming in pain. The Knight took advantage of such a weak spot and opportunity.

“Suspendisse!” he shouted casting his arm forward, the spell cast her backwards and it felt like she had been hit by a ton of bricks. Her power was now weak and unresponsive and she realised in a panic she was trapped. She allowed her emotion to seek out blood when she should have left and escaped whilst she could of. She angrily berated herself for this life deadly mistake.

The Soldiers had surrounded her as the Knight approached her as he unsheathed his sword.

“Your evil ends here Demon Spawn” He said calmly as he took the final steps towards her and all she could do was glare in defiance.

He raised the Sword above his head ready to strike...

El closed her eyes waiting for the death blow, hoping it would be quick but if this breath were to be her last then she would spend it thinking of him. It would bring her peace before the inevitable death blow.

The sword came down... but it didn't strike her.... it had collided with something.

El opened her eyes and she could not believe her eyes.

Because there in front of her was him.

Mike.

The sword was straining against the jagged bone of The First Blade.

"Is this a private party or can anyone join?" Mike asked as his eyes turned black.

"Demon" The Knight hissed angrily.

The Knight lifted his sword up but it was a fatal mistake and Mike thrust the first blade into the Knight's gullet. He pulled the Knight close to him.

"You're all going to die for even daring to harm her" The Demon boy promised as he pushed the blade in further "Because the only Knight here is me" and it was to be the last thing the Knight ever heard as his lifeless body collapsed to the floor.

The remaining clerics attempted to charge the Hell Knight and the Demon simply relished in the kill. They were no match for one of Hell's elite warrior's. Bodies were flung left to right as Mike used his infinite stamina to outpace and outstrike his adversaries but he was careful.

The Knight's Templar used synthetic ethereal steel. The metal that the Angel's used on their angel blades and other weapons, weapons specifically designed to kill demons and other monsters. Although the Mark essentially made Mike unkillable, for if the Mark ceased to exist

the worst and most nameless evil would be unleashed upon the world, but despite that it would still hurt a lot.

Two clerics charged with Halbreds but Mike shifted to the side at blinding speed causing the clerics to lose their footing as they stabbed at mid-air, Mike's left arm came up to the closest man's windpipe, he summoned the fallen Soldier's halbred to his hand, sheathing the first blade for the moment he gestured for the cleric to face him, the cleric spun round to face the demon one on one but it was to be no contest, he thrust forward and tried to feint another attack but the Demon was too clever to fall for it, he lunged forward and grappled on the upper part of the halbred, just underneath the blade and he pulled with strength, wrenching the weapon from his grasp, Mike launched forward his own Halbred and impaled the Cleric's face clean through bone and tissue. His body twitched. The body fell to the side with the halbred still embedded in his face.

Mike twisted around all too late as a Cleric ran Mike through with his broadsword. Mike screamed in agony as the metal burned at him.

"No!!!" El roared, she thrust her own hands out and barely managed to summon strength and pushed it out towards the cleric who only lost his balance briefly. Mike spun round and gripped the man's forehead in a vice grip.

"You shouldn't have done that, vermin" The Demon said spitefully, a crimson red glow burned its way through his eyes and mouth as the Demon exhibited a power that only Cain himself and the Angels were known to use. The power of smiting.

The withered husk collapsed to the ground, his eyes burned from their sockets, smoke still rose from the blackened spaces. Even Mike was momentarily shocked at what he had done, but then a menacing grin graced his features, he rolled up his sleeves and beckoned the last of the Clerics forward as he pulled the sword out from his chest and threw it down at their feet.

The other clerics looked at each other before they nodded to each other resolutely and without fear, they knew what was about to happen but they would not and could not live with the shame of running away or begging for mercy.

They Charged forward, Mike palmed the forehead of the first two that had reached him and smote them, reducing their bodies to smoking corpses. He took the first blade from its sheath, using it in tandem with his newly discovered Demonic smiting he tore them into messes.

Until there was all but a few left.

And then there was one.

Mike released the last Cleric from his iron grip and the body slumped over the small pile of bodies that lay at his feet. Mike inhaled sharply before his eyes returned to their normal brown hue. El had risen to her feet and she slowly approached him.

He was a sight for sore eyes after so many months of him missing.

“Mike?” she questioned slowly walking up to him, she was no fool, she knew what he was but he still was essentially Mike, at least a little bit.

Mike froze as he heard her approach from behind him.

“You came” She stated.

“It's not like I had a choice, I was summoned here by you” Mike replied coldly

“That's not the whole truth though is it?” El said, her arm reached forward, she was so very close and he could sense it, it was like the sun was baring down on him and it was so very hot.

Her fingertips lightly grazed his arm and it was the first time she had touched him in months but it felt like decades to them both. Mike was a paradox among Demon's. Despite his soul being demonic in every sense of the word he stilled retained echo's of humanity. And each sliver of that echo was one that loved Eleven.

“Mike, look at me” El demanded gently. Her arm travelled up to his shoulder. She palmed his face, it was gentle and sweet, her finger stroked his cheek. But he still could not look at her.

“Look at me” she said firmly and finally he looked at her.

His breath caught in his throat, she was immensely beautiful despite the blood, they were reunited and it brought a glimmer of light to him, she was a candle in the darkness.

“I missed you” she said gently, their eyes never left the other, they were oblivious to the world.

“I know what I am” Mike replied “i don't understand how or why but I did too” despite everything she half chuckled through some tears, she nodded and they drew closer together. Their lips nearly brushed together before El was in full tears now.

“What's wrong” Mike questioned, his eyes narrowed in concern.

She choked slightly as she tried to make herself composed enough.

“I'm sorry” she whispered. Mike was only confused for second before he realized why.

She slapped the devil trap cuffs to his wrist before chaining herself to him “It's over Mike” The Demon instantly reacted.

“WHAT DID YOU DO!” he roared, his hand tightened on the blade before El used her power that had recovered a little to make it fly from his hand. He was utterly powerless. “You have betrayed me!” Mike screamed. “You bitch! You fucking bitch!”

“No, I'm doing this to save you” she replied scared that she effectively chained herself to a partially deactivated nuclear bomb.

The only power the demon had was scream in rage.

(A/N) Hello all, this is the first story to hit 50k words, something im proud to have achieved. I hoped this chapter was worth the wait. The Story has no come full circle back to where chapter one and two started and now we come to the third act of desperation of trying to cure Mike for good and stop Brenner's insane plan.

As always guys, review! And until next time, peac

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) Hello all, this is the first story to hit 50k words, something im proud to have achieved. I hoped this chapter was worth the wait. The Story has no come full circle back to where chapter one and two started and now we come to the third act of desperation of trying to cure Mike for good and stop Brenner's insane plan.

As always guys, review! And until next time, peace!

## **17. Author's Note**

(A/N) Parts of Chapter 16 have been re wrote and expanded as i was not totally happy with it, this author note will be deleted and replaced when chapter 17 is completed.



## **18. Of things that could be**

**(A/N) – Story has come full circle, Set after chapter 2 Dream a little dream of me.**

**PRESENT DAY.**

**42 DAYS AFTER THE CURE WAS ADMINISTERED TO HELL-KNIGHT MICHAEL WHEELER.**

**42 DAYS WITHOUT INCIDENT.**

**42 DAYS SINCE THE MARK WAS SATISFIED WITH DEATH.**

Mike was running through the forest at breakneck speeds as something bounded along behind him. He could barely keep a foot ahead of the thing that was chasing him. It snarled and howled in a way that would chill the bones of even the most psychotic human.

Mike came out from the trees to find himself above the quarry where the water lay a hundred feet below him. He had been here before but there was no-one to save him this time and he spun around, backing up towards the edge as much as he could bear without taking the swan dive.

The monster chasing him stepped into the clearing, growling and

barking with feral red eyes. It clawed the dirt beneath its paw.

This monster would give even a Demon a run for its money in ferocity alone. For this was a Hellhound.

Mike stared back at the Hellhound as it pawed the ground in front of him, growling with bloodlust. He glanced behind him at the hundred-foot drop and then back at the Hellspawn. He knew what he would rather do; he closed his eyes and allowed himself to fall backwards. For the briefest of moments, he finally felt free as gravity worked its magic and dragged him down to the pool of cold, calm and clear water.

Mike plunged into the icy depths. Suddenly hands wrapped themselves around him. Mike could see the surface and was desperately trying to claw his way back to salvation. But the liquid darkened, and the sun was rapidly being blotted from view. Mike screamed and inhaled the now murky liquid, but coughed and sputtered as he tasted the iron richness of blood and the Mark began to burn intently on his arm to the point of torture.

The dead, rotting hands dragged him further under. Drowning in the sea of blood, he cast one final, futile, thrust of a hand towards the surface before succumbing to their grip and allowing himself to be dragged into the endless deep.

Mike's eyes blinked open as the dead kept him submerged. He was in

a state of living death, unable to die but unable to live as a man. The corpses had him now, entombing him at the bottom of the living death, in a prison of bone and flesh. Blood filled his lungs and mouth. He was choking but unable to drown, dying but unable to die. Forever alive, but unable to live.

But there, look! Mike felt hope as the Light vanquished the Dark. And the sun in all its glory penetrated the empty. The waters became exactly that once more, as the sacredness of blood was rushed away by the Light. And Mike felt hope in his heart. He cast his arm up in desperation as the waters began to rush away from him.

The waters parted and rushed upwards and away, in defiance of gravity. And there was the Light. The ever so bright light that burned as bright as the sun but enveloped the soul in warmth and even the Mark seemed to shrink away from the illuminance. The light began to take shape to show a slightly shorter than average man, his beard was trimmed and clean but covered most of his face and his hair was light brown. He walked into the parted waters.

Finally the corpses and dead shrank away from the man as though burned, they screeched inhumanly and screamed as the Light that emanated from him burnt their forms away, freeing Mike completely who fell onto all fours.

The Man that emanated Light reached with his hand out towards Mike who wanted nothing more than to grab it.

“Come now, this is no good place to die” The Man of Light smiled warmly at Mike and he tentatively reached out his hand to grasp the Man of Light's own. The Darkness rose up again behind the Man of Light, covering them both in shadow and somehow extinguishing some of the light.

“Look out!” Mike cried out in warning. The Man of Light spun on his heels to face The Darkness. Mike watched in fear as The Darkness rose far above himself and the Man of Light. He was helpless and could do nothing but watch as the shadow unveiled tendrils of darkness. As much as the Man emanated Light, the Shadow was the antithesis of it and it shrouded the area in the dark and the cold.

The Man of light was lifted helplessly off his feet by the tendrils of Darkness. They reared back like that of a viper about to strike its prey. The tendrils thrust blindingly fast into the Man of Light, piercing him savagely and without relent. With every bite and every strike, liquid light seeped from the man who could only scream helplessly. Mike covered his ears tightly as a high pitched whine filled the air around him; it felt like his ears would bleed simply from hearing it. The Shadow tossed the Man of Light to the side where he lay still. Broken and impotent.

The Shadow turned to regard him, and all he could do was push himself away from its faceless stare. The shadow closed the space between them until it hovered over him, eclipsing the Sun, shrouding him in the dark.

“Why do you recoil from me?” the Shadow spoke, and Mike could swear, in confusion, that the voice sounded almost feminine. He chose not to answer before glancing back to the Man of Light, the Shadow turned to follow his gaze.

“My Brother...” The Shadow said with spite. “Needed to be taught that I was the beginning and I will be the end. I will be all that there is.”

Mike frowned in confusion as the Shadow spoke again. “Don't be afraid for I am the absence of fear. Of worry. Of doubt.” The Shadow paused. “I am bliss eternal. I am eternal.”

“You and I are one,” the Shadow said, pointing towards the Mark upon his forearm. Mike glanced down at the Mark of Cain.

“No, never again, I will not be that thing again!” Mike vehemently denied, wishing with all of his will it would be so.

“You can't escape it. Whether through time or death, it is what you will become. You can delay, deny and defy all you wish, but what you are is inevitable.”

The Shadow confirmed his worst fears; he would never be rid of the

Mark.

The shadow became smoke once more and flew forward. The Mark glowed a bright amber that burned him as the smoke was absorbed by the Mark. Mike screamed in agony, physically and emotionally.

For the Mark would make him murder the world. For he would die and a Knight of Hell would rise from the ashes.

And Darkness would reign.

Mike awoke screaming. His heart was beating and pulsating harshly, beads of cold sweat ran down his forehead and his clothes were soaked. He threw the covers from himself, gasping for air in a desperate bid to slow his heart down.

He stood up from his makeshift bed/couch and walked into the small kitchen and poured himself a glass of water that he drank greedily and with need. His thirst finally quenched, he placed the glass into the sink and stared out the window. The morning sun was just about to rise over the top of the hill. It bathed the earth with its warm, orange glow. Mike opened the front door and stood on the porch. Bowing his head, he allowed the warmth to wash over him. A flutter of birds sang their song in the crisp morning air, and the wind was light and welcoming.

Mike did not bother to turn round as he felt a presence behind him.

She simply slid her hands into his, he allowed her presence to soothe in a way no other could. It brought him peace, she brought him peace.

The two had become one once more. Pre-destined to each other. Hopper had also come out of his room to see what was going on as he heard the screams from Mike. He stood in the frame of the door and observed the two of them. He smiled slightly to see El was there with him, despite everything that happened. He turned around and went back to bed, content to let the two be in their blissful silence. A rare silence.

She was the Ying to his Yang. The night to the day. The Light to his darkness.

They were forever.

The Queen and Her Knight.

Shortly after Mike was cured of being a Demon, his soul had screamed out to the veil in anguish and pain. Castiel had heard his cry, as did everything else that was Soul sensitive. His guilt, his shame and his regret poured out in droves to the veil, to the void, to the empty, to Heaven and Hell.

Castiel brought them here so he could heal and recover and to help keep the Mark away from other people, lest it take over him once more and force him to kill to sate it. Cain was a prime example of

someone who could resist the Mark of centuries, even as a Demon.

Luckily for Mike, Castiel had altered some memories so that his missing presence was not noticed for the time being, especially by his family. Mike needed the time to recover from not just physical wounds, but the mystic kind as well.

Mike and El's fingers were interlocked tightly, neither willing to let the other go as they watched the sunrise together. The dawn of a new day beckoned them.

"Do you want to talk about it?" El asked after what seemed like hours. There was a pause.

"No." Mike hesitated. "Yes." He sighed in frustration. "No.Yes.Maybe. I dunno."

"It's okay if you don't," she said gently, squeezing his hand in comfort.

Mike shook his head. "No, I want to... I just...." He paused and looked at his feet. "I don't know where to start."

She rested her cheek on his shoulder, leaning into him. "You'll find the right words, you always do."

After a few moments, Mike managed to translate his feelings into



words..

“I feel trapped,” he said quietly. El raised her head a little to show she was listening. “I feel like no matter what we do, I'm going to be that evil thing again. I nearly hurt you. I did hurt you. And I don't want to do that ever again.”

“I won't let that happen again, I thought I lost you once, never again.” She said. Mike turned around to face her and she reached up to brush his cheek gently. He leaned into her touch. They could never be close enough, things left unspoken, that didn't need to be spoken and so they drifted away amongst the morning breeze. They pressed their foreheads together, their eyes closed, and they simply allowed themselves to sink into the others being. Wishing never to emerge.

They were at peace.

250 Miles to the east of Hawkins, Indiana.

**Senior Dominion Dalton rode his Horse swiftly through the dense forestry that spread for miles all around him. For nearly two months he had been in this**

# **country, looking for a way to end the threat posed to the Earth and by extent the kingdom of God.**

After the slaughter of a battalion at the hand of the Hell-Knight, Dalton had changed strategy and decided to exercise patience. He would rebuild the strength of the Templar and bring the Knight to his knees before them. There was only one problem, the Hell-Knight seemed to have vanished off the face of the Earth not long after the slaughter of good men and women. Devout men and women.

Warriors. Soldiers. Knights. Brothers. Sisters.

Dalton had sought out the wisdom and knowledge of the Powers after the slaughter, but even they had no answers except for theories they themselves had already come up with mere days before. They informed him they would pray for Revelation. Part of Dalton didn't believe that they would receive any answers, so Dalton had to resort to very non-Christian like methods to seek the knowledge that he wished to know. Methods that would see him stripped of rank, position, respect and eventually his life. Although these methods had been proven, if only by rumour and not officially recorded by Templars previous, for the very same reason.

Dalton could only wish and pray that he was on the right path.

He slowed his Horse to a walk as he approached the place that he wished to find, a place only revealed to him as he was a seeker of knowledge. Garbed in full Templar gear, white robes with a crimson Red cross adorning the front of his chest and the Helmet that made the Templar famous, he climbed off the saddle of his beast of burden, removed his Helmet and placed it under the crook of his Arm.

His sword remained sheathed as he approached the mouth of the cave. Mist seemed to seep from its depths.

An Ibis was perched on a low hanging branch close to the mouth of the cave. It eyed him beadily as he approached, Dalton spotted the bird and paused.

He bowed to the bird respectfully as he spoke.

“I seek an audience with your master, peacefully. I wish to gain wisdom and knowledge in exchange for an offering to him so that I may serve my Master as you serve yours.”

The bird eyed him for a few moments., Dalton refused to break eye contact, trying to convey his sincerity with his gaze. After what seemed like an eternity, the bird bowed back to the Templar before thrusting itself from the Branch, doing half a lap above his head before flying into the mouth of the cave.

Dalton waited with apprehension and baited breath as the clearing had fallen silent, before a chuckle came from the inner sanctum of the cave.

“What knowledge could a Knight's Templar, A Soldier from the army of Christ, gain from a filthy Pagan such as myself no less. Consider me intrigued, Knight.” A humanoid figure strolled from the cave. His body for all intents and purposes was human, but there was something about the eyes that struck Dalton as very birdlike.

“So the rumours are true.” Dalton said to himself.

“Indeed they are, Knight,” The God replied. “So you seek from me knowledge that I may possess my question to you is this, what do you bring to me as an offering?”

Dalton held up a hand as he walked back to his horse and unslung a hefty package from the back of the horse.

“I offer you fifty pounds of Japanese Kobe Beef, fresh from the bone.”

The God waved him over and Dalton brought the fifty pounds of beef to him, the God took the offering from Dalton's hands, he opened the package to find the fresh cuts of Beef, neatly stacked one atop the other. The God brought it to his nose and inhaled deeply, the birdlike eyes lit up in a hawk like smile that almost made Dalton's skin crawl.

“Your offering is a kingly gift. I shall give you the knowledge you seek from me, Templar Knight. Come. I have fresh water and food after your long and arduous journey. My familiar will look after your steed.”

Just as the God finished speaking, the Ibis flew out once more from the cave. Dalton watched its path before following the birdlike God inside.

“That bird is an Ibis. There is only one Pagan Deity I know of that is associated with the ibis. I take it you are...” Dalton asked before being cut off by the God.

“Yes. I am Thoth of the Egyptian pantheon at your service,” Thoth said bowing slightly. “Come, sit.” He gestured to the small table that sat just inside the mouth of the cave. Dalton looked around curiously, it was cosier than one would assume from a cave dwelling.

“I am surprised there are any Egyptian Deities left after Exodus, although I’m not interested in starting another War.”

Thoth snorted “Unlike my other Brothers and Sisters, I was not stupid enough to incur the wrath of the Abrahamic God. As far as I know, only I and Anubis are left of the Egyptian Pantheon. Anubis is the guardian of the underworld including Heaven. He weighs Souls against justice's feather, being the final judge of where a soul goes.”

Dalton was surprised by this revelation. “I didn't know that Heaven works with Pagans,” he said before hastily adding, “No offence.”

Thoth waved it off dismissively. “None taken. There are things that would surprise even you, my friend.”

Dalton raised his eyebrows. "Tell me."

"When God created the world, the natural order came into being with it, life, death etc. God made us. Beings that would look after various aspects of creation. Like the sun, night, day, agriculture, smithing, justice, the dead and pretty much anything you could think of," Thoth explained.

Dalton nodded his head to show he was following.

"But of course with such Power most of us, like Lucifer before us, became greedy and corrupt, forming our own religions and taking worship for ourselves in our arrogance. Most of us splintered away from Heaven. God did not want to risk upsetting the natural order, corrupt as we were, by destroying or punishing us. That was until my Pantheon enslaved his chosen, the Israelites, and so he performed a dominance display over every aspect of creation that they controlled by smiting Egypt with the ten plagues. Showing that compared to him we were nothing and that true Dominion belonged to him and only him. He smote most of us back then as the plagues ravaged Egypt to the point of collapse."

Dalton felt his entire world alter in a matter of minutes simply by speaking to the God of Wisdom.

"So why are you still alive?"

Thoth chuckled. "Because I was not stupid, all I wanted was to live in

peace. Other deities took over the Egyptian's roles and I was content to live on in peace. There is a village nearby and we have a beneficial relationship, I bless their harvest and livestock with abundance and good fortune in exchange I get a portion of that harvest for myself. No human sacrifices, no power grabs, no messing with the natural order. Only what the Abrahamic God intended for us to do which was to look after creation.”

Dalton sipped on his water quietly, mulling over all that he had been told. Scripture had never mentioned anything like this, but then again, scripture was very vague on a lot of things that wasn't about the Creator himself. Dalton pondered that scripture did mention other gods, although rarely by name, but as their object of their control. The moon, the sun and the animals for example, meaning these other beings were not to be worshipped as they had their place in the order of things. Just like the Angels were Soldiers of God, the deities were the caretakers and watchers of the natural order of things. Their power was that of grace and came from God. But after the schism, the Pagan deities drew their power from offerings and worship instead of drawing from the grace of the creator; just as the Angels of the Host had.

“Eat,” Thoth commanded, placing a wooden bowl before him, filled with juicy fruits, vegetables and delicate cuts of beef. Dalton inclined his head slightly in a bow, leaving his head there as he sent a prayer to the Heavens to bless him as he ate this beautiful bounty of delicious food. Among them was watermelon, apple and peaches.

Both Man and God sat in comfortable silence for a few minutes. The only sounds that could be heard were the fire, the crying call of the Ibis and the quiet sounds of eating and drinking.

“This was not the knowledge that you came to seek from me. You

wish to know about the Demon that roams this part of the world, causing suffering and Death wherever he may step. Are you sure you wish to gain this knowledge?" Thoth asked although he already expected the answer to follow.

"I do, I have a task and I must see it through to the end. Whether by its death or my own," Dalton said.

Thoth nodded in understanding. "Very well, Soldier of Christ." Thoth looked thoughtful for a moment. "It is no ordinary Demon that you seek, this you already know."

Dalton nodded. "A Knight of Hell, yes."

"What you do not know is this Demon is only one of two beings in the universe to currently inhabit the Mark of Cain."

Dalton felt fear run through his very core. "You cannot be serious!" he yelled.

"I only wish that were so," Thoth said stoking the fire with an iron tool. "The first curse and the first curse of Man for the father of murder. After Lucifer branded him with the Mark he eventually became a Demon, A Knight. Not even Death himself has the power of someone who possesses the Mark."

Thoth stood up and gestured to the Knight for him to follow. "Whether it be through time or through Death, a universal



constant is that a man with the Mark cannot surely die and so their Soul becomes twisted into that of a Demon. A Knight. Even Angels fear regular Hell-Knights, let alone one that bears the Mark.”

Dalton was stunned. “So what is there to be done?”

“The only option is containment, seal the bearer, whether he be Human or Demon, away from the world. For the world will never be rid of the Mark. And hope to God that he never escapes the confines of its prison, for being sealed away like that is to be in a state of living death.”

Dalton nodded in thoughtful understanding.

“The reason the Demon seems to have vanished is that the bearer has been cured of the Demon and is once more Human, as much as one can be with the Mark,” Thoth said as the passage narrowed.

Dalton felt increasingly thankful that he was not claustrophobic.

“There is one more thing I must show you. One final bit of knowledge that even I cannot give to you,” Thoth said cryptically.

Dalton's eyes narrowed with suspicion it always paid to be careful when dealing with Pagan deities, even though he claimed to not be as such. Still, you didn't survive in this world by being stupid.

They stopped at the entrance to a narrower tunnel that seemed to glow with a blue luminescence Dalton looked up at the cavern wall to see blue gems glittering in the ceiling.

“Go through here,” Thoth said.. “The tunnel goes on for about a quarter of a mile before widening and coming out to a pool of water. Set the pool aflame with this.” Thoth procured a torch from somewhere and handed it to the confused Templar. The God waved his hand and the torch was lit with a glowing orange flame.

“Once you have done this, submerge yourself in its waters, from head to toe. Open yourself up and receive its revelation and, hopefully, answers” Thoth said turning around and walking away back towards his domain. Dalton watched him go before turning back to the blue gem adorned opening. He took a deep breath to steady his nerves, before walking through and into the unknown.

The fire of his torch reflected off the gems with an orange shimmer, lightning up the cavern even more and showing the true depths of its treasures. But Dalton was not here to admire the beauty of the place, he had a mission, a task to complete, and he would see it through. Ignoring the gems and crystal set in stone; he strode further forward into the darkness.

Dalton reached the end of the cavern and found himself facing something that was easily more than just a pool of water. It looked like a lake but its waters weresmooth as glass. He lowered the torch to hover it over the water and saw nothing, he raised it again and walked around the edge of its surface.

Light the pool aflame? Dalton frowned in confusion. How do you light water on fire? He cast the light of the flame this way and that

looking for some clue that would guide him further until he saw a single, solitary object adorning the bank. It was sheathed in darkness and Dalton could not make the outline. With extreme caution, he made his way around the water, careful not to disturb its pristine surface.

He lowered the torch to see what appeared to be a large bush or shrub on the circumference of the lake, he frowned, noticing that the roots of the plant extended deep into the endless depths. Something clicked into place and Dalton lowered the torch until its tip touched that of the bush and the flame began to spread eagerly, engulfing the branches and stem of the plant. Dalton stepped back and smiled as he saw that the bush did not burn normally, for the branches, leaves and stem were perfectly fine, they did not wither away as fire normally would do. No, the fire and the bush were in harmony together as it spread down its surface until it began to ignite the roots as well.

He watched as the fire came ever so close to the waters. There was an explosion of flame that raced outward from the bush as the fire touched the water's surface, setting the pool aflame for the briefest of moments before extinguishing as quickly as it came, leaving only the bush to burn.

Dalton bowed before the bush as it stood wreathed in fire. He turned to face the pool and stepped forward, wading out into the lake, finally disturbing its peace. Hesitating for a brief moment, he took a deep breath before allowing himself to sink beneath the water.

Dalton gasped in pain as images began to race through his mind at the speed of light.

Seven Men with glowing blue irises with the shadow of wings

projected upon the wall behind them.

A roaring Hell beast with a flower like head and no visible eyes.

A Man evaporating into whispery strands of Light, ascending upwards.

A boy with black eyes clasping the foreheads of two men and burning the life from them.

The Templar Monastery collapsing under the weight of Demons racing down from the sky as pillars of black smoke, striking the ancient stone caused it to crumble and decay.

And three figures walking into the Temple, one with a blade fashioned from the Jawbone of a Donkey. Another shrouded in Black but with glowing amber eyes and unleashing red bolts of energy at the one thousand strong garrison of Clerics and Knights.

And finally the girl in the middle, her eyes normal but full of rage and merciless intent, ripping men apart with her mind before sending a telekinetic battering ram at the doors to the sacred Templar monastery.

And as the temple doors were reduced to dust, an entity brought up the rear of the unholy trinity. His eyes glowing red, with the shadow of wings sucking out the light from the air. Dalton knew who this was as Demonic Hell-fire began to rain from the sky...

Dalton burst forth through the water, screaming in sheer terror and horror, scrambling away from the pool as fast as he could. He ran from the pool along the blue gem covered cavern, barely pausing for a single breath as the images still raced through his mind like some horrific spiritual PTSD.

Thoth looked up from his book, unsurprised by the haunted look upon his face as he desperately grasped the chair in front of him, gasping for air.

“What in the name of everything sacred was that?”

“That was one of the few last remaining, if not the last, pools of divinity in creation,” Thoth said, never putting down his book.

“What I saw, is that what is to come?” he asked, terrified of the answer.

“Yes and no,” Thoth said, rather unhelpfully, before glancing up from his book and hastily adding,. “It's something that could happen, a possible future.” paused for a moment. “It is what will happen if that boy dies again and becomes a Hell-Knight once more. But do not fret, Pools of Divinity show truth, but not all the truth. They're tricky like that.” His voice was laced with amusement.

“So there's a chance?” Dalton asked, feeling hope swell in his chest..

“Yes,” Thoth said, standing up and carefully placing the book on the shelf in its place.

Dalton swept his helmet from the table where it sat and placed it upon his head, before heading for the mouth of the cave. Thoth followed him. He left the dwelling, relishing in the cool air that rushed through his eye slits and approached his horse. His loyal steed whinnied a greeting as Dalton gave him a comforting pat before mounting.. Thoth watched from the mouth of his home.

“Listen, I do not wish to see the world burn, I like it here,” Thoth said, stroking the rock with his hand. “So if you need me to fight then I will do so, simply call upon Ibis with a prayer and I shall join you Farewell, Dominion Dalton and may fortune find you this day and in the battles to come.” Thoth bowed respectfully..

Dalton nodded and with a, “Hiya!” his Horse raced off into the forest, leaving the clearing as empty as it once was, save for the God with the birdlike eyes.

Soon the futures of these people would converge and the world would tremble whether through fear or hope. There were almost none that knew, save for the Man of Light.



### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) ah well this was incredibly easy to write, inspiration for this flew from the brain like a madman haha, hope you enjoyed this one you guys.

As always, review! And until next time guys, peace!



## **19. The Ma'lak Box**

### **ASSET PROFILE**

**DESIGNATION – OMEGA/001**

**SEX – FEMALE**

**DATE OF BIRTH – 02/02/1970**

**PURPOSE - Experimental Bio-Weapon**

**AFFILIATION – The OMEGA Project**

### **KNOWN POWERS**

**Telekinesis**

**Energy Throwing**

**Energy Manipulation**

**Light Manipulation**

**Portal Creation.**

**Void Crossing.**

**Anti matter Immunity**

**Anti matter Manipulation**

**Limited Antimatter Creation**

**Anti matter Absorption**

**Inhuman Durability**

## ASSET BRIEFING.

Project Omega is the culmination of my life's work. My own biological daughter was exposed to Element 115 from EDR-1, a Dimension that is made up of a ntimatter, her body fused with the Element, although we are unsure why as a ntimatter explodes when coming into contact with normal matter. This requires further investigation.

Omega was born with her gifts. After being exposed to Element 115, her abilities were greatly enhanced by a significant amount. However, some side effects have since presented themselves. Her eyes now permanently glow a bright orange amber.

Psychologically, the pain inflicted from the bonding of 115, has driven her insane . She suffers constant mental and physical pain that can hinder her, although her powers register off the charts and we struggle to find new limits for her to push past.

Her ability to control, absorb, manipulate and create —limited amounts of—a nti-matter i s something we could never conceive of, the potential she has is limitless and I implore the council to allow us to further experiment on these infinite opportunities that have been presented to us.

My thoughts on how to utilise her are for e nergy production, w eapons production, biological manipulation and matter and energy manipulation. My recommendation is to revisit this during the next quarter.

Signed

**Dr Martin Brenner**

**United States Department of Energy.**

Mike had a secret. A secret that no other save for himself and God knew. He hated himself.

Despised, loathed, abhorred. But none of those words were able to attest to how he truly felt about himself and the deeds that he could recollect with perfect accuracy, the sights, the smells, the taste and touch.

He could remember the screams of those he killed, he could feel their blood run down his finger tips, he could remember the burn of the Mark as he fed it more blood and its constant insatiable demand for more blood, more death, more suffering.

Some of them deserved it. Brenner's followers, the scientists that had caused El pain In the first decade of her life. They most certainly deserved the death that he dished out to them and all the pain that followed. The Soldiers who enforced his will were also among the victims of the Mark.

All had been destroyed by the bloodlust of the Mark.

There were some who did not deserve it. The ordinary people of everyday life had too been sacrificed to feed its unconquerable hunger, people with loved ones, families, people that would miss

them, mourn for them. People that would never be replaced.

Reapers worked overtime to ferry the Souls to their final resting places. Some of the souls left with pity in their eyes for the boy turned Demon. Some had hatred festering in their hearts that they could do nothing about as their Reaper led them away with a comforting gesture as they left this world for the next.

There was a horrible domino effect. The people of those loved ones also had the desire for revenge and rage thrust upon them. Some would spend the rest of their life hunting the Demon that killed their family down until they were a shell of who they used to be, liver infested with alcoholism to drown out the screams of the people they couldn't save and the people that they would fail to save. Haunted by their own demons.

Even children would become Hunters to avenge a loved one, their own surviving parent would harden their heart as they hardened that of their children.

And eventually they too would die to something else, another Demon, Werewolf, Vampire, Ghoul, Shape-shifter, Ghost, Wendigo among many other things. But more often than not they would bleed out where they fell with a gun in the one hand and a silver knife in the other. Without obtaining their vengeance, the absolution that they so desperately wanted. Almost all Hunters would go that very same road with nothing but a messy, agonizing and inglorious death that would send most people howling to the nuthouse.

Mike was drowning in his self-loathing for what he had become and what made it worse was that he had no easy way out. He could not die, for the Mark would twist his soul once more into a Demon where

this time the Demon would take no chances of being cured again. Mike was sure of that.

Mike had found the book that El had used to learn how to cure him, trap demons and even kill some of the less powerful ones. He read each passage carefully, hoping for some clue to help end his predicament but it was of no use. He was already halfway through the book and there was nothing that could help him with this problem. Nothing at least to help get rid of the Mark. Cain had called it a burden, a great cost, but he neglected to leave out the finer details of what the Mark would do to him and to the world.

He cursed him and he cursed himself for being so stupid. Mike angrily threw the book onto the floor. It landed page side down and he strode to the window to gaze into the distance. He felt trapped. His life would never be able to be normal. Castiel had said that so far removing the Mark was an impossible feat that even he, an Angel, could not do.

He turned to look down at the book on the floor and picked it up carefully, no permanent damage had been done but the book had landed on a few pages further in.

Mike glanced down at the page and his eyes widened at what he was reading.

It wasn't going to cure him but at least it would stop him from harming anyone else ever again. He felt a resolve steel itself in the centre of his heart and he knew... he knew from that moment on what he must do.

Mike carefully wrote down instructions, traced the diagrams in the book, symbols, spells everything that would be needed to do what needed to be done.

He looked down to the paper and he hesitated for a few moments. El was going to hate him forever for what he was going to do. It would be giving up but Mike was steadily running out of time as one day he would die and he would be that thing again.

This cabin was not like the one in Hawkins; it had a workshop not far away from the quaint home. Mike sneaked out of the Cabin and entered the Workshop. Pausing briefly to switch on the light, he cast his gaze around the room.

He saw various tools, saws, hammers, varied amounts of screwdrivers, welders etc. Mike nodded to himself in grim satisfaction and began the slow process of readying the workshop for the project that would save the world. The Mark on his arm almost burned in protest but Mike, with considerable willpower, stamped the feeling away as he half carried, half dragged a long piece of sheet metal to the centre of the building and began the slow process of bending the metal to his will.

This started on Day 10.

It was slow going for him as he learned to use the tools effectively. It did not need to look pretty, it only needed to serve a single purpose.

On Day 12, Hopper had caught him in the early hours of the morning in the workshop and he cursed his luck but he realised that no one on

Earth would know what he was building, not until it was too late.

When questioned, he replied that he needed something to do whilst out there, to work out his frustration. Hopper nodded in understanding, after serving in Vietnam, he knew a thing or two about the trauma that came with fighting a War but Hopper could only fathom at the things that were running through Mike's head. And so Hopper began to help Mike with the project, teaching him how to weld, use various tools and how they worked.

To the two of them it felt like some weird sort of father son time, something that Hopper had no experience in as a Parent and for Mike whose father was mostly entirely absent from the boy's life in every way that Mike needed.

But eventually they both settled into the routine of coming out to the workshop every day to work on the box, Hopper thinking it was a makeshift trunk. Mike would only place the finishing touches to the project when the exterior was built. It would take less than a few hours to place the vital, finishing touches to the box.

Both Castiel and Crowley were scouring the world in search of any information on the Mark. Sharman's, witches, warlocks and everything above and under were consulted, but the search was proving fruitless to say the least.

It was kind of enjoyable. Mike was happy, at least for a while. It felt nice to have an actual father figure, as odd as it was; to take an interest and just do something ordinary and normal. Something that was severely lacking in all their lives.

Mike looked at the half-completed box on Day 42 and he closed his eyes. He saw nothing of his future because his future lay with the box.

The world would be safe from its murderer.

## **42 Days before.**

“Sir! Sir! Sir!” A private ran up towards Dr Brenner as he oversaw a gargantuan machine that ran deep under the Earth. Brenner felt his nerves tested as he lowered the clipboard he was holding.

“What is it, Private?” Brenner asked, not attempting to hide his disdain at being interrupted.

“I Don't know how to begin to describe what we're seeing, sir. It's best if you see it for yourself,” he replied.

Brenner sighed and gestured for the Private to lead the way, which he did. He led them above the underground section and into the main hallways, before being led to the entrance of the facility. Blood still stained the floors from the slaughter that he had wrought before.

Brenner took a pair of binoculars and looked to the distance.

“You can't be serious,” Brenner said, his voice betraying his absolute disbelief.



Because there in the field beyond the facility was a two hundred strong army of what appeared to be Knights, head to toe In armour with shields and swords.

“Take defensive positions on the border, let’s welcome these freaks into the 20<sup>th</sup> Century.”

Men rushed up to comply with the order and the cocking of weapons could be heard as the Knight Templars began to widen their formation.

Omega had at some point floated to her father’s side. Her amber eyes glowed ominously as she too took in the army before her, she felt her body tingle in anticipation.

She gave a look to her father. “Can I...?” she started, until Brenner held up a hand to silence her for now.

“All in good time, daughter. For now let us watch.”

“Yes, father,” she said distractedly as she stared out towards the soon to be battlefield.

The Templars halted a good two hundred yards away from the complex.

“Shields!” A voice cried out. “Tireson!” The Shields threw themselves

forward creating a barrier between them and the enemy.

“Archers!” the voice shouted again. “Let's send these foul men into the void!”

Roughly one hundred and fifty arrows sprung forth from behind the Shield barrier. They flew in a graceful arc towards the men who were stationed behind sandbags and other fortifications ready to defend all that they had fought for.

The arrows continued along until the lull of gravity forced them downwards, and they pierced, punctured and plunged themselves into the sandbags, walls and Men.

Numerous men fell to the ground with many arrows sticking through their chest, heads and other body parts. Guns clattered to the floor as did their former users.

Brenner stood stoically as several arrows made to rain down upon him but as they neared they hit an invisible shield that glowed a brief amber before melting the arrows into nothingness. Omega's eyes glowed slightly brighter as she exerted herself to extend her shield around Brenner, protecting him and herself from the Templars efforts.

“Open Fire!” Brenner commanded as the last of the arrows fell to earth.

The air was filled with the sounds of gunfire as his men battered the Templar shield line with bullets of every calibre, but the steel alloy held fast with nothing more than a dent appearing in the otherwise pristine shape of a singular shield.

Another volley of arrows shot out from behind the Shield wall and the Templars broke ranks and rushed forwards as during each volley they had ventured closer to the complex.

“Father?” Omega questioned again.

He sighed at his daughter’s untempered bloodlust. “Go, and take our Monster with you,” He commanded. She nodded before running forwards and launching herself with a graceful leap and a fear-inducing scream.

The 115 infused Demogorgon began to climb its way through the floor in the middle of the charging Templars, just as Omega landed in front of them, the Demogorgon broke the surface..

It was nothing short of a massacre of them being ripped into piles of bloody organs and flesh.

Omega began to unleash bolts of blackened red energy that sickeningly collided with their armour and blew them apart as it hit the centre of their chests. Random bits of flesh and metal lingered on the battlefield. More began to rain down on them as some of the bolts hit an arm or a leg and it blew that piece of their body apart in an explosion of blood and bone.

The Demogorgon bounded on all fours towards a group cut off from the main force. They raised their shields and pointed their swords at the monster but it was of no use. The Demogorgon was strong, fast,, deadly and malicious. it raised itself onto its hind legs to leer over them as it lunged forward and enveloped a head with its flower-like maw.

The Man screamed as he was lifted from his feet as his fellow Soldiers tried to stab and strike the Demogorgon with their swords. But they were unable to deter the monster as it flung the man behind it, tearing the head from the shoulders in the process. Head and body crumpled together where they fell.

The Demogorgon's claws were a whirl as it tore through steel like it was made of butter. The men could not even scream as the claws ripped through their chests, instantly filling their lungs with blood. Collapsing on the floor, they could do nothing for the last few seconds but choke on their own blood as the light left their eyes.

Omega herself was a deadly dance of death. A blade of red energy manifested in her hand and she brought it downward in an arc of great magnitude, bisecting someone straight down the middle. As the blade reached the floor, it dissipated in a cloud and mist of red smoke as quick as it came.

Omega felt a sharp pain on her side and glanced down to see a blade sticking through the side of her stomach. The synthetic ethereal metal reacted harshly with the 115 Element coursing through her body.

An object of the light penetrating the dark. Omega screamed in a new

type of agony as the light of the blade shone inside her. She felt like she was on fire. Her Amber eyes flickered like they were trying to extinguish themselves. Omega screamed in rage and the Templar men hastened to cover their ears to drown it out. Those who were a fraction of a second out felt blood pour from their eyes, ears and nose as their brain started to haemorrhage.

Omega ripped the sword out from her back and tossed it to the floor. The wound on her stomach glowed a faint red as the skin, flesh, muscle pulled itself back together painfully. Omega's partially dulled eyes were relit anew with rage. Glowing amber eyes narrowed in ferocity as she knelt into a fighting position.

She launched forward, her fists a blur of blackened red as they rained down on Templar shields. Their swords lay on top, whilst they ducked their heads, a pose designed to provide maximum protection.

Omega's strikes were just as devastating. Her fists drove through ethereal steel like paper and straight through into flesh. The Demogorgon bounded up behind this final small group of Templars. It smelt so much blood driving it into a frenzy as it gripped one Templar and ripped him in half, spraying his innards in every direction before tossing both halves to the side.

It's faceless and eyeless head turned to face the last. The stragglers; the soon to be drawn and quartered victims of its animalistic and perverse nature. The nature of an abomination. It shrieked at the last of the soldiers, who to their credit did not show fear, although they felt it in the depths of their hearts.

Brenner watched in grim satisfaction as his creations, both biological and monstrous, tore into the last of the Templars. His creations had

passed every test, both in controlled conditions and in the field. The council had been so short-sighted. So negative. Too concerned with ifs and maybes to see the bigger picture. To see the true delight of his work. A warm fire for all of mankind to huddle around. Well all of America to huddle around, whilst the world would stretch forth their hands only for them to be slapped away.

The Soviet Union would be the first on the list. He was so sorry that he would not be there to see the shock and terror on Gorbachev's face when Omega and Project Ascension laid waste to Red Square only for him to be next.

Brenner watched as Omega held the final Templar in place with his arms snapped to the side as the Demogorgon approached the man on its hind legs. He screamed as the monster, wrapped its hand around his head and tore it off with sheer, indomitable strength and ferocity.

Soon the machine would be altered and ready for the final phase of his plan.

The Particle accelerator would become a particle creator.

**Day 45.**

Mike slammed the lid shut on the box.

It was finally finished.

It was one am, the middle of the night, and Mike had just finished painstakingly etching sigils and symbols onto the top of the lid. There were symbols from every culture; every brand of magic. Enochian, Voodoo, Hoodoo, Pagan, Demonic, Witchcraft, Wicca, Greek, Norse, Celtic, Latin, Shinto and Gypsy.

The symbols briefly glowed a bright blue as they harmonised together, producing a synergy not seen in magic since the Primordial era of the universe when there was nothing, but then Light came into being and it was good.

Mike stood there in the discomforting silence as he looked to his handiwork. Could he do it? The Mark sat upon his arm and it itched. It had already started; the itch to kill. something that might as well have been embedded in his subconscious waiting for the right moment. like a viper in the grass, to strike, to murder, to bathe in blood, to feel the life ebb out of them.

The only question now was when should it be used? A rational part of his brain told him to use it now whilst he had full control of himself. But the other more passionate part, the bigger part, argued that it was to be a last resort. Mike desperately wanted to choose the latter but the Mark's biggest ally was time.

The longer he resisted, the stronger the feeling to kill would get. it was already starting to itch at him. He had only been cured of Demonism for just over a month and it already had become ever so hard.

It was a feeling that he wouldn't give or envy of his greatest enemy.

It was damnation without death.

Mike nearly didn't notice as El slipped into the worksho, her feet quiet and delicate. She walked up to Mike and wrapped her hands around his waist, pooling all her warmth into him. It was comforting, it was home. But Mike almost wanted to pull away, lest he spoil the one person he cared for more than life itself.

"You finished it," she stated, letting go of him and peering at the completed box.

"Yeah," Mike said solemnly. His fingers lightly touched the edge of the box. The Mark burned as the Magic had already begun to coil around him, seeking to bind him to them. Mike could feel it, could feel the burn and the desire to wrench himself away.

"I still remember when I was a Demon, I remember it all, the pain, the death, the pleasure I felt was something I cant even begin to describe," Mike began.

El looked at him, he hadn't spoke of this since he was cured. It was raw and soul crushing.

"But now when I close my eyes, everywhere I go, everyone I see, I see them. I can't forget the screams, the terror. I've lost count of the blood on my hands, it won't come off as much as I try and as much as I tell myself it wasn't me, it was. I did that. I ripped people apart, for pleasure, for fun, the only thing that never changed was the way I



felt about you, that's how I know it was me."

"I know what it feels like to be a monster," El said rubbing his arm as Mike struggled to not lose what little composure he had left. "I know Mike, I know. You are good, loving and caring. It's not you any more."

"But it could be," Mike said., El saw true fear there in his eyes and something else. Self loathing.

"It could be, it eventually will be, we can't stop it," Mike said sadly.

"We will find a way, we always do," El said, her eyes burned with determination.

"There is a way," Mike said slowly, his eyes finally meeting hers. "But you'll hate me forever." El followed his gaze as it landed on the box.

Mike could see the fear in her eyes.

"Mike.... What is this?" She noticed the sigil work, realising some of it was Devil's trap symbology, used to trap Demons. "Mike!" she shouted. Her fear was so evident that it tainted the room in an aroma that he could see as well as smell.

Mike sighed.

"It's a Ma'lak box" Mike said, meaning was conveyed in his eyes, sadness.

"What does it do?" She asked, Her voice was high pitched and shaky  
"Mike!" Her voice was a plea but he could not give her that absolution, as much as he wanted to.

"It's a box that can hold the power and strength of anything in the world. Even Archangels..."

"...And Demons"

El clenched her hands into fists and spat her words at him.

"Tell me.... Tell me to do what I think you want me to do."

Mike swallowed. He didn't want to ask it. She would be the only one strong enough to stop him, if and when the time came. He looked at her, tears brimming, her eyes softened at the sight.

"If it comes down to it, I want to you to lock me in that box and then take me out to the middle of the Ocean and throw it in.... and never look back." his eyes were cast to the floor, knowing that they would be filled with shame and sorrow.

"So you want me to leave you at the bottom of the ocean and forget about you?" El asked, her voice stabbed the words at him like poison.

“YES!” Mike shouted angrily, but he lowered his voice. He took her hand in his. “Throw me in, don't look back and forget about me.”

“You can't ask this of me,” she whispered. “Anything but this Mike,” she begged. But Mike shook his head, resolute.

“I need you to do this for me. if I become that evil monster again it will take revenge; it will cause the world to die in pain, it needs to be you... please,” Mike begged quietly.

The two of them softly kissed before resting their foreheads together, tears slipped down her cheeks silently. The Ma'lak box loomed over them like a crushing weight had been placed upon their very souls.

It was a solution that neither of them wanted but that it was here, it was their only solution and a desperate one at that.

Slowly El nodded, wordlessly agreeing to his request. She could not bring herself to say the words. She desperately gripped Mikes hand and he returned it, both of them desperate to stay together.

Unfortunately...

Destiny had other plans.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) Ah well that was fun! lol hopefully i plan to have this done by xmas hopefully if all goes according to plan but we'll see

As always guys, review! and until next time, peace!

## 20. The Fallen Archangel

There was peace. The morning sun had barely risen above the horizon. It glowed a vibrant ruby red as it made its journey into the sky.

Birds sang their song in praise of creation and serenity. Water rushed downstream. The sun had struck its waters, causing an explosion of colour that glittered off the surface of the liquid. Animals drank from its depths, making the most of the early morning.

The air was cool and fresh, clean and clear. The morning star was the last amongst the heavens to shine its approval at the dawn of the new day.

Untilled earth and tall stalks of grass rustled in the gentle winds that caressed the fields. Air flowed preciously in the untouched slivers of paradise.

But there, in the peace, in the serenity, in the glory of the morning sun, sat a couple, bathing in this beauty of nature, making the most of the peace that they had together. There were no words, no talk, no conversation. For their love was beyond the words of man and gods.

It was primal, it was instinct, it was timeless and it was beyond physics, biology, chemistry. Beyond even the endless swirls of magic.

It was unbreakable, it would span planets, stars, galaxies and even other universes. Beyond time. Beyond space.

There were only a few people in history that the Cherubs, the cupids, would receive special commands to create a union of soul and spirit.

One of these couples was Mike Wheeler and El Hopper. A predestined bond that connected them from the moment of birth. A single touch to them was the equivalent of an exploding star at their fingertips.

They leant against a tree, its leaves swayed gently in the morning breeze. Their hands were clasped, not in a vice grip but gentle and delicate.

It was these precious moments that Mike and El found themselves seeking out more and more when time dragged on to an inevitability, an inevitability that caused them great fear.

The Ma'lak box lay where it was cast and forged, underneath a tarp in the workshop. Its presence casting a constant shadow over them. A heavy, crushing burden on both their hearts. It was suffocating.

The sun illuminated them as it peered over the crest of the hill. An Ibis sat above, watching them carefully with hawk-like attention. It unfurled its wings and took flight, soaring over their heads and into the distance.

“It never gets old does it?”

Both Mike and El jumped at the voice and turned to look at the person that joined them. He kept his birdlike eyes on the horizon, never meeting their gaze.

When he finally looked at them, his grin widened. It was meant to be disarming but it didn't match those birdlike eyes, it almost looked sinister.

"It never gets old does it?" He repeated, his eyes turning back to the morning light. "The warmth of the sun, the beauty of colour it can cast across the sky. It reminds me of simpler, more peaceful times," the birdlike man said mournfully.

Mike and El merely stared at him, not knowing what to say to the strange man who was in their midst.

"Forgive me. Where are my manners? My name is Thoth, at your service," Thoth said with a mock bow.

"I'm..." El Began.

"El Hopper and Mike Wheeler." He sighed. "I know." He almost sounded tired. "There have been whisperings of your names throughout the world."

Mike frowned. "What are they saying?"

Thoth gave him a look. "About the Demon that carries the first curse."

Mike bristled at the words and his hand subconsciously rubbed his arm where the Mark sat.

Thoth looked at him strangely. "So it's true. I suspected as much. ." "They also whisper something else in the dark corners, about the Queen and Her Knight." Thoth gave them a knowing look. Both of the teens blushed deeply and Thoth laughed with mirth.

"So that is also true." He nodded towards their clasped hands. "This does not surprise me."

"What do you want?" Mike asked, looking at the god curiously.

"What do I want? I want Sonny and Cher to get back together. I want another 50 pounds of Kobe Beef. I want the US to win the world cup. But what do I really want? I want to help you both," Thoth finished.

"Why?" El asked, narrowing her eyes.

"Because I don't want this world to crash and burn. I like it here and people like me have been sitting on the sidelines for far too long. It's time we stepped up to fix the mess that was made a long time ago," Thoth said as he produced a beautiful, crisp red apple from within his tunic.



“We’ve tried everything to get rid of this Mark. Everything,” Mike said, his tone sullen.

Thoth scoffed lightly. “Not everything. There are other sources that you were simply unaware of. I can easily rectify that for you.” He took a bite from the ruby coloured fruit.

“How do we know we can trust you?” Mike asked.

Thoth spoke through his mouthful of fruit. “That depends on how desperate you are.”

“I guess we have no choice,” Mike said with a sigh. He looked to El who merely nodded her agreement.

Thoth tossed what was left of the apple away and clapped his hands together. “Excellent, we shall begin with me merging with your spirit, stick out your right arm.”

Mike slowly lifted his right arm up towards Thoth, who rolled up his sleeve to show the Mark. It looked like a brand, as if it had been burned right into his flesh by the fires of damnation.. Thoth narrowed his birdlike eyes to look at the Mark. Taking a deep breath, he placed his palm upon it.

Both Mike and Thoth hissed in pain as the Mark glowed a brief angry

red.

Thoth looked up at Mike. "This is gonna hurt boy, brace yourself." Thoth's nails shifted into talons. Mike gulped as his hand found El's. Thoth shot him an apologetic look before the talons sliced through the skin and embedded themselves into Mike's arm. Mike cried out in pain, his hand squeezed El's hard. El didn't even flinch as Mike crushed her fingers. She merely placed her free hand on his back and rubbed it reassuringly.

And there in the shade of the early morning, Thoth spent several hours merging with the boy's soul or at least slivers of it. Thoth's eyes were closed as he examined Mike's soul.

Imagine the soul as a bright ball of light. Brighter than that of a star, blinding and piercing and never ending. The Mark had wrapped around Mike's soul in a black sludge. Roots had taken a hold, plunging deep within, festering. Thoth noted grimly that there were only a few patches where the light was able to shine, parts that still shone brightly.

Thoth did what he could, ripping the weaker parts of the sludge from the boy's soul. It was such tiring work for a being that should have endless stamina. Thoth stood there as he watched the soul shimmer just that bit much brighter.

But even then, that was not the worst problem. The Mark was bound to him through mind, body and spirit. When a human soul is tortured into a demon, the bright and beautiful soul becomes nothing more than charred, burnt black smoke.

And the Mark was buried deep, woven into every fibre of his being. It could not be cut out, could not be burned off, nor ripped away.

Thoth feared this. He had told the Templar the same. This was the power that was rising in the west. Cain was able to resist the Mark for so very long, but Mike was only a young adult, full of emotion and untempered spirit.

And passion. So much passion. It was fuel to the Mark.

Thoth pulled himself away as he opened his eyes and withdrew from the boy's arm. He gently swept his palm over the wounds, healing them.

“Where is the First Blade?” Thoth snapped.

“I hid it,” El replied, matching his tone.

“Good,” Thoth said, letting out a sigh of relief. “Keep it hidden, or it will serve to hasten his turn.”

El merely nodded, glancing worriedly at Mike.

Thoth considered his options for a moment, as limited as they were.

“There is only one person I know of that had the Mark before Cain,” Thoth began slowly. “This is our only choice, but then again, our choices are not exactly great at the moment.”

“Where are we going?” Mike asked, narrowing his eyes.

Thoth gave him a look. “Hell.”

Mike chuckled a little bitterly. “I’m sorry. I must have misheard because I thought you just said Hell.”

“The one and the same,” Thoth confirmed. He waved his hand and the ground gave way to reveal a gaping hole, where only blackness could be seen. Air rushed around them, gushing into the Hellhole. The branches of the trees leaned towards it like they were being pulled. Leaves and bits of dirt fell into the abyss.

Thoth peered down and gave the two a smirk before stepping into the hold and vanishing within.

El grabbed Mike’s hand before pulling him in with her into Hell itself.

Mike groaned as he hit the stone floor hard. The air was forced from his lungs as the lighter El fell on top of him, winding him. Thoth chuckled as he pulled both of them to their feet. Mike shivered as ice cold breath escaped his lungs.

He gazed around. His hair stood on end, torches were lit and stuck to the wall, lighting the dim passage. He turned his gaze upward where there was an occasional flash of Lightning streak across the black void above them. The Mark hummed slightly, pulsating a low red.

Screams could be heard in the far distance.

“So this is Hell?” Mike asked, finally looking at Thoth.

Thoth shrugged his shoulders. “The basement of it, yeah.” Thoth started walking down the passage. “Not many demons are brave enough to wander down this far.”

“So who are we meeting here?” El asked as she rushed to catch up with Thoth, Mike close on her heels. They came to a clearing where a Cage sat in the middle. Standing torches did burn brightly here, yet the light seemed almost suppressed

Thoth started to mutter In another language that sounded vaguely familiar. A low pitched whine could be heard throughout the clearing as Enochian sigils painted themselves onto the bottom brim of the makeshift cage, burning a bright orange.

El swallowed nervously. “Thoth” she repeated “Who is it?”

Thoth opened his eyes “Him,” he said, nodding his head towards the

cage.

El felt her blood run cold as she saw pure blood red eyes glowing from within the bars. The form was shrouded in darkness apart from those horrible glowing red eyes.

The form moved out from the shadows. His eyes shimmered until they were back to normal. He had a bit of meat to him and his hair was slightly naturally spiked at the front, the flames contrasted with his dirty blonde hair.

“Consider me intrigued.” The voice said, the man smirked as his gaze turned to look at them in turn. “A filthy pagan god and two little hairless apes,” he chuckled. “To what do I owe this visit?” he asked.

“Lucifer,” Thoth said, his eyes never leaving the devil's. He flashed a small smile. “It has been a long time.”

“Not long enough,” Lucifer replied, all hint of amusement gone and replaced with disdain.

“This is the devil?” Mike spoke up sharply. His eyes glittered as he glared at Lucifer.

“Yes,” Thoth said. “The one and only.”

“Not what I pictured,” Mike finally said.

Lucifer turned his attention to Mike who in turn stepped back slightly as the devil looked at him, but his eyes travelled down to his right arm where the Mark sat upon it.

“Mike Wheeler. You're not exactly what I pictured either for a new Knight,” Lucifer snarkily said back.

“That is why we are here, Lucifer,” Thoth said.

Lucifer laughed without humour. “So you have come to seek my help. Thoth you surprise me.”

“We had no other choice. There is no-one, save God, that knows more about the Mark of Cain than you.”

“True, very true,” Lucifer said, reaching his hands up to grasp the top of the cage.

“We want to know how to remove it,” Thoth said, taking a step forward.

“How do you assume I know how?” Lucifer asked curiously.

“Because you once had it and now you no longer do, so how did you do it?” Thoth asked, trying to sound polite.

“Tell me, Pagan. How is it your entire Pantheon rebelled against my father, including you. Yet you somehow walked away completely free, whilst I was tossed down into here for simply pointing out how broken these hairless apes are?” Lucifer asked bitterly, his red eyes flashed in anger.

“Because I never rebelled, I never took human sacrifices and I slipped away before God decided to smite Egypt. We both know you did more than that Lucifer, need I mention Lilith?” Thoth asked rhetorically.

“It doesn't matter. I've been proven right for the last 6000 years,” Lucifer huffed angrily.

“Do you know how to remove the Mark or not?” Thoth asked, his tone irritated and tired.

“I do not,” Lucifer confirmed. “When I was tossed down here, the Mark vanished from my true form. I copied the Mark and gave it to Cain beforehand. My only guess is that God was the one to remove it.”

“Damn it,” Thoth muttered.

“How do we know you're not lying, you are the devil,” Mike said, glaring at the Fallen Archangel.



“Contrary to what those filthy, child molesting priests say. I do not lie. I have never found the need to, I speak the truth,” Lucifer said without shame or remorse. His face lit up with an idea.

“Help free me out of this cage and we can hunt down this cure. We can hunt God down and force him to give both of us answers,” Lucifer said with a malicious glint in his eyes.

“I am not dumb enough to let the literal devil out of his cage,” Mike replied, disgusted that Lucifer would insult his intelligence like that.

“You know I once loved God more than anything I could ever describe to your puny human brains. He asked us to bow down before you, to love you more than him and I refused to bow down to something that was flawed, monstrous abominations. Everything I have done has been in service to prove that point,” Lucifer said.

“I want answers just as much as you do,” Lucifer said, his eyes softening to try and convey sincerity.

“I don't want answers. I want to not murder people or hurt the people I care about.”

Lucifer looked at Mike intently and then smiled slightly. “I like you, Mike, I really do,” He said. “For a human,” he added. “There was a time where I thought the same,” he said sadly.

“Some of us aren't monsters,” Mike said.

There was a glint to Lucifer's eyes. "Are you kidding me? There is monster in all of you," Lucifer said incredulously.

He pointed to Thoth. "That is worse than humans. They claim to be Gods, when they are nothing but hollow, shallow imitations of my father's power," Lucifer spat out in disgust. "They are filthier than the stain called humanity."

He pointed at El next. "She has the power to kill people at will with mere thought, mere thought," Lucifer said. "If she wasn't so fearful of the power she wields, she would make an excellent Demon," Lucifer said with a sickening smile.

"And you..." Lucifer said looking back at Mike. "You're an exceptional human but there is a darkness inside you. You are the literal definition of the road to hell is paved with good intentions and your hands are covered in so much blood."

Mike closed his eyes in shame but Lucifer continued. "Covered in the blood of the innocent, the sinful and the deserving," Lucifer said, his smile growing more and more malicious. "Tell Me, how long it will be before you hurt someone you love like her?" he spat, glaring at El, who fought every instinct to hide from the Devil's stare.

"What if you give the Mark to her? I wouldn't need to slaughter your race, you'd both do it for me. You'd bathe in their blood and call it Love." Lucifer laughed turning to address El again.

“What if you had to use that Ma'lak box he created. Force him to endure an eternity of dying, while unable to die. Now that I would suspect, would hurt something awful.” Lucifer lost his smile. “it would drive you insane,” Lucifer hissed. “You wouldn't need the Mark to destroy everything, your pain would be enough.”

“Lucifer that's enough.” Thoth spoke up, both El and Mike were visibly shaken by how Lucifer had drawn out their worst fears and extrapolated every ounce of mental torture he could. “Will you help us or not?”

“Hmm,” Lucifer pondered. “If you do something for me then yes.”

“Depends on what it is,” Thoth said carefully and suspiciously.

“Well my theory on the cure is related to what I want,” Lucifer said. “You need to retrieve the Holy Grail.”

“Impossible,” Thoth said immediately. “The grail has been lost since the days of the Carpenters' son.”

“It has, but I know the organisation that holds it, the Knights Templar,” Lucifer supplied.

Thoth groaned inwardly.

“The Grail is said to be able to heal any injury, cure any ailment and

remove any curse.”

“Including the Mark,” Thoth finished. Lucifer nodded.

“The Grail was blessed by the Carpenter’s son, who gained all his power through God which was transferred to the Cup...”

“And because you believe God removed the Mark that must mean an object with the same properties can cure the Mark as well,” Thoth supplied. Mike’s eyes widened in hope, he turned to El to see similar hope in her eyes too.

“Exactly, although it is just a theory,” Lucifer said, the amused smile returning to his features.

“But what’s in it for you?” Thoth questioned.

“Well, whether the Mark is cured or not matters not to me but once you have used it, you need to take it to a nexus point on the Earth,” Lucifer said.

“Why?” Thoth asked curiously. “A nexus point runs through the whole Planet...” Thoth stopped as he realised what it was.

“You want us to place the Grail in the nexus so that when you destroy Humanity the planet will be healed from what they did and what you’re going to do,” Thoth said. “Why?” he had to ask.

“Because the Earth is beautiful. A true creation of Divinity, the last place that my father perfected, beautiful in infinite ways that even I can’t comprehend.”

“And if we don't?” Mike challenged.

“If you don't?” Lucifer repeated “Then when I get out of here and I will, I will hunt your precious soul mate down and I will do things to her that you cannot fathom. I could throw her in a pound with starving Hell-hounds, I could place her on the rack and make you watch as she is torn apart, again, again and again,” Lucifer finished with a hiss.

Mike swallowed nervously “We'll do it.”

“Good,” Lucifer said with a cheery demeanour.

“Thank you Lucifer,” Thoth said.

“Thoth, you and I will never speak again,” Lucifer promised, the threat needn't be said.

“Very well,” Thoth said, he waved his hand and the ground gave way to another black hole, air rushed towards it, even the flames were drawn to it from their stands. Thoth gestured to both Mike and El who stepped forwards and fell into the abyss. Thoth gave one last

look at the devil before he allowed himself to fall in and back to Earth from whence they came.

All three of them hit the floor harshly. The black abyss that Thoth opened up died away, the ground flew back up from the void, resealing the hole like it had never been there. Thoth landed on his front.

El had landed on top of Mike, who grunted in pain as her body collided with his.

“Sorry,” she said, her voice muffled by his chest. She made no effort to move off of him though.

Mike chuckled in a little bit of pain. “It’s okay, are you okay?” he asked in concern.

She lifted her head off his chest “Yes,” she smiled slightly.

“Ah-hem,” Thoth said, clearing his throat. El scrambled off of Mike in record time. Mike climbed to his feet before holding out his hand to El and pulling her up to.

“Great, now that we are all standing, let’s get down to business,” Thoth said amused.

“Do you think he was telling the truth?” El asked.

"I think so. Lucifer is nothing if not fair, as much of an evil son of a bitch he is," Thoth said. "But at least we now have something to go on."

"Something to hope for," Mike said with relief.

"Something to hope for," Thoth repeated in confirmation.

"What's the nexus point he talked about?" Mike asked.

"It's a conduit. A magical conduit that runs through the very soul of the Earth, very powerful, very rare, I have never seen one as far as I'm aware but we'll look."

"You know, for the first time in months, there is some real hope, some real reality to me finally being rid of this curse," Mike said.

"We got to find it first," Thoth said. "I know where to look, the Templars are a strict order, I don't think they'll appreciate a Pagan God and a Demon-to-be to walk up to their monastery."

"Wait," El's eyes narrowed. "Are these Templars the same ones that attacked me?" She asked.

Thoth sighed. "Yes, they mean well, even if they don't get it right the

whole time, this is something we must approach delicately.”

Thoth gave a look. “I know someone who might be able to help with that.” His smile widened into a birdlike grin.

The Ibis in the sky let out a cry of its song before it came to rest upon Thoth's shoulder.

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The Powers glared down at Dalton from their stands.

Senior Dominion Dalton kneeled in front of them, silently. His silent beg for forgiveness for his failure, he had lost the two battalions under his command, the Demon still loose despite the Pagan's information.

“Grandmasters, permission to speak freely?” Dalton asked, daring to raise his head just an inch.

“Dominion Dalton,” the first Power spoke. “You have failed in your task to eliminate the Demon in the United States, the battalions under your command have been killed and you dare to come here and beg to speak freely?”

“I do dare, Grandmaster,” Dominion said with fire in his eyes. “I was not informed that our target is a human adolescent with the Bloody



Mark of Cain!" Dominion Dalton shouted, raising to his feet "You most of all should know that nothing can stop a Demon or Human with the Mark," Dalton could hardly believe he just spoke back to a Power.

"Maybe so, but consorting with a Pagan Impurity is something that we highly forbid and for good reason," The First Power spoke.

"If it weren't for that impurity I would have never found out what we were truly up against."

The Monastery suddenly shook with a deep rumble, dust and masonry fell from the ceiling. Dalton looked around alarmed as he could hear the rushing of smoke accompanied an all familiar screech. At the same moment a Knight burst through the door, his sword drawn.

"Grandmasters, the Temple is under attack, it's Demons, more than we have ever seen!"

There was Silence for a moment.

The First Power spoke once more. "Dominion Dalton, lead the defence, order a mass recall of all our foreign and domestic operations. We are in for a fight. By the glory and grace of God!" The Power shouted.

"Zephon, be ready to receive mass reinforcements in the gathering

chamber, Raziel, stay here and guard the Citadel, as the final of defence.” Both Powers bowed slightly before vanishing with a flutter of wings.

“Batariel, head to the infirmary, do what you can for the wounded.” The Power vanished in a whoosh of wings.

“Barachiel, head to the battlements and direct all our ranged power over the Demonic filth.” Barachiel nodded before he too vanished, with a flutter of wings.

“Haniel, Sabriel and I will head down to the front line directly,” The Power said, his eyes lit up blue briefly in anger.

“Lets wipe this demonic scum from the face of the Earth, by the glory and grace of God,” He Spat.

The Temple shook again as the Demons massed in the thousands in their true forms. Demonic black smoke, they hit an invisible barrier, they threw themselves into it in their hundreds, Dalton watched with apprehension. The Templar Monastery was one of the most protected places on Earth.

But even now the barriers were failing, the Demons were sailing through the air, blocking the sun and bathing the land in darkness.

Dalton unsheathed his Sword as the Demons battered the barrier.

This would be their finest hour.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) Well that was fun to write! Inspiration has hit me like truck, i'm already working on the next chapter, good ol' inspiration haha hoped you enjoyed this one guys.

As always guys, review! And until next time, Peace!

## 21. The Power of Seven

Dalton flexed his fingers around the Sword, sweat poured from his brow, he had never seen the likes of it. The Demons threw themselves into the barrier, which lit up in all the colours of the rainbow as the cursed was endless and ceaseless.

He had been trained for war, not just any war, a war against Hell. But this? He was not expecting the likes of this. They were brave enough to attack the Monastery itself, a clear indication of the power they currently had. Demons only pressed an attack if they were the superior force.

It was like a revolving mass of blackness, a tornado of sulfur. Dalton stood and watched as the barrier began to feel the strain of the Demons. For every demon that pounded on the barrier, there was a crack of thunder. Soon they would break through and Hell would be unleashed, he turned to look behind him to see all manner of Clerics and Knights, with a dominion scattered among them here and there.

None of them looked prepared.

Dalton had to be a leader. So he was going to do just that.

“Templars! We stand here in front of the holy temple and monastery, as these abominations rain down upon us. I look upon your faces and I see fear, it is human to feel fear. I feel it myself. But we are Soldiers of God, we are his will here on Earth and you forget we are Templars! We will win through faith in God because he has faith in us!

Dalton raised his sword

“For Glory!” He shouted

“FOR GLORY!” The Templars shouted raising their weapons to the sky

“For Grace!” Dalton yelled

“FOR GRACE!” The Templars screamed back

“For the glory and grace of God!” Dalton yelled thrusting his sword as high as he could.

“FOR THE GLORY AND GRACE OF GOD!” They chanted back, raising their weapons in salute, the majority carried Swords and Shields, they started to bang their swords onto their shields rhythmically, pumping their blood up, driving them into a frenzy.

Mere moment after Dalton had finished his rousing speech, the seven powers breathed deep as they felt the power of faith wash over their graces, empowering them, fulfilling them, invigorating them. Faith powered them just as it powered the men they had chosen to fulfil the true mission. Protect Humanity.

The Powers themselves held Angel blades In their hands, in both hands. They watched silently as the Demon hurled themselves against the sacred barriers that had kept them safe for so very long

The Powers communed through Enochian telepathic channels.

*“Brothers, i’m sending another group of arrivals to the front, fifty Clerics, twelve Knights and a Dominion” Zephon said*

*“Excellent Zephon, continue to send arrivals as they come” The First Power, Netzach commanded “Barachiel what can you see from your perch?”*

*“I have never seen such a huge concentration of Demons, Brother. Their mere presence is causing the barriers to weaken, it feels like it’s suffocating my grace with its bile” Barachiel said with disgust.*

*“Stand firm Brother” Netzach said gently*

*“The Barrier has roughly a minute left before it falls” Haniel said, squinting at the barrier “Shall I reconverge it?” she asked.*

*“No, let them come” Netzach commanded, his eyes never left the tornado of Demon smoke.*

*“How many do you estimate Barachiel?” Sabriel inquired*

*“Too many, four maybe five thousand” Barachiel replied.*

*“Ha, I like those odds” Sabriel said smirking*

*“As do I” Barachiel agreed.*

*“fifty Seconds Brothers!” Haniel cried.*

*“Is anyone regretful of our decision to do what we did?” Netzach asked  
“Free Will or opinion inst discouraged here” Netzach said.*

*“No. This is the mission, our true mission. I will die believing in it” Haniel  
said instantly, her chest filled with pride.*

*“Wherever you go Netzach, I shall follow, for this is right, this is just”  
Zephon said.*

*“And miss the chance to smite Demons, cant bare the thought of it”  
Sabriel said, grinning.*

*“Someone's gotta look after this smite-happy dick” Barachiel said with a  
chuckle.*

*There was a brief laugh amongst the siblings.*

*“I consider it an honour to serve among the most noblest of our kind. For the Mission” Raziel said, waves of pride was felt across the wavelength.*

*“It feels good to have purpose, to have cause, to have reason, this is what we were meant to do, let us see it through to the end, to whatever end” Batariel said with finality*

*“I could not have asked for finer Brothers or Sisters” Netzach said with contentment.*

*“Ten Seconds!” Haniel shouted through their wavelength*

The Demons could sense it too and they slammed ferociously against the barrier, there was almost a moment of silence as the Demon reared once more for a final strike.

There was an explosion of colour as the barrier finally gave way and the Demons poured in, the smoke screeched as purple bursts of lightning sparked and flickered within the storm.

*“Hold fast Brothers” Netzach commanded.*

Dalton swung his sword in a flourish as people began to pour from the Demonic smoke, people already possessed, some carrying makeshift weapons, some not. Dalton raised his sword and pointed it



forward.

“FOR GLORY!” He shouted, then his feet began to carry him forward. First into a run. Then to a full fledged sprint.

“FOR GLORY!” The Templars had begun to run as well, charging forward with their commander and senior dominion.

“FOR GRACE!” Dalton screamed.

“FOR GRACE!” The chanted back. Dalton's heart filled with pride and faith in his brothers in arms and their faith flowed through them all. Not that any of them knew but the faith they felt, the pride, the emotion, it powered them like no other on the Earth. The Powers themselves felt invigorated and filled with purpose and power.

Dalton's blade was the first to strike, bringing down his sword, cutting clean through a Demon's neck.

Netzach, Haniel and Sabriel simply wandered forward, their collective power was a sight behold, some of the Demons gulped with fear as they witnessed their terribly ferocity on Earth.

“C'mon boys, afraid of a little smiting?” Sabriel sneered, Angel blades nowhere to be seen.

Two Demons rushed forward towards Sabriel who just examined his

nails lazily with disinterest.

The Demons reached the Power who simply placed his hands on their foreheads. The Demons screamed as holy white light flowed from their eyes as Sabriel smote them into husks of charred flesh.

Netzach vanished and appeared behind a cluster of Demons who spun on the spot to face the infuriated Power.

“Visors, Tireson!” As the power gave the command, the visors on every helmet snapped into place with special tinted visors, within a split second Netzach raised his hand as Holy white light flowed from his palm and from beneath the fingers that grasped the Angel blade.

The Small cluster of Demons gazed upon the light and screamed with agony as the eyes of their meat suits were burnt away and the light consumed the Demonic smoke within.

Haniel laughed as a Demon tried to face her one on one, she flashed forwards in a blur, to the right, to the left, to the right before reaching the Demon, sweeping her leg in a low crouch, sending the demon into the air before gravity took a hold, Haniel grasped her angel blade and plunged it into the falling Demon, the force pushed him into the floor where his body flickered orange as the Demon was smote by the ethereal weapon.

“You get a smiting, and you get a smiting, and you get a smiting, Smitings for everyone!” Sabriel said cheerfully as he grabbed two demons by the chin and throwing them to the floor. His hands covered both their mouths as he smote the Demons within with mad

glee.

“Sabriel behind you!” Haniel cried out, Sabriel didnt even turn to look as he cast his arm behind him, an angel blade flew from within his sleeve and struck the Demon in the throat.

“Show off” She grumbled, although she was smiling.

“Someone has to have fun” Sabriel retorted retrieving the blade

“And that someone always has to be you” She threw back.

“Ah well when you're as good as me...”Sabriel said with a smirk

“Oh please, how many times did I slap you down when we were fledglings?” She laughed.

Netzach took the moment to appear in front of them with a flap of wings, his gaze hardened towards the both of the,, both the Powers got the message as they re-entered the fray.

Dalton had blood splattered up his pristine white Templar cloth as he thrust his sword through another Demon, that screamed as its essence was destroyed with an orange flicker but the Demons kept coming.

Demon Smoke poured from within the Demonic tornado, the smoke raced to dead Templar bodies and former Demon vessels finding themselves being repossessed by another Demon.

Dalton cursed under his breath as he stabbed a Dead Templars possessed body, destroying the Demon.

Barachiel overlooked the carnage below him, along the wavelength of his brothers and sister he sent Demon movements, tactics and where weak points had started to appear in the Templar line. He directed reinforcements to the where their presence was needed most.

Haniel was a blur of death, the fastest of her six brothers, a whirl of silver and light. She made up for her lack of strength with rapidness and precision, with the grace of a ballerina.

Netzach's mere presence was enough to place fear into the demons that he slew with minimal effort. He pulled one to him and grabbing the abominations by the scruff of the shirt, his glare bored into the Demon's eyes as Netzach placed his palm upon its face, smiting him from existence,

Netzach tossed the dead meat suit behind him.

Sabriel was laughing with mirth as he smote foe after foe. Sabriel was the one who took pleasure out of smiting Demons more than the other six because it was what he was created to do, so why not have fun. But even he had become more serious as the battle raged on. He began to release holy white light from his palms smiting demons en mass.

Dalton was exhausted the battle had been going on several hours now, blood covered him from head to toe, his sword had both dried and fresh blood clinging to the steel. Covered in cuts and bruises he was not sure how much longer he would last.

Barachiel saw that enough was enough and spoke to the heavens as he raised his hands up.

“O Lord, we beseech thee, give us thou blessings of Grace, Dominion and Purity. Allow us to cleanse the filth of the tainted upon your Earth, in the name of the mission and your Will, give us your grace to fulfil our purpose”

Barachiel's eyes immediately glowed a bright and piercing blue.

Barachiel looked down on the battlefield as the Demons stopped fighting and looked up at the Power in awed fear.

The Templar monastery had five towers, four of the same height and the central tower that overlooked everything, Barachiel smirked as the Demons backed away in terror. The central citadel tower began to glow from the tip of the spire.

The Spire grew a white, pure light that made the Demonic presence recoil in pain, it shined like a holy sun. The Demon sulfur in the sky shrivelled away from it as though burned away but to the Templars they lowered their swords and bathed in its essence, Humans of such pureness, such goodness and pure of soul and heart found themselves

in awe of the presence of divinity.

Dalton felt himself smile in a moment of complete bliss, the light washed over him, the cuts and bruises began to fade away as skin grafted itself together once more, his exhaustion had faded away to be replaced with an energy that seemed to flow through his very blood.

Was this what it was like to be in the presence of God? Dalton wondered, submitting his tired body and weary soul to divinity. He fell onto a knee and bowed his head towards the light.

The Powers stood in the glow and allowed its grace to flow through them. They could feel the Earth's life force as the light coursed through them and straight into their collective graces.

Inside the Temple, the Holy Grail, the real one, sat in a focusing chamber atop the highest room in the citadel, Raziel smiled as he aided his siblings in the best way he knew how.

But then the glowing ball of light seem to grow angry as it sparked and hissed and even seemed to growl as it turned from white to blue. There was a clap of thunder as a beam of blue light shot out from the spire. There was an echo of screams as the light engulfed a group of Demons, smiting them into nothingness.

The Beam traversed the battlefield. If the beam touched a demon it suffered the same fate as its fellows. The beam passed through Templars and yet there was no damage to them, it simply passed through them, leaving them unharmed.

The Demons started to panic and started to run, several smoked out of their vessels, the black smoke raced away. Eager to not be smote from the pure beam of grace.

The Templars started cheering as the Demons retreated. Even Dalton was able to heave out a sigh of relief as the Demons fell back. But the skies became blackened with soot once more despite the presence of the Light sphere.

Dalton watched in horror as a single Demon smoke form raced down from the clouds, undeterred by the burning light. It plunged straight through the spire, casting rock and stone in all directions.

The Templars gasped as their super-weapon was suddenly out of commission.

Netzach glared at the Demonic smoke form with contempt. He watched as it did a lap around the other castle spires. The other demons did nothing but stand there as this Demon smoke form continued to mock the Powers with its presence.

Before it flew down and into the Black smoke tornado.

There was apprehension that could be felt in the air.

A person could be seen leaving the swirl of Demonic soot. Walking

towards the temple like he owned it.

The Templars made to strike against this Demon but Netzach threw up a hand.

“Wait, let him through” Netzach's voice unmistakable as it echoed throughout the clearing.

“You would be wise to listen to him, human spawn” The Demon said as he reached the first line of defenders.

The lines of Soldiers slowly parted as the Demon strode through their midst, it was against every Templar instinct to not want to ram the stain through with their swords and call it a day.

The Demon wore a brown leather coat that reached towards his feet ending around his ankles. But it was his back that drew the most eyes. Slung on his back was the spine and skull of a human, the skull still attached to the end of it. A small dent could be seen in the centre of the forehead.

The spine was tied to a small wooden staff, making the unusually longer spine have even more reach than it already did. The Demon's fingers flexed inside fingerless gloves.

Netzach walked from the opposite direction as Sabriel and Haniel flanked him on either side protectively as this Demon bravely and daringly never broke stride until they came face to face.



“Demon” Netzach spat distastefully.

The Demon frowned “I have a name, you fanatical prick” The Demon said with a glare. “My name is David, Knight of Hell of our lord Lucifer” David said with a smile as his eyes turned black.

“So you're the Demon spawn that been causing so much trouble?” Netzach said, eyeing David from top to toe.

“Oh I wish I had participated in that but alas that was not me” David said.

“What is it that you want?” Netzach asked.

“I think you know what I want” David said knowingly.

“We will never let you take the Grail, our wings would have to be seared into the floor before we let you take it” Netzach said, raising his angel blades.

“You overestimate the value of that glorified carpenters cup. No, tell me, Power. Where is the other Knight of Hell”

“Other?” Netzach said feigning ignorance.

David scoffed “Don't bullshit me, your organisation knows pretty much every demon location on Earth”

“And why would I tell you?” Netzach asked “So you can join forces and cause even more trouble, more destruction, more death?” Netzach said with narrowed eyes.

David smirked “I see why you're their leader, fierce, fearless, without compromise” David said admirably.

“But my reasons are my own power, just tell me where he is and I shall leave” David offered.

Netzach looked scandalized.

“Leave? You have caused the deaths of countless Templars all because you wanted information? You filthy, disgusting demonic bile!” Netzach angrily spat, an Angel blade fell from each sleeve into his waiting hands “You will pay for their spilt blood with you own!”

Daniel Sighed, he reached round his back and unslung the Spine Staff “You know when I slew Goliath, It was one of the proudest moments of my life” David said admiring the Spine staff from every angle. The Spine and skull of Goliath.

“I was so proud I was able to serve God and protect the promised

land and be a great King that he could be at least proud of” David's eyes turned a dark shade of rage. “But when I died my soul did not go to Heaven, it went to Hell where I spent one hundred and eighty thousand years being tortured mercilessly by the Knights, by Cain.”

David glared at Netzach with feelings beyond that of hatred

“For the longest time I begged for God to save me but he didn't, nor did the Angels or anyone else and so I submitted and allowed them to finally create who I am today. This is my payback to you fucking feathered fucks for leaving me to suffer a trillion deaths in a place I didn't belong!” David screamed as he cast the Spine staff forward and unleashed its power.

Netzach raised his arm in defence as the power of the staff washed harmlessly over him but he knew a weapon forged and wielded by a Knight of Hell was so much more powerful and fatal.

Netzach thrust an Angel blade forward, David side stepped it and brought the spine staff down onto the Power's arm, who hissed in pain as his blade clattered to the floor. David smirked as the skull began to glow a reddish orange.

Netzach vanished as a beam of energy fired from the staff. Reappearing behind the Demon, Netzach threw his fist into the side of the Demon's head, David yelled as the full force of the Power's strength was brought down upon him.

Netzach called the fallen blade back to his hand, placing it within his battle robes, he raised his left hand as his eyes began to glow blue

and his body became enshrouded in holy white light.

Netzach's powerful and majestic Angel wings became like shadow as they formed in the air around them. David stood his ground as the other Demons had to take steps from the pain that the light gave.

His palm was engulfed in holy light, flying from his palm in a blast of energy. David flourished his staff, deflecting the holy light to the side where it exploded as it hit the ground.

David's eyes turned black as the eye sockets of the skull began to light up an angry red.

“If i cant hurt you, then I will hurt them instead, Angel” David hissed. He struck the ground with the glowing spine staff. Red smoke like vapour spread from the point of impact. Passing through the Powers harmlessly, it was flung outward reaching the first line of Templars.

The red vapour solidified and coiled around the ankle's of the Templars. Dalton could only watch as people he cared for, trained and raised died horrifically. The red vapour dug into their skin, breaking layers of skin and muscle, inserting itself into their bodies.

It began to travel up their legs through their veins as they burned bright red. The screams would haunt Dalton forever.

The pain was so much so that they had begun to beg for death as the

vapour travelled up their necks, leaving burnt out and eviscerated veins along the way. The red vapour finally reached their eyes which, like a traditional smiting, burned the eyes out from their sockets. Allowing them to finally submit to Death's embrace.

Netzach watched in horror and revulsion as the over sixty Templars were smote from existence in the most excruciatingly way possible. This new type of smiting was beyond evil. Netzach's rage could be felt all across the Power telepathic wavelength.

“What a horrible way to go” David sneered, grinning with malice. “And all because you couldn't just tell me what I wanted to know, their deaths were needless and agonizing” David continued to taunt. “Their deaths will be on your hands forever and eternity is a long time, even for an Angel”

Dalton gulped with anxiety and did the only thing he could. Make a good on a promise given to him by a Pagan God. This Battle had to end and end fast or there it would be nothing left when the dust settled.

Dalton closed his eyes and spoke. *“Ibis, hear my words and make haste, I summon your master to battle. In fulfilment of an oath made In good faith, from one warrior to another.”*

**\LINE BREAK/**

The Ibis on Thoth's shoulder let out a soft cry and caw, grabbing Thoth's attention.

“Well that doesn't sound good” Thoth said after a few seconds.

“What is it?” El said.

“One of the Templars, has just prayed to me for help, their monastery is under attack, this actually may be a good thing, we can rush in and save the day” Thoth said eagerly.

But then Thoth sighed “But we're gonna need the First Blade, dammit” Thoth hissed in frustration.

“Whoa, hold on you said that would be bad, like end of the world bad” Mike said.

Thoth looked at him sympathetically “Unfortunately I don't think we have much choice, the Demon leading the assault is another Knight of Hell.” Thoth said.

“And let me guess, the only way to kill another Knight is with the First Blade” Mike said.

“Bingo” Thoth said with a finger point.

Mike sighed “Figures”

El looked worriedly at Mike before raising her arm and closing her eyes. Mike and Thoth watched for a moment before a blurred object flew straight into her hand. The First Blade.

Mike looked at the blade as it called to him and the Mark called for the blade, Mike struggled to tear his eyes away as El looked at him, worry lacing her features as Thoth handed her a beaten scrap of cloth with runes and magic etched into the stitching . Wrapping the blade inside it, Mike felt some of the edge leave his body as the blade's presence was dampened.

“Thanks” Mike breathed out as the voice of the Mark began to fade away once more.

“Out of curiosity, where did you stash the blade?” Thoth asked

“At the bottom of the lake” El said. Thoth nodded his approval

“This is it isn't it?” Mike asked looking to the two of them.

“I hope so, Mike” Thoth said not looking at him “Hopefully, this will be the last time you touch that Blade and the last time the Mark will have any control over you”

El laced her fingers gently with Mike's. Mike took a deep breath and nodded at Thoth who looked on with empathy before gripping them

both by the shoulders and vanishing. Leaving nothing but the sunrise.

/LINE BREAK\

Netzach was forced down to his knee's, his Angel blades criss-crossed above him as the Spine Staff was brought down in a furious arc. The Demon snarled as he pushed harder against the Angel but the Celestial pushed back twice as hard.

Netzach's foot kicked out and struck the Demon in the knee. David roared In pain as his strength gave away leaving the Demon off balance. Netzach pressed his advantage and broke the weapon lock. Vanishing from the spot and reappearing some feet away.

Netzach was angry, angrier than he had ever been. This Demon, this speck of defilement continued to mock the Templars, his brothers and his father just by being.

His palm lit up with holy light. Netzach's true voice could be heard as a high pitched whine that pierced everything in sight. The beam flew straight for the Demon. David countered with his own beam of red vapour, the very same that had smote the poor Templars from before.

But Netzach was a Power, one of the most powerful things that existed in creation, he pushed harder and Netzach began to take slow but powerful strides forward. David hissed in pain as the Holy white light began to seep around the edges of his own vapour.



Netzach pushed onward.

Step by step.

Inch by inch.

With his other hand Netzach drew it back, fingers clasped around his Angel Blade, David could only watch as the blade glittered for a single, solitary second, before it was driven straight through the top of his shoulder.

David screamed In barely concealed anguish, the Spine Staff fell to the floor. His body flickered orange and this time it was Netzach's turn to smirk.

“How does it feel?” He taunted. Netzach slowly pushed the blade in deeper “How does it feel, Demon” Netzach spat.

Despite the pain David cackled with glee “Like I was stabbed by a pussy!” Blood covered the Demon's mouth.

Netzach never saw it coming. David had managed to pick up the Spine Staff and blasted Netzach with a powerful beam of Demonic fury, straight into the centre of his chest. His body was thrown back, ripping the blade from David's shoulder as his body was tossed aside.

Netzach groaned as his body hit the floor as the vapour coiled around

his body and began to dig it's way into his chest. To strike at the very centre of his being. His grace.

David strode up to the Angel that writhed in torment upon the floor, fighting with every fibre of his being, the grace within began to lose its light, like being snuffed out like a dying star.

“I have been waiting for this moment for one hundred and eighty thousand years” David said as he lifted the Spine Staff for the killing blow.

Netzach was about to close his eyes in resignation.

But David gasped, air escaping him. As a blade pierced and punctured straight through his chest. His fingers loosened and the staff fell to the floor. Its power ebbed away to nothingness.

David looked down to his chest.

And it wasn't an Angel blade that had killed him, David laughed with irony.

“Fellow Knight...” David managed to gasp as he looked upon the face of his killer. His eyes lowered slightly “My Lord...” David reached blindly behind him and grasping the person's arm in a death grip.

“Thank You” He managed to gasp out as his body finally succumbed

and his body lit up orange as the power of the blade extinguished the demonic essence from within. King David, Demon and Knight of Hell, died with a smile upon his lips.

The body collapsed to floor.

And there stood Mike.

Holding the First Blade in his hands.

His hands shook as rage induced power flowed through his veins again for the first time. The Mark was lit an angry, flame red upon his arm. Mike's gaze turned to the Netzach on the floor.

Is hand still shaking.

“Mike” El called to him, slowly walking up to him.

“It's okay Mike, you're okay” She said as she touched his arm gently. Thoth watched as this brave girl talked down a boy with the Mark of Cain. He was amazed, stunned and awed.

“Mike, everything's okay” She said as she came to stand in front of him. Mike was shook out of the kill rage he had been induced to, finally seeing and hearing her for the first time. She smiled at him. His own face lit with a faint smile.

“Mike, give me the blade” She said gently.

He looked down to the blade that was still covered in blood and looked up at her once more, he didn't release his grip but it lessened as El coaxed the Blade from his hand and into hers.

As soon the blade left his hand, the ringing in his ears finally faded away.

Leaving nothing but love and compassion for the one who brought it out the most in him.

And that was a power that even the Mark couldn't overcome.



### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) Well I think I have managed to get into a good two week update routine, which will hopefully last until the story is finished. Fingers Crossed.

As always guys, review! And until next time, peace!

## 22. To Save Him

There was silence on the smouldering battlefield as David fell to the floor, the demon within purged and destroyed with a final flicker of orange light.

There were reactions on both sides, the Templars pushed forwards, battle weary and hurt but the sudden loss of the Demon's commander had sent the Demon ranks into pure panic. Suddenly they faced an army of pissed off warriors armed with Demon killing weapons who pressed ahead against their numbers, decimating them.

Without leadership the Demons that remained scattered, the whirling black mass of the Demon Twister too had vanished as the Demon smoke flew off in a multitude of directions, eager to escape the destruction that would be waiting for them below.

The Powers, gathered their grace together, and with solidarity and clarity, lit their hands up in Holy White Light. Demons suddenly found themselves being pulled with incredible force straight into the palms of the powers. Smiting them in smoke form.

Mike watched with indifference at the destruction of the Demons that were unfortunate enough to be dragged into the Power's grasp. He looked to the floor to David's body, he had thanked him. What for? Mike pondered, killing him? Maybe it was a mercy that Mike had bestowed on the ancient demon.

Mike reached down and picked up the Spine Staff. The Mark briefly flickered red as the power from the Staff was of a similar energy to what the Mark gave off, the same power, albeit diluted, that powered

the First Blade.

“Powerful weapon” Thoth commented, coming to stand beside the boy. “Powerful indeed” he remarked as he examined the weapon. “The Spine and Skull of Goliath fashioned into a barbaric weapon, ironic really, considering the bones that make up the staff” Thoth said with a chuckle, handing the Staff back to Mike.

“Cain made the first blade, the most powerful of all weapons but when he made his Knights, he used the Mark to turn them into Knights, meaning they had residual Mark of Cain energy. Each Knight followed Cain’s footsteps and made Weapons out of bone, powered by their residual energies” Thoth said

“How many Knights are there?” Mike asked.

Thoth shrugged “I’m not sure but i do know that only one remains, apart from Cain himself, Abbadon but she has all but vanished, no one has heard from her in years”

“What about the staff?” Mike asked looking down to the weapon

“Keep it” Thoth said, but then he noticed the scandalized look that El was giving him “Relax, the Mark won't be needed to power the weapon, it can be used without having to call upon the Mark to use it as Mike is full of residual energy, energy that will remain within him forever, that energy is not powerful enough to trigger the blade’s power however”



El nodded and Mike looked thoughtful. The staff was now his, to use as needed, he slung it onto his back where it sat. Oddly comfortable with the weapon as it sat almost weightlessly.

“The Audacity you have, Pagan, never ceases to amaze me” Netzach said with a snarl as he was on his feet again, his dual wielded angel blades back in his hands

“The Audacity of what, saving your life, saving countless others?” Thoth challenged, his gaze unwavering from the Celestial.

But Netzach was undeterred.

“You walk within sacred and hallowed grounds---” Netzach began

“Oh save it, i’m sick of you Angels and your self-righteous crap, stick it up your ass” Thoth said

“You dare?” Netzach asked, voice full of venom.

“I do dare because not only have I saved you and I have also been protecting the only pool of divinity in existence, some of us Pagan’s are still loyal to him you know” Thoth growled, gritting his teeth.

Netzach was taken aback “A Pool of divinity?” His eyes narrowed “You’re lying”

Thoth looked on, insulted “You question my integrity? Ask your Dominion Dalton, he was actually there” Thoth gestured back towards the army of Templars.

Netzach looked thoughtful for a moment.

“Sabriel” He called out “Find me Dominion Dalton, Bring him to me” He said never taking his eyes off the Pagan Deity.

“No need Grandmaster, I was coming to report to you on the battle status” Dominion Dalton said, looking nervously to Thoth, El and Mike, his gaze hardened as he saw El and Mike, both of them had slaughtered a contingent of Templars.

“You!” He snarled angrily, moving to unsheathe his sword.

Thoth snapped his fingers and the Sword would not budge from the sheathe as much as Dalton pulled on it.

“Calm yourself Dalton, they are with me” Thoth said

“With you?” Dalton asked in confusion “I don't think you understand, they slaughtered half a battalion of our people, good people, I felt them die” Dalton hissed.

“Only because i was attacked” El hissed back

“And you attacked her” Mike said eerily calm but his aura screamed in rage “Anyone comes near her and i will kill you all” He said stepping protectively in front of her

“And I will always protect him, without question” She projected with confidence, taking a step so they were side by side but in the back of her mind Lucifer’s words were almost prophetic “ *You’d bathe in their blood and call it love*”

Thoth on the other hand, looked positively gleeful. It was these two’s relationship that had so far prevented an escalation of death. As a Demon, Mike had been so focused on finding the cause of all of El’s pain and suffering. Noble for a vile creature such as a Demon, but was there more to it than that? Humans would never cease to amaze Thoth.

Because there were still drawbacks, the Demon still craved to kill, no matter where he had directed the bloodlust, it would never stop.

“You saw the Pool of Divinity, Dalton?” Netzach asked, facing the Senior Dominion.

“I can confirm it, Grandmaster. But I also bathed in it, to seek knowledge” Dalton said almost embarrassed to go to such lengths.

“And this boy was the one we sought?” Netzach said with cold eyes looking at Mike

Dalton gave the boy a brief look “I can confirm it, Grandmaster” He said.

Netzach gave a thoughtful nod.

“We also came here because we need it, Netzach” Thoth said to the Angel.

“So, you seek the holy relic, let me guess to remove the Mark?”

“You would be correct” Thoth said

Netzach looked thoughtful for a moment, the other six had slowly come up to stand behind the commander. Sabriel was covered in streaks of blood, but looked happy. Thoth knew how battle eager the young Angel was.

“Sabriel, good to see you” Thoth greeted warmly

“And to you, Pagan” Sabriel said with a smile “You’re not giving him a hard time are you Netzach?”

“You can never be too sure with Pagan’s, Brother” Netzach tried to defend.

“You give everyone a hard time, lighten up Bro” Haneil said slapping his shoulder.

“Yeah, get that stick out of your ass” Sabriel laughed.

“I do not have a...” Netzach sighed and huffed in frustration.

Everyone but Thoth was taken aback. None more so than Dalton, who’s jaw just fell open, the Grandmasters were always so serious, so resolute. To see them bicker... well.... Like siblings was a shock for him.

“You so do” Haniel chimed in.

“Only because i take things a bit more seriously,” Netzach claimed.

“Ha! No denial” Sabriel said, snickering. Netzach glared at the younger Angel, who was lost to fits of laughing.

“What is going on?” Mike asked, unsure as he watched the Siblings bicker amongst themselves.

“Oh god if you don't know, then i have no idea” El groaned, resisting the urge to place her face in her hands.

Thoth just chuckled, it was nice to see a bit of levity, despite their surroundings. Thoth looked thoughtfully out towards the battlefield, Templars milled about, smoke rose from craters and bodies still smouldered.

Men ferried their fallen brothers from the battlefield and Thoth looked on sadly, he could feel the loss of life through the Earth, being so close to it. His Ibis cawed to him high above in the sky, the sun peeked from the clouds, bathing the earth in its warmth, Thoth closed his eyes and allowed it to bring him warmth.

His Ibis landed on his left shoulder, cawing softly. The conversation floated back towards him.

“.....Pur-lease” Sabriel drawled dramatically “that fancy light show did not count!”

Barachiel laughed “It so did though, I lost count around the three hundred mark” He boasted.

“I killed one hundred and seventy seven with pure skill alone” Sabirel argued back. Barachiel slapped his hand down onto his shoulder

“Moral of the story? Kill smarter, not harder” Barachiel said smugly.

Sabriel just opened his mouth to retort.

“Enough” Netzach commanded, he turned to Thoth “You have proven your trustworthiness today, Pagan, we shall grant you your request” Netzach said begrudgingly. He turned to Barachiel. “Go retrieve the Holy relic” He ordered.

Barachiel nodded and with a flutter of wings, he vanished.

Haniel was silent during the exchange, a bit more reserved than her Brothers, her eyes narrowed as she watched the two humans stand next to each other, her eyes softened watching the two, the way their eyes met, the way they touched each other comfortingly, touches that seemed to be ingrained in their sense of being.

It was beautiful.

It was pure.

It was what God had said the other Angels could never see.

But even now, she could understand it, she could feel it, but it was something that she would never experience, like most of her kind. But she was okay with that because right here, right now. She could see the love, the drive, the passion, the loyalty and the commitment they shared.

They loved together, they fought together, they killed together, they

suffered together, they laughed together. It was deep as love could truly go and she could see it in all its blinding glory.

She sighed and walked over to El.

El looked up to the angelic warrioress, her brown hair flowed and her angel blade was covered in dried blood and her armour and robes were dotted with it along with dirt and grime but it did nothing to take away from the powerful figure she saw before her.

“You must care for him.” Haniel said, eyes darting to Mike. El jumped slightly as she was drawn out of her own thoughts.

Her eyes followed that of the Angel’s to see Mike, she smiled gently. “I do.” She said simply.

“Why?” Haniel asked, curious.

“Because he saved me” She replied like it was the most simple thing in the world, because to her it was “We saved each other” El said, Haniel could feel the love radiating from the girl.

Haniel watched on as El gave her a final look before slinking off backup to Mike’s side. Haniel looked on sadly, no-one should be able to go through the things they did and come out the other side, with more Love than there was before.



Humans truly were something special.

Barachiel appeared with a flap of wings, everyone's eyes were drawn to the object in the Angels hands. A wooden cup. Battered and worn down by time, but it seemed to emanate pure power. Mike would never have figured that the same cup was used not so very long ago to decimate huge swaths of Demons.

Barachiel handed the grail to Netzach who looked down to the Cup in his hands. Thoth watched with apprehension and baited breath as the Cup was wordlessly passed on to Mike.

Mike took a deep breath and raised the chalice to his lips. And drunk deeply from the water that sat in the basin. Gulping it down greedily, desperate to be rid of the Mark, finally.

The last drops of water raced down his gullet and he lowered the cup from his lips. All eyes were drawn to the Mark that sat upon his arm.

That's when the screaming began.

The Mark hissed violently upon his arm, burning the flesh around where it was already deeply seared into his skin. He collapsed to his knees and let out a blood curdling scream, gaining the attention of the Templars in the distance.

His left arm grasped his right, trying to stop the burning pain pouring out from the Mark. El was instantly by his side holding him.

Completely helpless she did everything she could by being there for him. His eyes shot open and his eyes were black.

“Mike!” El shouted. black veins grew him into his skin like evil roots in the soil. El breathed heavily in fear but she would not relent, she would not leave his side.

“Mike listen to my voice, I’m here, I’m right here!” She desperately said to him, powerless to do anything else

The Seven Powers gathered in front of him, their hands twitched, a mere gesture away from allowing their blades to fall into their hands. The threat they made was clear without words.

*Take care of this or we will.*

“Fight this Mike! Fight it with everything you have!” She grasped his arms and turned him to face her “Don’t make me lose you again” She said desperately. His black eyes bore into her brown ones.

And his eyes began to flicker between his normal brown hue and the Black that threatened to consume his soul. The Demon within roared for control, letting out a scream that had every human covering their ears from the pain.

But a small part of his soul refused to Demonize. A small flicker of light that held back the tidal wave of Darkness.

Thoth watched on silently begging for him to be okay, but he knew it was all up to him at this point. Either his soul would burn out and the Mark would take over once more. Or. The boy would do the impossible and win against impossible odds. But as Thoth was beginning to learn, the odds never seemed to matter.

His brown eyes seemed to flicker for longer periods before there was a final, vocal cord scratching scream and his eyes finally cleared back to their normal colour before his eyes closed and he fell into the tempting lure of unconsciousness.

“What the fuck just happened” She growled dangerously, cradling Mike’s head in her arms and glaring up at the Angels.

The Mark still sat upon his arm.

“I don’t believe it” Thoth whispered, in despair. “I thought that was the solution, finally” Thoth said truthfully looking at El.

“The Mark predates pretty much everything” Netzach said “It was a fair assumption the Grail would work” Netzach offered

“El...” Thoth began.

“Don’t” She said softly “Just don’t” She said, bringing Mike closer into her arms. Thoth tightened his Jaw.

“Who told you that we had the grail, Pagan? Because it was certainly no Templar nor any of us” Netzach asked

Thoth decided the truth would be the wisest course of action.

“Lucifer” He said simply.

“Lucifer?” Netzach was taken aback “He’s free?” Netzach demanded to know. Thoth held up his hands

“No, no but he did have a price for the information, he had reason to believe the Grail would work, considering its properties”

“What was the price?” Netzach asked, his eyes narrowed.

“To take the Grail and place it in a nexus point” Thoth said.

“Huh” Netzach said with surprise “That’s not what i was expecting”

Thoth agreed “Neither were we”

“We had promised to protect the Earth, to protect humanity” Netzach said sadly “I don’t think we have done enough, we allowed this to

happen on our watch”

Thoth scoffed “Are you kidding me? You seven have done so much, much more than the rest of your brothers up there” Thoth argued.

“Maybe” Netzach said “But we could have done more” He said, turning away.

Netzach looked to his brothers and his sister. They were chatting amongst themselves, joy and laughter seemed to penetrate the air, the other Templars gathered together in their own groups, War weary but smiling and sharing food and water with each other, the battle was in the back of their minds.

His Brothers and sister seemed so very young, because they were.

The Battle had changed everything, for the first time ordinary men, Soldiers and comrades saw the Grandmasters of their order, saw them for what they really were. But there was more, more that they didn’t know and perhaps shouldn’t know but one day they would.

---

**10,000 BC**

Where am i? Was this first thing that came to him, where was he? The Angel sat up, the white room soothed his grace, this was home.

He wasn't told so but he could feel that this was so.

"You are in my throne room, my son" A voice said in front of him. His eyes turned to the being sitting informally on the white chair that seemed to dominate the room.

A man who appeared to be in his thirties, a fairly grown beard and slightly tousled hair, bright blue eyes and fairly short in height but he could feel the power radiate off of him in pulsating waves.

"Son?" He repeated, confused, the being in front of him smiled widely.

"Yes, I created you and I created everything that came before you and that will come after" The Being said.

"Do I have a name?" He asked.

The Being looked thoughtful for a moment "Your name shall be..." He paused "Netzach, yeah" He smiled "Netzach"

"Thank you, Father," Netzach said.

"Do you want to meet your younger siblings?" Father asked, Netzach smiled as his Father led him away from the throne room to meet the other six that would be by his side forevermore.

---

**4000 BC**

“....love them more than me” Father said as the entire assembled host of Angels bowed down towards the first homo sapiens to walk the Earth.

Michael, Gabriel and Raphael kneeled immediately, bowing their heads respectfully to their father and the new creation. Netzach, Barachiel, Haniel, Sabriel, Zephon, Batariel and Raziel bowed a second after.

Lucifer however, refused. “I will not, they are not deserving of our love Father” The future Devil said in defiance.

“Lucifer, for once do as you’re told” Michael chastised, glaring up at his younger brother.

Lucifer looked scandalized “Father, I can’t. These human beings are flawed, murderous!” Lucifer said to the ears of every Angel and their father. God gazed upon his younger son where the Mark sat and looked sad for the briefest of moments.

“Lucifer! You dare!” Michael shouted rising to his feet “Father gave you an order”

“Maybe I don't feel like following his orders anymore, one way or another I shall be proven right, mark my words” Lucifer snarled.

“Will you two stop?” Gabriel, the youngest of the four Archangels, said, raising his voice in anger. “This has gone on long enough already”

Both Archangels glared at the younger Angel.

“Fine” Lucifer hissed, his wings flapped angrily as he vanished, Michael made to follow, until the voice of his father rang out

“Let him go, Son,” Father said. Shaking his head sadly. Michael hesitated for the briefest moment, wings still poised to take flight but he relaxed and the wings furled back to rest.

Slowly the throne room emptied, leaving only God, the three Archangels and the Seven. God sighed and rubbed his hands around his face tiredly in a very human-like way.

“Is there anything i can do for you father?” Michael asked

God looked at Michael, his first born, briefly and shook his head “No, go back to your duties” He looked at the other two “All three of you” he added with a gentle smile that only a father was capable of. Gabriel and Raphael bowed before vanishing in a flutter of wings,



Michael looked to his father before he too vanished.

God let out an audible sigh and turned to face his youngest seven.

The Seven slowly drifted toward their father.

“Are you okay, father?” Netzach asked

God let out a half hearted laugh “Truthfully? No, When your eldest children are fighting amongst themselves what would you do?”

The Seven looked at each other “I’m not sure Father...” Raziel said.

“It’s okay” Father replied, smiling sadly. “I just hope Lucifer doesn't do anything worse, he has always been so strong willed”

“Do you know why i created you, all of you?” He asked

“To be Warriors?” Netzach ventured.

“I wanted you to be more than that” Father said “I wanted you to be the best of your brothers, of your sisters, you were meant to be better, to be greater, to be the beginning of a new caste of Angel” Father said.

“What do you mean, Father?” Netzach said.

“I created you to be the first Angels that could feel true emotion, to feel empathy and to feel in general” Father said looking to them proudly

“You were to be the first in line of Guardian Angels, or Arch-Seraphim. To protect and guide Humanity, that is your mission, Protect them” He said.

“We wish to do this father, we want to help them,” Netzach declared confidently.

“I know,” Father said. “That is why there will come a time when you must do everything you can to do this for me, promise me that you will?” Father almost pleaded

Netzach only had to make eye contact with his siblings to know the answer “We promise you, Father” Netzach swore. “When will we know?” he asked.

“You will know” He replied with gleam in his eye “And when you know, you will know what you need to do” Father said, walking to leave the throne room, he stopped at the doorway and turned to look at them and smiled at them before his light left the room.

None of them knew that would be the last time that they would see their Father.

Because all Hell would break loose.

---

Michael hurled Lucifer to the floor, moments later Michael landed on top of Lucifer with an Archangel blade, he sliced at Lucifer, who raised his arm to block the blade. Michael roared at the effort as Lucifer held him back with forearm and hand latched onto him.

“You couldn’t leave well enough alone could you!” Michael shouted. His arm shaking from the effort.

“Someone had to show him” Lucifer snarled back.

“And you had to do it like that did you?” Michael threw at him. Lucifer grunted as he managed to launch Michael away from him. The Archangel blade clattered to the floor, away from both of them

“You had to go and twist her soul.... Into that” Michael spat, disgusted “I can’t even bear to look at her, let alone you” Michael said with disdain.

Lucifer smirked, his eyes burning red for the first time “I don’t know, i think it’s kinda poetic, the old man’s apes are much worse than

what I originally imagined,” Lucifer said.

“Insane Monster” Michael said sadly “That’s what you’ve become, an insane, twisted, vile cancer”

“Spare me, Michael” Lucifer hissed “You hate them as much as i do, you’re just too much of a Daddy’s boy to have your own opinion”

“Better that then let an opinion twist me into something as grotesque as you” Michael taunted.

Michael closed the distance between them and threw the first punch. Lucifer easily stepped to the side and hit the unbalanced Michael in the face with his elbow. Michael growled angrily. Gritting his teeth, he palmed Lucifer in the stomach and twisted his arm behind his back painfully, Lucifer hissed in pain.

“Someone has to stop you and unfortunately that will always have to be me” Michael said quietly, Michael stretched forth his hand and the Archangel blade was called to his hand. Lucifer was not willing to give up.

He headbutted his older Brother with the back of his head, spreading his wings, Lucifer was enveloped in dirtied holy white light, soured by his crime. His eyes burned red. He threw forth an energy burst. Michael deflected it with a wave of his hand.

“You?!” Lucifer growled.

“Yes... Me!” Michael said standing up straight “I’m a good son, it's what he told me to do, it’s my destiny” Michael said taking a step forward.

“Destiny?” Lucifer hissed angrily but it was laced with hurt. “Destiny that you kill me? To kill your brother? I have known you since before the stars were made” Lucifer said sadly.

Michael’s hardened gaze softened, if only a little bit but Lucifer grasped onto it.

“We’re Brothers, Michael, we fought together when we locked Amara away, we were together when light came to be, we were together when he made all things” Lucifer said, Michael said nothing, lest his own heart betray him.

Michael looked thoughtful for a moment, a slither of doubt had wormed its way into the Archangel. Into the very core his grace. But then his eyes hardened and Lucifer knew in that moment he had lost.

“We were,” Michael said sadly before lunging forward and ensnaring Lucifer in his grasp. Lucifer reached up to hold his brother's arm. Michael’s eyes lit up a solid, shining golden blue, his eyes shifted toward the floor.

The floor fell away to reveal rushing of air into a black abyss, seemingly endless in depth. Lucifer could sense the cage from beneath his feet. The cage that his father had created for him. Lucifer

coldly looked at his Brother.

“I’ll get out.” Lucifer said, dangerously.

“And when you do, I’ll be there waiting, Little Brother” Michael Promised.

With a final grimace, Michael tossed his beloved brother into the Pit, where Lucifer quickly vanished from view, swallowed up by the all encompassing darkness. And as the ground healed itself, Michael averted his gaze, confused by what he was feeling, guilt and remorse. But he did what Father had ordered.

It brought him little peace.

---

“We need to leave now” Netzach ordered quickly. The other six looked up at their de facto leader in confusion.

“What, why?” Sabriel asked, confused as he rose to his feet.

“Michael is taking control of Heaven now that Father is gone and he’s ordering a complete shutdown, no Angels are to go to Earth, for any reason”

“Dear God...” Haniel exclaimed. “He’s gone mad”

“I know, which is why we need to leave” Netzach said urgently  
“Anyone with sympathy towards humans is being rounded up, Castiel was one of the first to be dragged to Naomi” Netzach said all too quickly.

“What about Gabriel, surely he must be against this?” Zephon said, Netzach shook his head.

“Gabriel’s gone,” Netzach said looking at them. “Which is why we also need to leave, we’ll be at the top of that list”

The others jumped to their feet, Angel blades falling into their hands as they did so, for Michael stood there, flanked by Raphael and Zachariah, a senior seraphim.

“So, this is where the disloyal like to fester” Michael sneered at them. His fingers were itching to summon his Archangel blade.

Netzach stared at Michael right in the eyes, feeling braver than he should. The Archangel was furious.

“Michael, i’m afraid we cannot obey the order to shut down,” Netzach said boldly, the other six simply looked at their leader, waiting for commands, but they slowly brought up his back to show a united front.

“Excuse me?” Michael hissed dangerously.

“We cannot and more importantly won’t shut down, we have important work to do, Father’s Orders” Netzach said.

“You will obey, or you and anyone else who refuses will die” Raphael said, eyes glinting menacingly.

“Two Archangels and a limp dicked Seraphim, i like those odds” Sabriel laughed, striding to Netzach’s side, just itching for a fight.

“For the Mission?” Netzach quietly asked his siblings, his loyal siblings. He could not be more proud of them as they nodded their consent to follow him into the depths of damnation.

“For the Mission, Brother” Sabriel confirmed, Netzach smiled a little before turning back to face their accusers.

“Now!” he shouted, all seven thrust their palms forward, throwing bursts of energy straight at the three Angels, who covered their faces to block the incoming attack, there was a sudden collection of screaming, screams of true agony, their true voices manifesting as a high pitched screeching.

The three Angels finally lowered their eyes to see a ghastly sight.

“My God...” Zachariah muttered walking over.



Because there on the ground were seven sets of perfectly groomed and kept Angel wings, except for the bloody stumps where they had been cut.

“They cut them off,” Raphael said, horrified by such a notion.

Michael said nothing but his rage was all too apparent as he strode out.

Zachariah looked to the bloodied wings before following his superiors.

The Seven Power’s had fallen willingly.

They had fallen for Humanity.

---

Seven Meteor’s lit up the night sky, falling in a perfect V towards the ground, Ancient humans looked to the sky, pointing and staring at the beautiful spectacle that had appeared to them on this night whilst some gazed fearfully thinking their Gods were angry with them and had decided to end everything.

The Meteor’s of Light smacked into the ground with force, sending dirt and debris cascading in all directions, the light dissipated,

leaving seven human looking beings, laying flat in the dirt of their respective craters.

“Ow” Netzach said, breathing heavily and looking to the sky. Somewhere on his left he heard Sabrel laugh.

“Yeah, let’s just not come in tomorrow” Sabriel laughed out, laughing through the pain.

“Sabriel you always want an excuse” Batariel said, rolling his eyes as he sat up.

“At least we have a good one this time,” Sabriel argued back.

“My god, you guys are killing me right now” Haniel chimed in, groaning. Somewhere to her right Zephon and Barachiel laughed “Yeah laugh it up guys” She grumbled.

The seven of them slowly climbed their way up from their impact zones, their backs bloodied from cutting their wings off.

“I feel naked” Raziel said sadly looking over his shoulder where his wings once proudly sat, all of them knew how he felt as they felt the same.

“What do we do now?” Zephon questioned, Looking to Netzach,

“Now? Now we do what we were meant to do, until it is done or we are destroyed”

“I’m gonna go ahead and say I would prefer the first one,” Sabriel said snarkily.

“As would I” Zephon agreed.

But as they took their first steps into the world that they had sworn to protect, they fell to their knees in pain, pain they had not felt since they were newly created fledglings. Pain burst forth from their backs. Netzach squinted his eyes through the pain, to see Sabriel’s back emitting grace like vapour.

His eyes shut again unable to bear the pain. Their backs exploded in a shower of light and grace. And the pain was no more. For their wings, majestic and mighty, had been restored to perfect condition.

Netzach looked to the sky and laughed with joy, the others joined him in celebration, Angel wings were not just a physical aspect of them but a spiritual one as well. Unable to be perceived by humans, the wings were a manifestation of their grace inside a human vessel.

They were joyous from the blessing that their Father had given them. Restoring their wings because of their faith and dedication to their mission.

Sabriel flexed his wings to their fullest span. Admiring them and

testing them out. He smiled as they furled back behind him.

He looked to his siblings “Let’s go save the world then”

Netzach looked to the eyes looking up to him. “Let’s go save the world” He affirmed, beginning to walk to their new future.

“Hey, you think we got time for a drink first?”

“Shut up, Sabriel”

---

Netzach was drawn out from his memories as Mike began to finally stir from being knocked unconscious.

Mike blinked up at them as his memory of the past day returned to him in a foggy haze.

“What happened?” Mike asked quietly.

“That’s what I would like to know” El said, glaring up at the powerful beings.

“The power of the grail reacted Violently with the Mark, attempting to remove it is something that is meant to be impossible and the Mark reacted in self defense, it tried to turn Mike back into a Demon” Thoth said, looking to the Power’s who confirmed his explanation with a nod of their heads.

“Are you okay?” She gently asked him, cupping the back of his head softly. Her fingers gently stroked the strands of his hair.

“I think so” Mike said quietly “My arm hurts... actually my everything hurts” Mike chuckled nervously.

“Allow me” Batariel said, stretching forth his hand.

Instantly El’s eyes shot round as did her other free hand, her power flowed through her body, answering the call and Batariel’s hand was frozen in place, she glowered darkly at him.

“It’s okay, I mean no harm” Batariel said gently but El did not relent, her breathing had become fast and shallow as adrenaline pumped through her, her other arm coiled like a viper around Mike protectively.

“El, really. It’s okay” Thoth said, sinking to her level to meet her eyes. She looked at Thoth and then back to Batariel, his words had coaxed her to relent her grip on the Angel healer. She watched him with hawk-like precision as he pressed two fingers to Mike’s forehead.

Batariel's eyes shone a bright blue as his grace was channeled into Mike, a slither of his true voice could be heard as Batariel allowed his grace to flow in him, healing him. El's grip lessened as the Angel worked. Mike's breathing became less laboured and less arduous. In that moment El felt envious, she had so much power, but she didn't have the power she needed. So she felt truly helpless and truly grateful to the grace infused being.

"Thank you" she said, meeting Batariel's eyes as they simmered back down to their original colour.

Batariel smiled slightly as removed his hand "You're welcome" he said standing back up.

"What will you do now?" Thoth asked.

"We will do what we always do, rebuild, repair and heal" Netzach said looking at the slightly smouldering Monastery. Thoth took the opportunity to signal to El to keep a hold of Mike, she nodded although confused.

"And we'll continue the mission as--- what are you doing?" Netzach questioned as Thoth picked up the Grail from where it lay. Thoth looked at Netzach who realised all too late what was about to happen.

"We'll just be taking this," Thoth said cheerfully as he held onto the Grail, suddenly his free hand shot out and grabbed El by the shoulder where they promptly vanished.

“This is why we don’t trust Pagans!” Netzach shouted toward Sabriel, throwing his hands up in frustration.

Sabriel whistled lowly “Say what you will but that took balls” He said amused. Netzach could not help but reluctantly agree with his second in command.

Haniel looked at the spot where they vanished and couldn’t help but silently agree with Sabriel.

“Haniel, what are you thinking?” Zephon asked.

“I’m thinking this isn’t over just yet” She replied, sheathing her angel blade.

Netzach followed her train of thought and considered their options for a moment as Haniel silently asked for permission to do what she needed to do.

“Go” Netzach commanded softly, nodding at her “Do what you can” he added.

She bowed slightly before she vanished with a flutter and whoosh of wings.

Netzach allowed himself to smile with amusement “Bloody Pagans” He grumbled as he turned back to his Soldiers.

---

“Thoth, what the hell was that?” Mike questioned as they hit cool green grass. The Grail was still dangling from his fingers.

“They would have never given us the Grail, that is just in their nature” Thoth said looking at the Grail “Plus we need to keep our end of the bargain to Lucifer” He added.

“Are we back home?” El asked looking around the familiar forest.

“More or less” Thoth said “Go for about a mile that way” Thoth said pointing to the west.

“What about you? Mike asked

“I already know where this needs to be taken, if and when I have more news, I will send Ibis to alert you to my coming so you can get away from the cabin, when you leave I'll find you” He said.

“See you later” El said quietly

“Thank you” Mike added



Thoth waved his hand dismissively “you don’t need to thank me” Thoth said and he too vanished, leaving the young couple alone together in the forest.

Thoth reappeared at his home, the cave where the Pool of Divinity lay within. He walked along the cavern's glowing interior. Crystal and gems gleamed against the torchlight that Thoth held in his hand. Until he reached the pristine, glass like lake.

It reacted to the presence of the Grail, for there was a small island that sat in the middle of the lake with a single, small Grail sized pedestal. Thoth plunged his feet into the cool waters, slowly making his way to the middle of the island. He could just make out the silhouette of the bush as he made it to the middle.

Placing the Grail upon the pedestal, there was a burst of light that lit up the cavern. A beam of light shot up from where it sat and pierced the rock above them. Sunlight seeped its way in, perfectly lightning up the pedestal. Thoth smiled as life was brought to the cavern of a million colours. Vines snaked their way around the edges of the walls, plants grew and blossomed in front of his eyes.

The once burning bush too began to bloom with golden green leaves. The once desolate Pool of Divinity was flowing with life as the Grail’s power pierced the veins of the Earth and to it’s very core.

Where once was death, there was life.

---

Mike and El made their way back to the cabin to find a very irate and worried Hopper. Berating them for wandering off but nonetheless was relieved to see that they were more or less okay.

Morning turned to afternoon, afternoon turned to evening. Day turned to night. And Mike had taken to being in the workshop to look at his creation, the Ma'lak box. He had thought the Grail was the solution, the final hope and it had been shot down in a ball of flame. And honestly he was not sure just how much more false hope he could take.

He felt the weight of the world bearing down on his young shoulders, making him feel older than he was, there was too much pressure, the Mark, Brenner, Omega. It was all too much and he felt like he was suffocating from the pressure but at least he wasn't alone.

He had her.

Speaking of her, he had not seen her since she said she was going to the Lake, to get some air and think. That was three hours ago. And after everything that had happened he was getting worried, too much had happened recently for him not to be.

Picking up his newly acquired weapon, he strapped it to his back and closed the workshop door quietly and went to find his other half. As he searched he could feel her presence some distance away and made haste towards it.

El thought taking some time to get some air by the lake was a good idea, the air was fresh and the night was warm.

She sat on a cool, dry patch of grass and allowed the tension she had been following to flow out from her. She had the First Blade with her, wrapped up still in Thoth's magical cloth that dampened its hold and call to the Mark and ultimately Mike.

Mike. it should scare her that she felt this intense about him. But it didn't, it was the first thing she truly knew that wasn't lab controlled, he was the first person to treat her like a person. Someone that could be loved and love back.

She had killed for him, killed to save him and killed to save herself, she should feel guilty, feel remorse but she didn't have it in her to feel sorry for those that tried and failed to harm either her or him.

She closed her eyes and breathed out deeply. Her powers were relaxed and recharging as was she.

She didn't notice the light that began to envelop her. Her eyes opened to a blinding light that came from above.

The Light had a voice that whispered to her and El found herself answering.

"Yes, I remember who you are," El said, her eyes finally adjusted to the light.

The whispering voice on the air called to her again.

“You can help me, how?” El asked, narrowing her eyes.

The whispering voice explained its reasoning and El’s eyes softened as it explained to her how.

“How do i know i can trust you?” She asked the light.

The whispering voice explained its reasoning, it needed consent which could be revoked at any time if she was uncomfortable or for any other reason.

“I understand,” El said, although she was still unsure, options were beginning to run out fast and this could be something that ends up presenting a solution.

The Whispering Voice awaited for the one thing it needed.

“Promise me one thing” El demanded, her eyes shining with unshed tears “That we will save him, i can’t lose him again” she asked, close to pleading. “Save him”

The Whispering voice uttered its resolute promise to her.

El stood for a moment, taking in a deep breath as she came to her decision. A single tear was shed silently “Then yes” she said

El felt immense peace as the Light enveloped her, a high pitched whining could be heard as the forigen being latched onto her soul, surrounding it in beautiful light and finally white vapour coiled around her body, El watched it feeling an amazing calmness of emotion as the light flew to her mouth and raced down her throat. The light around the clearing finally darkened, casting the world in the evening's shadow once more.

El looked up to see a projected image or herself, that wasn't herself. But she felt no threat as the being smiled at her and said the last words that the whispering voice had promised to her.

*We, El Hopper, will save him together.*

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) 7129 words officially marks the longest chapter I have ever done, and with this chapter out, Mark of Cain is as long as the first Harry Potter Book. I'm immensely proud of that. But i am exhausted after 5 days of continuous writing but it was worth it

As always guys, review! (It really helps) and until next time, peace!

## **23. The Juggernaut**

**Final Report of Dr. Martin Brenner.**

**Date – March 1<sup>st</sup> 1985.**

**Friends, colleagues, fellow scientists, the Department of Energy. This will be my final report. At this point in time you will be no doubt aware that the council has been terminated and the Indiana Branch of the DOE has gone rogue.**

**I feel it is my duty to clear things up for you. At this time both Project Omega and Project Ascension are within my custody. The deaths of the council were my doing because they had grown stale and no longer saw the true glory of our work.**

**They declared it to be insane and tried to decommission years upon years of research, time and effort. Do you know what is truly insane? Running up a beach with bullets and explosions lashing the sand and dirt all around you. Watching a whole generation of young men die. I was there on those beaches and I saw the true insanity of it all.**

**What I want to do is stop all war, famine, poverty, the impending energy crisis that will eventually doom all of humanity. But most importantly of all I want to end borders and barriers, until there is no one left but us. The first world. No communism. No filthy red menace. No lower forms. We will end war by making all our enemies fade away. We will end all famine by eliminating the hungry. Poverty will cease to be when we exterminate the impoverished.**

True peace can only be achieved by ridding ourselves of those different to us. Differences breed conflict. Conflict brings War. War causes impoverishment. Impoverishment creates desperation and desperation becomes crime. Crime becomes a disease that the body cannot be rid of and so the body bleeds to death.

And well the more humans there are, the more food that needs to grown, more water that needs to be pulped and pumped and rendered clean, more houses to be built and of course the more energy that needs to be generated. In six years the world used one third of the Planets resources, more than the entirety of Human history. Six Years of War.

I may as well tell you all of my plan because you will be helpless to stop me, oh you'll call for the National Guard, the FBI etc etc but it will be of no use, I have my personally loyal army and of course Omega and a heavily mutated EDS-1. Both have proven to be versatile, more so than I had dare to dream of. And, of course, invulnerable.

I plan to release controlled and concentrated miniscule amounts of the Anti-Matter Element 115 into a particle collider in order to create amounts that are currently inaccessible to us. I will use the resulting energy to enhance and modify the human genome, empower Omega further and enhance Project Ascension into the ultimate weapon of war.

And then? Then I will wipe out everything that is unclean, the poor, the weak, the communist. Anything and everything that threatens us.

**Signed Dr. Martin Brenner.**

**United States, Department of Energy.**

**Department of Energy.**

**PROJECT ASCENSION/RED STORM.**

**PROJECT OMEGA.**

**PROJECT BLUE DAWN**

**Document No. # 758012**

**CLASSIFIED.**

**THREAT ASSESMENT FOR FINAL STAGE OF PROJECT BLUE  
DAWN**

**RELEVANT DOCUMENT WILL BE DISTRIBUTED TO ALL ACTIVE  
PERSONNEL.**



## **KNIGHT'S TEMPLAR.**

This organisation only seems to involve itself on matters of the supernatural. However, they sent a force to attack us directly at the particle collider. Soldiers armed with swords and bows. Despite their impressive arsenal of magical weapons and gear they proved no match for Omega and EDS-1A.

Although superior numbers could prove in their favour but at this time I very much doubt they have the resources or time to mobilize against us.

## **ASSESSMENT – LOW THREAT.**

## **PROJECT ELEVENTH HOUR**

011 has evaded capture for years. Outside of the lab she has developed her abilities to a remarkable degree. However, in her last encounter with Omega she was bested by the latter and beaten to a bloody pulp both through physical and non-physical combat. 011 is prone to short bursts of power that even Omega cannot overcome. Lacking control of her emotions has proven to be her downfall with her personal feelings being a primary weakness. Too much empathy and compassion was always 011's problem. Even before her escape.

The people she now associates with post escape have proven resourceful despite a lack of technology, numbers and

**organisation. They are not to be underestimated.**

**ASSESSMENT – MEDIUM THREAT.**

**KNIGHT OF HELL, MICHAEL WHEELER.**

**According to Mr Crowley anyone that bears the Mark of Cain is unkillable. And if the person who bears the Mark is killed, they are resurrected as an equally unkillable Demon but with a greater thirst for blood and death. I have bore witness to how the Mark changed the boy into a demon first hand.**

**Best chance I believe is simultaneous attacks from both Omega and Project Ascension. If not to kill then at the very least incapacitate him so that long term containment can be established.**

**Also its worth noting that 011 will not be far behind the boy and vice versa.**

**ASSESSMENT – MEDIUM THREAT. (Human)**

**ASSESSMENT – HIGH THREAT. (Demon)**

**This threat assessment was carried out with all information and statistics available to us at the time. Document will be amended upon further analysis.**

**Signed Dr. Martin Brenner.**

**United States, Department of Energy.**

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Thoth snorted in disgust as he read through the pages of the report. A report that appeared on the Department of Energies public server, although internet was in its infancy. The Department was already making use of the infant technology.

Doctor Owens grimaced as Thoth paced up and down.

“You sure they are there?” he asked again.

Doctor Owens nodded “Yes, its one of the only particle colliders not on public record. It's a black site”

“How did this happen? Surely there are people that prevent this from happening” Thoth said angrily.

Undeterred by the Pagan God's anger, Owens leaned forward in his seat. “What would you suggest we do? You haven't seen Omega or that thing he has under his control. He has tamed both the feral and the crazy” Owens said staring down the God.

“No one thought it possible but then again you'd have to be crazy enough to try and Brenner is crazy enough and he succeeded” Owens finished leaning back slightly.

“What's the rest of the Department doing” Thoth asked.

“Damage control” Owens said. “If this gets out, not only will the federal government's position be impossible but it will also severely damage relations with the Soviets, which we really don't want at this critical juncture”

“Damage control” Thoth repeated in disbelief Even now the selfishness of Humanity would always rear its ugly head and Thoth would always be tempted to end everything himself but thats not who he was, not any more.

“If we survive this, your government and I are gonna have a little chat” Thoth said with a threatening finger.

At that, Owens smiled a little “What you gonna do, march into the Oval office?”

“Oh believe me, I have a much bigger idea in mind” Thoth said.

And with that Thoth vanished in a pillar of fire that almost cried out like the war cry of a giant bird.

Owens simply huffed as papers were strewn about with the grand exodus of Thoth.

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“You two are coming with me” Thoth said as he appeared in a pillar of fire.

Crowley looked on unimpressed “You're stealing my thunder” He said with a chuckle. Thoth's birdlike eyes narrowed in annoyance.

“Enough of the games Crowley” Snapped Thoth “Some of this was your doing and now you will help me”

“Yes, me from nearly forty years ago!” Crowley snarked back. Castiel merely rolled his eyes.

“We'll do it” Castiel said simply. Crowley spun on his heel with eyes widened in surprise.

“Will we now?” He shot at Cass. The fallen Angel narrowed his eyes slightly “Yes. We” Castiel said for emphasis.

“Coming here was a mistake, there is no cure for that Mark, not even the damn holy grail could do it!” Crowley gestured wildly.

“You're doing this whether you like it or not” Thoth said with clenched teeth.

“I am the King... Of... Hell...” Crowley spat the words like they were poison “And I don't take orders from anyone, not Lucifer, not bloody God himself and certainly not you” Crowley said with disgust.

Thoth snorted in amusement “Yet you became Dick Roman's and Dean Winchester's little bitch” Thoth sneered.

Crowley said nothing, until he flicked his hand and Thoth was sent flying backwards before slamming into a wall.

Thoth chuckled as he rose to his feet as Crowley allowed an Angel blade to fall into his hand “I was so hoping you would do that” The King of Hell's eyes flicked into demonic red. Thoth clicked his neck as his body morphed and cracked, limbs contorting, skin shifting and bubbling as flesh was replaced with fur and feathers.

Crowley took a step back as Thoth had transformed into a ten foot tall Ibis. It cawed towards the Demon King as its body lit itself on fire.

“WHAT WERE YOU SAYING?! COCKROACH!” Thoth's voice thundered as the God drew itself to its full height.

Crowley, ever Shakespearean with his words. “Bollocks” as the Bird God reared its head, ready to release a torrent of fire, until the Angel

stepped in.

“ENOUGH” Castiel's true voice screeched through the building causing both Pagan and Demon to flinch hearing the true voice on an Angel. His eyes shone blue and both his hands enveloped themselves with holy white light. Crowley reluctantly placed the blade back within his suit and Thoth's humanoid visage started to reform, leaving the birdlike God as he once was.

“Enough” Castiel repeated “This arguing is pointless. The world needs all of us because now we are part of events meaning if we don't stop this there will be no future for us to go back to” Castiel said pointedly, glaring at the King of Hell.

Thoth sighed “He's right unfortunately. The world must be saved, otherwise the world will die burning and screaming”

Crowley huffed “Fine. Where are we off to?” Crowley asked with mock enthusiasm, Thoth ignored it. “Go to the cabin by the lake, El and Mike await you there. Hopefully I will be able to round more allies if we can get them”

“Very well” Castiel said, Crowley snapped his fingers and they were gone. Thoth starred around the empty warehouse they were in, taking a moment to breathe in this calm before the storm. He vanished in a pillar of fire.

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Thoth watched on, impressed at how quickly the Knight's Templar monastery had been repaired, the towers stood tall, proud and reaching for the Heavens, basking in the late evening sun. Netzach stood outside overseeing the final stages of the reconstruction efforts.

“What do you want, Pagan” Netzach asked without turning around.

“Bit rude, Netzach” Thoth said striding up to the the Angel's side.

“After the stunt you pulled with the Grail, you are lucky I didn't smite you the moment I sensed your presence”

“Lucifer himself had threatened the humans I have placed under my care, as Angels surely you understand?” Thoth asked looking at the warrior.

“Unfortunately I do, Jeff that goes in basement three” Netzach called out to the Cleric in question, the Angel turned his attention to the God and narrowed his eyes “Why are you here Thoth?”

“Brenner is getting ready with the final phase of his plan” Thoth said, holding out the documents in question. Netzach looked down at the files and reached out to take them. Opening the folder, Thoth watched as Netzach's face contorted from disgust to fury.

“This reads like the words of a madman” Netzach read in disbelief. Thoth shook his head sadly.



“The fool is willing to rip open a hole into a dimension of Anti-Matter. Anything you can share on that?”

Netzach Considered his words for a moment “It was an early universe, a very early Universe, one of the first he had made in fact but because Anti-Matter was not suited for his creations, he sealed it away from the rest of creation. I don't know why but I can guess. That universe anchors this one together, like how a magnet has a positive charge and negative charge, how there is a south pole and a north pole. This reality cannot exist without the other, Light can't exist without darkness etc”

Thoth considered this for a moment “So it's existence creates balance”

“Exactly. That's about as much I know, the fact that Omega exists as she does, infused with Anti-Matter should be impossible. My only guess the physiology of that Universe has changed over time considering”

“Since you took the Grail, the monastery's power will start fading without it” Netzach said sadly looking up at the building.

“How long?” Thoth asked, his voice laced with guilt.

“Give or take twenty years” Netzach replied, with a shake of his head.

"I need..." Thoth began "We need" he corrected "people for this upcoming fight" Thoth said.

"I can't give any men, We were preparing in case It all goes wrong, and for that we need a repaired monastery, if we can get it done then maybe" Netzach said, he pondered his own words "Actually take Dominion Dalton with you, he's the most seasoned Warrior that isn't a Power"

"Thank you" Thoth said with genuine gratitude.

"Senior Dominion Dalton!" Netzach called out, within moments, the armour clad Dominion came jogging over and stopping in front of the two beings.

"Senior Dominion Dalton reporting sir" Dalton said, briefly glancing at the Pagan God.

"Dominion Dalton, accompany Thoth back to America, that Department of Energy needs to be dealt with, follow his orders. We will provide support where we can" Netzach said to the Dominion who was rapt with attention.

"Intelligence, Sir?" Dalton asked

"Thoth will provide you with all the details" Netzach said before

looking his most senior commander in the eyes “May the glory and grace of God be upon you, Knight” Netzach said with a small smile.

Dalton bowed with humility, Thoth grasped his shoulder and the two vanished in a Pillar of red hot fire.

Netzach watched the flames dissipate before turning his attention back to the task at hand.

---

Dalton and Thoth arrived in the deep luscious grass of the forests that surrounded the sanctuary of the cabin, everyone present turned to regard the newcomer in Dalton who's hand was resting on the handle of his sword.

Dalton's eyes cast themselves over El and Mike who he already knew and gave them a curt nod in their direction. Dalton's gaze lingered on the man stood near them carrying a Colt AR-15 but only for a second. Eventually his eyes turned to the other two.

Castiel and Crowley. Castiel's narrowed as he scanned the new man in their presence because he sensed something unusual about him. Something that seemed all too familiar. Crowley gave a scoff of indifference at the Holy Soldier.

Dalton's eyes narrowed as he sensed the Demon's true nature and instantly drew his sword and placed it in a guard position.

“Demon!” the warrior hissed through gritted teeth.

“Really Thoth, what sort of company do you keep?” Crowley said with a smirk, eyeing the blade.

“The kind that kills your kind” Dalton said raising his blade

Thoth stuck out both hands “Easy now, I brought us all together for a reason” Thoth tried to explain calmly

“The only reason is for me to kill this...” Dalton paused allowing his disgusted filled eyes to look Crowley up and down “...Demon” he spat in revulsion.

“I’m not just any Demon, I’m bloody Crowley!” The King fired in retort.

Dalton snickered “oooooh the big bad King of the Crossroads himself” Dalton mocked “the cockroaches of Demon kind”

“No, I AM the King!” Crowley said with smug arrogance, Dalton's face fell.

“Tell me you're joking” Dalton begged looking around at everyone else.

“Unfortunately not” Castiel said, stepping in. “Please, stow your weapon, there is no need for Violence here”

Dalton's bladed tip turned to point in the direction of Castiel “And just who are you?”

“My Name is Castiel, I'm an Angel of the Lord”

Instantly Dalton's blade faltered, the Solider lowered it as one of God's Warriors stood before him. Even though the Powers too were also Angels, as Dalton already knew. They didn't fit the picture of what Angels were especially after they revealed their true personality's that day as bickering siblings.

No, this was a true disciplined Soldier of God standing before him.

Dalton instantly fell to his knee, bowing before the Angel, Castiel looked on uncomfortably at the warrior.

“Please, do not bow before me, it happened before and it didn't end well” Castiel said, Dalton rose to his feet.

“I'm not what you think, I'm fallen” Castiel said, Dalton held a look of neutrality as he studied the Angel.

“Why?”

“Because it was the right thing to do, I did it to help stop the apocalypse”

“We would have known about the apocalypse” Dalton replied confidently

“It was in the future, where I am from” Castiel said

Dalton nodded in understanding.

“Are there anyone else that we can call upon?” Hopper asked

Thoth sighed “No, Dr Owens is trying to secure resources but his sources tell him Brenner has already begun the preliminary tests for the collider, time unfortunately, is of the essence and not on our side”

“It never is” Hopper said

“So we go as we are, strike hard, strike fast, surprise is probably our best chance” Castiel said.

“I agree with the giraffe, gives them less time to plan an effective defence” Crowley said smugly.

“The Powers know of what we intend to do” Dalton said cryptically  
“They will mobilize accordingly”

Thoth nodded “So it's settled then, we end this tonight”

El stood silently. As a disembodied voice of the possessing white light communed with her.

*So it will soon be time then.*

*“It looks like it” El replied.*

*Are you sure you are ready for this?*

*“I'll have to be. Not much we can do now” El said.*

*I will give you what help I can, I shall be careful not to reveal my true nature to everyone else*

*“I'd be very grateful for that” El replied to her own disembodied voice.*

*I'll enhance your abilities a little, give you an extra edge when you*

*fight Omega again.*

*"I'm gonna need it" El sighed.*

*You will beat her but not because of hatred but of love, the greatest gift he gave to man, one that will see you through even the darkest of days.*

El glanced at Mike, she felt her heart fill with resolve and passion, ready to face the demons of her young life head on. She would not fail. She couldn't. She wouldn't.

"Let's do this" Mike said.

---

The guards were startled as a pillar of fire sprang down from the clouds above them.

A smiling Thoth burst forth from within the flame.

"Howdy boys, oh you wont be needing those" The god said, flicking his wrist, the guns were wrenched from their grip, nearly taking them with it. Thoth snapped his fingers and the guards were flung back.

The pillar of fire persisted as Castiel stepped forth from within, Angel



blade in hand. He looked unimpressed as the guards nearest began to open fire on the fallen warrior.

Next, Crowley's red demon smoke poured out from within. The king raced towards a nearby guard before rushing down his throat. The now Crowley possessed guard grimaced at his current meat suit's lack of decorum. Tossing the rifle aside, Crowley settled for snapping necks instead with a simple snap of his fingers.

Dalton was next. Brandishing his sword and shield. He gave a yell as he charged forwards, taking a guard by surprise as he was stabbed by the Templar weapon.

Finally, El, Mike and Hopper stepped forth as the pillar finally dissipated. Hopper raised his rifle and began firing without hesitation, aiming for the guards that were starting to bring up the rear. El lifted her hand, raising two soldiers with it who began clutching at their throats.

She took no pleasure as she slammed them, head first into the ground. Splattering their brain matter across the concrete.

Mike unslung the Spine Staff releasing a torrent of red energy in the direction of a tower manned with a .50 Calibre machine gun. The tower exploded with a red mist, throwing wood and metal flying in every direction and the occasional body part.

Castiel showed no sympathy as he placed his palm upon another's forehead. The Holy White burned bright as the man was smote out of existence, taking his eyes with it, leaving a burned husk to drop to

the floor.

Thoth's body morphed and contorted as his human form turned into the ten foot tall Ibis. All of Brenner's men turned and watched in fearful awe as the Bird spread its wings before turning to glare at them menacingly.

Instantly every weapon opened fire on the God. The Ibis cawed angrily as bullets impacted its feathered body. With a single swipe of its wing, the God had swept a portion of them into a wall, where they lay unmoving, blood coating the concrete like fresh paint.

There was a unanimous call for retreat back into the bunker structure of the Collider. The Ibis smirked evilly, letting loose a torrent of fire. Men screamed as they felt their flesh melt before embracing the peace of death.

Crowley, now back in his original vessel, chuckled as he snapped his fingers and the doors to the facility closed by themselves and locked in place. The men desperately banged against the door, nothing left in them but saving their own lives.

The King of Hell revelled in that fear as he again snapped his fingers and from left to right, each neck of each man was snapped, one after another like falling dominoes. Thoth had since regained his Human visage and looked on at the mass murder with a tinge of remorse but he felt his heart harden as he pressed forward.

Dalton was knelt on one knee as the he gave several dying men their last rites, whether they were believers or not, fighting and killing



“That's a fucking Minigun!” Hopper exclaimed.

“Take cover! Now!” Thoth Screamed in alarm as he, like Castiel and Crowley, detected that the Minigun's ammunition was deadly, even to them.

“Auurrrghhhhh!!!!” The Juggernaut's muffled scream could be heard from within the suit as it brought the Minigun up to bare, there was a mad scramble for cover, Mike, El and Hopper had managed to retreat behind a concrete high flower bed as did the other four.

“Well this is going friggin fantastic!” Mike exclaimed as the bullets from the Minigun started to fly all around them as the Juggernaut unleashed hell.

“Those bullets are from melted down Angel Blades” Thoth shouted over to them “That means they are deadly to all of us!” Thoth shouted ducking his head as several dozen rounds passed overhead.

“Come Out! I'm going to rip you filthy pigs a new asshole!” the Juggernaut screamed

Hopper swung out from cover and took aim, firing several rounds straight at the Juggernaut, before ducking back down, the Juggernaut was seemingly unharmed as the bullets produced puffs of vapour as the bullets hit their mark.

“You may think you fear nothing! But you will fear the Juggernaut!” the monster of a man roared, it held the Minigun in a single Hand as it managed to prime a grenade with his other free hand. The pin clattered to the floor as the Juggernaut launched the grenade with freakish strength.

There was a panicked cry as the Grenade landed right next to Mike, El and Hopper. El immediately lashed out with her power, sending the grenade tumbling away from them. Mere moments later it erupted into a fireball.

“I feel your fear! I can smell it! I can taste it!” The Juggernaut taunted. “You will die, screaming!”

“Arrrrgggghhhhhhhhh!” The Juggernaut levelled the Minigun with the concrete that Mike, El and Hopper had chose to hide behind, the rounds chipped away at their cover. Hopper Grabbed at both Mike and El , bringing them in close to his body, shielding them from their impending doom.

They closed their eyes.

For at that moment the clouds above them gave way to a bright, white blinding light.

Six figures emerged from the light, landing on a single knee, their forms enveloped in the shadowy forms of their wings.

Netzach's eyes shone a brief blue as he stood up to regard the Juggernaut before him.

The other five Powers rose to their feet, Angel Blades falling into their hands as they readied themselves for the fight. Even the Juggernaut was stunned in shock at the sudden appearance of the Powers.

“Aww man, you already killed them all” Sabriel whined looking around at the numerous dead soldiers”

Netzach stepped to the side “Well be my guest” he said, gesturing towards the Juggernaut.

Sabriel grinned and flew forwards before being knocked back by a brutal strike from the Juggernaut who then levelled the Minigun straight at them, allowing the barrel to rotate. But there was a flutter of wings and the Juggernaut's bullets hit only thin air as the Powers teleported out of harms way.

The Juggernaut was only confused for a mere second before six pairs of Angel Blades pierced its thick armoured suit, the Juggernaut let out a gasp of air as multiple blades forced the air from his lungs.

The Juggernaut fell to the floor as the Arch-Seraphim's pulled the blades out from his body. Nothing more than a now lifeless mass, and both Juggernaut and Minigun lay unmoving, except for the smoke still pouring out of the Minigun.

Netzach turned his attention to the three humans.

“Are you alright?” Netzach asked with concern

“Just about” Mike said simply, standing up and pulling El with him.

“Good” Netzach said turning his attention to the front entrance.

“I can feel the Madman's thoughts, their machine is almost ready and we have very little time” He said.

“Then let us put a stop to this vile stain” Batariel said through gritted teeth.

The Powers looked at El knowingly before they stepped forwards.

Four Humans, Seven Angels, One Demon and a Pagan God. Together, they would be united in a common cause, a common goal.

And as they stepped over the dead Juggernaut, they moved towards it together, united they walked as united they stood.

**(A/N) Not gonna lie, been really demotivated these last few months, mostly burnout and just life in general but either way got probably two chapters to go and this story will be finally**

**finished lol Hopefully the final act of the story will definitely be worth the wait**

**As always guys, review! And until next time, peace!**



**Author's Note:**

(A/N) Boom! I loved writing every bit of this one, inspiration hit me sooner than even I had expected lol but I hope you enjoyed this one guys because I know I did.

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!